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Juana la Loca.
Queen Juana the Mad.
 an engraving by Suyderhof after a painting by Soutman.

MAD MAJESTIES OR RAVING RULERS & SUBMISSIVE SUBJECTS

By

DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT

Author of

"Royal Lovers and Mistresses," "The Curse of the Romanoffs," etc.

*"In considering the insanity of power, we may look at it
in two ways, the madness of the tyrant in abusing it,
and the madness of the people in submitting to it."*

W. W. IRELAND, *The Blot upon the Brain.*

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MCMX

Printed in Great Britain

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PREFACE

DEAR READER,—

My object in writing the present short Preface is to dispel a possible misunderstanding which—in consequence of the title of my book—may have arisen in your mind. Indeed, I know that a wrong notion has actually taken root in the minds of some of my friends, who are constantly accusing me—not without indignation—of being a rank Socialist.

“You are upholding and propagating socialistic and democratic tendencies and theories,” they are in the habit of saying. The indignation of my friends, however, produces only an exhilarating effect upon me; for it is amusing to notice that one need only attempt to criticize the existing order of things and *theoretically* revolt against flagrant injustice to be dubbed at once a Socialist and a Collectivist. It is true that a wave of indignation against nature and man will often sweep through me and make every fibre of my being vibrate with a keen desire to alter

many an institution, but I am not a Socialist for all that. Far be it from me to preach the gospel of equality, and I am anything but a Socialist and a Democrat. Quite the reverse, I am a strong opponent of equality, for the simple reason that such a state of things is impossible—a will-o'-the-wisp—nature herself being aristocratic in her tendencies. I believe in the rule of the superior man over the many—the mass, the mob, the crass crowd. This is not the place to expound my philosophical credo and ethical code, I shall do so at some length on another occasion. Suffice it, however, to say that both—the former and the latter—can be summed up in four words respectively: “Intellectual and moral aristocracy” is my philosophical credo, and “Justice and moral indignation” my ethical code. Both have the effect of preventing me from belonging to any party—religious, political, or social.

“But you are writing against monarchy,” you, my dear reader, will exclaim. Not at all. I am writing against the principle of hereditary privileges, and hereditary monarchy is an example illustrating my thesis. I am endeavouring to prove, by historical narrative, the flagrant injustice of such hereditary privileges, which ought to be done away with in the interests of humanity and in the name of justice. If anything, I am desirous of expressing my surprise at, and my pity for the submissive subjects who have suffered,

and still continue to suffer, the tyranny of raving rulers.

I have related in the present volume the story of some rulers of antiquity—of the Habsburgs in Spain, the Oldenburgs in Denmark, the Wasas in Sweden, and of Ivan the Terrible, Tsar of Russia. In a subsequent volume I hope to deal with the hereditary neurosis of the Habsburgs in Austria, the Valois, the Bourbons, the Medicis, and several other dynastic houses of Europe.

As for the principal sources upon which the present study has been based, I have enumerated them in the appended bibliographical list.

I cannot terminate these preliminary remarks without expressing my thanks to my friend Louis Cowen, who kindly read some of the final proofs.

A. S. R.

PARIS, *April*, 1910.

MAD MAJESTIES

CHAPTER I

AT THE CRADLE OF MONARCHY

“Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah,

“And said unto him, Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

“Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel: and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us;

“That we also may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles.”

1 SAM. VIII. 4, 5, 19, 20.

THE Jews, who have taught the world many things, good and bad, have thus shown that it is erroneous to imagine man as naturally fond of independence and freedom; liberty is only desired by a few chosen spirits. To look up to someone, to cringe and to flatter, to kiss the feet of the mighty, to lick the dust of the rich and powerful, is not only the destiny but the taste of the vast masses. And even revolutionaries, who bitterly and strenuously oppose tyranny and worldly despotism, submit to the incomprehensible and often arbitrary laws of a Creator, and

a supposed benevolent Providence (cf. Hellwald, *Kulturgeschichte*; Leipzig, 1896, I, p. 203). And when Voltaire said: "Il n'y a que les rois qui aiment la royauté," he was mistaken. We all love dynasties and royalty; even staunch Republicans and Socialists will feel a thrill of joy and a wave of passion sweeping through their democratic frames when they are allowed to shake or kiss the hand of a ruler, who has perhaps the sufferings of millions on his elastic royal and imperial conscience. But royalty, we are told, is an essential condition of the rise of mankind from savagery to civilization. I do not deny the fact. I shall even go further, and assert that the rise of one man to power is in many cases preferable to the rule of the many; this individual, however, should be a man of intellect and energy, superior to his fellow men. Power concentrated in the hands of a man of the keenest intellect is a sure guarantee for the peace and prosperity of a nation. And if I were to choose, I would personally prefer an intelligent rascal to an honest fool as ruler of a vast Empire. Augustus was a rogue, but he was a clever rogue, and Rome prospered during his reign; but Augustus' successors were idiots. "The greater the power in the hands of a fool, the more disastrous is likely to be the use he makes of it. The heaviest calamity in English history, the breach with America, might never have occurred if George III had not been an honest dullard" (cf. Frazer, J. G., *Lectures*, pp. 83, 84).

The old dictum, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," is applicable to the bulk of humanity only, but not to royalty. We must speak well of ordinary

mortals as soon as they have succumbed to the law of mortality, although we may criticize them to our hearts' content as long as they are alive. Not so in the case of royalty. Dead monarchs historians and politicians may attack and sneer at, but it is considered an act of *lèse-majesté*, a gross breach of etiquette and a lack of good manners to tell the truth about a living king, even if his deeds be foul. I must therefore mention no names, and shall only limit myself to kings who have long ago been gathered to their ancestors. It is a pity, for I could have drawn a parallel between two living, reigning northern monarchs; one a clever ruler, the other an honest autocratic dullard—honest as some maintain, but a dullard in the opinion of many, and could have shown that the Empire ruled by the former is much better off than that over the destinies of which the latter is presiding. I am, however, debarred from doing so and from being more explicit, but *sapienti sat*.

In any case my object is not to write against monarchies and the monarchic idea in general, but against that of hereditary monarchies, and the absurd notion that the high qualities and character of the founder of a dynasty must necessarily be inherited by his descendants; that they too are as fit and able to rule as their progenitor had been. Quite the reverse. The founders of dynasties stood and towered above their fellow citizens like Hercules among men, but their descendants may be, and usually are, idiots. The progenitor was a giant, but the descendants are pigmies. Now let us briefly consider how kings and royalty came into

existence, and follow the gradual development of hereditary monarchy. Of course, no one will seriously maintain in the present day the idea of the divine right of kings, that the Almighty ruler of the universe has chosen in His wisdom Tsar Nicholas II and Abdul Hamid to rule over vast millions. No one will seriously maintain that the accident of birth makes a man superior to his fellow creatures. A donkey born in a dog's kennel does not necessarily become a pup. A man born of a noble house is not necessarily a nobleman in the eyes of nature, for nature has her own aristocrats and her own nobility. If we examine the origin of the nobilities of Europe, we may safely divide them, according to the history of their origin, into three classes: the Robber Nobility, the Courtesan Nobility, and the Sweating Nobility. The scions of the noble and aristocratic houses of Europe derive their patents of nobility from three sources. The ancestors of some were warriors, I may even say highwaymen, and by robbing their poor, weak fellow men became feudal lords and enriched themselves and their posterity. Another class, constituting the aristocracy of Europe, are the offspring of gallant dames, of famous females, fair and frail. They were the favourites of kings and emperors, and their illegitimate children, clever bastards who knew how to choose their parents and in whose veins royal blood pulsed, were created dukes, earls, and counts, Freiherren, barons, and nobles. The last class is that of noble sweaters and exploiters—in other words, rich commercial, financial, and industrial enterprisers, who, having accumulated wealth,

were ennobled by their grateful sovereigns. They had contributed to the wealth of the country by sweating thousands of workmen and by pocketing nine-tenths of the remuneration for the latter's labour. In mines and in factories, in coal-pits and in breweries, men have toiled and laboured either for an individual whom nature had endowed—in one of her unjust freaks—with cunning or enterprise, or, what is even worse, for his children and heirs who did not even possess the excuse of the cunning and intelligence of their father. Thanks to the work of the many the one was ennobled; the sweat of the thousands has cleansed and purified him, and he comes forth a *noble-man*, to whom inferior humanity must look up as to a Superior Being. Few indeed are those whom a grateful monarch has ennobled for intellectual, scientific, or literary pursuits.

The origin of monarchy, however, bears a more justifiable character than that of nobility.

True, generally speaking, it was force, brutal force, which established thrones and created kings, sovereigns, and emperors. A lucky soldier usurped a crown and founded a dynasty. "Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux," says Voltaire; but this lucky soldier had a natural right, in virtue of his superior intelligence, and the services he had rendered to the community, to rule, govern, and lead, for nature had destined him to be a leader of men.

A glance at the history of civilization and the development of the world's monarchies will, I venture to think, corroborate my statement.

Primitive society scarcely knew the differ-

ence between the governing and the governed. Primitive humanity, which passed its life in groping and blindly searching for laws, had no government whatever, no hereditary or elective magistrate; it was governed and ruled by the more experienced individuals. It was a tacit understanding between them, an acknowledgment of natural aristocracy and superiority. The families and tribes, living by hunting and fishing, felt no need for a stable government, and the opinions and advice of those who had given proof of their sagacity, experience, and courage were sufficient to maintain order within; and only in case of war, when an expedition against an external foe had to be undertaken, would a single individual be invested with the supreme command. But a nomadic was succeeded by a sedentary life, and in a measure as the conditions of society changed, interests increased, and rivalries between neighbouring tribes arose leading to feuds and wars, so the need of a stable government made itself felt. Several nomadic patriarchal tribes united for the sake of mutual and common welfare, bent upon wandering out and founding a new home, or stemming the flood of foreign invasion. Such a confederation required a leader, and he was generally chosen from among the chieftains of several tribes. The tribes thus gathered under the authority of one chief, or leader, a judge or a general, who gradually acquired a preponderant authority, which, in time, he transferred to his descendants. Even in modern times this state still continues among primitive tribes. The Tasmanians, the Apaches, and the Navajos

elect in times of war a chieftain, whose power comes to an end immediately peace is concluded; some, however, retain their chieftains in times of peace too, but the power of the latter is restricted and insignificant. Among many Australian and Brazilian communities age or physical strength entitles the one member of the tribe to some influence and leadership over the others (Spencer, *Cosmos B.*, VIII, p. 451).

Thus we see that the first chieftains—the prototypes of kings and emperors—were not even elected by their fellow men. They had simply acquired great influence among their equals, thanks to their physical strength, mental superiority, and experience. That nature should endow one man with such gifts and deny them to another is, strictly speaking, an injustice in itself; but nature *is* unjust, and man, in his impotence, must bow to her laws; else, like a second Prometheus, he will be chained to the rock of suffering. But the chieftainship based upon superiority is approved of by nature and her laws. One physically and mentally endowed person, acquiring and occupying a leading position among his fellow men, is a favourite of nature, one of nature's aristocrats, and he is consequently entitled to rule by nature's immutable laws and "by the Grace of Nature." Only idiots and imbeciles, deaf to reasoning, will deny the fact that such a chieftain, as long as he does not abuse his influence, is best fitted to lead his fellow men in their defence against, or their attack upon, the enemy in times of war, and to govern and establish

useful institutions in times of peace. His influence and power will naturally diminish and disappear as soon as a more influential and a better gifted rival appears.

Such was the origin of most of the kingdoms of the Orient. Egypt, for instance, was at first governed by priests, who possessed the prerogative of electing the kings. But the wealth of Egypt, the treasures accumulated in the temples, aroused the envy of neighbouring nomadic tribes who invaded the country. Wars ensued, and the warriors in a critical moment began to play a preponderant part. A successful warrior-king soon succeeded in emancipating royalty from the priestly bondage, and in shaking off the ecclesiastical yoke founded a dynasty. The priesthood, of course, did not submit without a struggle, and priesthood and royalty led a strife which, by the way, may be witnessed all through the history of the world.

In Assyria, too, the kings were subordinate to the priests, but at the head of the warriors; the former broke the power and influence of the magicians and priests and ruled independently. Their power was thus a military one, and, as in mediæval and modern Europe, they were lucky and successful soldiers. But it is especially the Persian kings who appear as military leaders and great warriors. And although the Persian kings did not abandon the religious importance of their kingship common to the Orient, they were above all conquerors, and existed only until a mightier warrior, a greater conqueror, subdued their realm.

For a kingdom based upon conquest and established by successful soldiers was that of the Persians. Finding their abodes between the mountains too narrow, the Persians decided to tempt fortune on the battlefield and transferred the supreme command to Cyrus, who led his conquering hordes to war and victory. Asia could not resist the sway of the Persian hordes and the military skill of their leader.

At the very beginning therefore the king was an individual who had distinguished himself from his fellow men by virtue of his physical or mental superiority, his strength, his intelligence or wealth; he took the leadership in cases of emergency, in times of war and public calamity, abandoning, however, his temporary pre-eminence immediately the causes which made it necessary had disappeared. Some such chieftains, however, continued to uphold their position even in times of peace, owing to the sense of gratitude of their fellow men—some being invested with that dignity for a number of years, others for their lifetime.

And in measure as the powers of chieftain, ruler, or king increased, so his power and dignity became hereditary in his family. On the one hand, the latter having acquired a powerful influence strove to establish its power permanently; and on the other, people imagined that the qualities, the superiority, and the talent of the father must needs be inherited by the son. And, indeed, some historians maintain that hereditary rule is the result of inheritance, for not only were the qualities which distinguished the founder of the dynasty trans-

ferred to his descendants, but the feeling of dependence of the subjects was also in consequence of atavistic tendencies transmitted to future generations (cf. Hellwald, *l.c.*, I, p. 418).

Personally, however, I am inclined to think that it was chiefly due to the feeling of gratitude and admiration, which the community had for the great chief, that they allowed the power to remain in his family. In later times people gradually began to look upon the dynastic family, not upon the individual ruler, as personifying the continuity of rule and as offering the best guarantee for stable government, and the longer a dynastic family had been connected with the fate of a country, the stronger it was, and still is, imagined are its rights to rule (cf. Schaeffle, *Bau des sozialen Koerpers*, I, p. 245).

The families, therefore, to whom the right to govern was accorded, usually descended from a chief whose services to the commonwealth had left vivid memories in the minds of the people. The deeds of such chieftains were sung by the poets, the laureates of the time, in odes and dithyrambs, so that in course of time they took such gigantic proportions and acquired a superhuman character that their perpetrators were considered as semi-gods or of divine origin. Only a god, or at least the son of a god, was capable of accomplishing such deeds, and it was this belief which assured their descendants the obedience of a grateful nation.

People were proud of a dynastic family which could claim such noble parentage, and in whose veins celestial blood pulsated. It would be absurd, they argued, to refuse obedi-

ence to such a dynasty. The punishment of the nation by the divinity which had given issue to the reigning family would be swift and sure. It was better, on the contrary, to propitiate the divine and celestial powers by flattering and blindly obeying their semi-divine offspring. The rulers did their best to keep up this belief; and, indeed, numerous were the aristocratic families of Greece and Rome who claimed some celestial being as their progenitor.

And thus as the royal dignity became hereditary it was surrounded with the halo of the divine; its power became superhuman, land became royal domain, subjects royal servants. Custom and tradition made the submission on the one side and the absolute command on the other an accepted fact. In Russia, for instance, even nowadays all the land virtually belongs to the Tsar and is his property, and the subjects are his servants. And the longer a dynasty is hereditary the firmer it is established, and in spite of the incapacity of the ruler the danger of upsetting it grows more serious. Long usage and time consecrate even abuses and a flagrant injustice. In countries like Russia people actually resent the attempts at the amelioration of their state and uphold autocracy which spells oppression.

In Asiatic countries the hereditary royal dignity bore a patriarchal character. The Emperor was the father of the people, the nation his children; the Tsar is the father of all orthodox Russians, and they are his beloved children. Thus people having admired the

founder of a dynasty for his superior talents, which were either real or imaginary, his courage and intelligence, attributed to them divine origin, and moreover came to the conclusion that these talents are inherited by his offspring. The kings of antiquity, especially in the Orient, came to be looked upon as Supermen, representatives of God on earth, as magicians and priests, and if not sons of gods they could at least claim divine relationship.

The divine origin of ruling families is to be met with in Asia as well as in America among Mexicans and Peruvians. And we shall see how this conception is modified in modern times, and what change it underwent among the nations of Christian Europe. The progenitor of the Peruvian Incas was supposed to be Manco Capac, the son of the Sun, and divine blood flowed in the veins of the Hellenic and German kings, for Jupiter and Odin were their respective ancestors. The Emperor of China is the son of Heaven.

In the Orient the king is either God himself or the son or representative of the latter, in whose name he rules. He is the founder or the chief of the religion, and just as there is no equal to God, there is none to the king. For the Orient is not only the cradle of humanity, but the home of divine legends and the birth-place of religions. Religion and state form a unity, and morals, law, and justice are commands of the divinity whom all must obey. But God is far away; He is invisible, and the visible king rules in His place. In China, the Emperor is king and priest at

once, and his empire is the empire of Heaven, for he stands in direct relation to God, who has invested him with His power. He is the incarnation of wisdom and knowledge. The Emperor studies and thinks for all; for he is the father and the subjects are his children, whom he punishes with the bamboo reed and the whip for their transgressions. And just as all is divine in pedantic China among wise Mandarins and pig-tailed Bonzes, so it is in India—though the two countries are vastly different in many respects—for whilst the Chinaman perceives unity and harmony everywhere, the Hindu sees variety and contrast which he cannot reconcile, and hence his yearning for *Nirvana*, where all contrasts will disappear. Whilst the Chinaman lives in heaven, the Hindu, dreaming away his life, is yearning for it. But the conception of both the Chinaman and the Hindu, their *Weltanschauung*, is tinted with a religion of nature. The prince, therefore, the Radja, is a divine being in human form. The Radja is not the father, as in China, but the bridegroom, and the country is the bride whom he marries. A similar conception exists among the Jews, God being the bridegroom and Israel the bride.

In Egypt, too, in the land of wisdom and wonder, of mysterious sphinxes, of obelisks and pyramids, Osiris is supposed to have given laws to men, and all institutions bore therefore a divine character, being of divine origin. The rulers—who before their emancipation were subordinate to the priests—were elected by the latter, initiated into all the divine mys-

teries, appointed sons of God, and soon became gods themselves. The nation honoured the Pharaohs as real gods, and they were even supposed to be waited upon by minor godlings.

And in ancient Babylon and Rome, in the days of Alexander, of the Ptolemies, and of the Roman emperors, kings considered themselves as gods, asking and obtaining divine honours. The old Greek kings not only pretended to be descendants of Zeus, but embodiments of the great Olympian himself. They even posed as Jupiter, and mimicked him by making—or rather attempting to make—rain, thunder, and lightning (cf. Frazer, *l.c.*, p. 197). And so it was in Rome. Caligula dressed as Jupiter. The eagle-topped sceptre is a reminiscence of Jove, for the eagle was a bird sacred to him (cf. Frazer, *l.c.*, p. 198). The emperors were gods, and their freaks and follies also received the attribute of divine. Caligula and Helio-gabulus were divine madmen. But when the Galilean doctrine spread over Rome, and conquering Rome lay prostrate at the feet of conquered Judæa, when Christianity gained sway over the Germanic tribes, the kings abandoned their claims to divinity. No Christian king would dare to style himself *more Romano* a god, but he at least considered himself his equal. And a Russian proverb, even now, says of the ruler of Holy Russia, that “God is Tsar in Heaven, the Tsar is God on Earth.” For Rome had influenced the thought of her conquering foes, and the theocratic and patriarchal halo surrounding the royal dignity was one of the legacies

which the crumbling Roman empire handed over to its German conquerors, and it was carried through Christian mediævalism. The Roman emperors had enjoyed divine adoration and favours, but Caligula's order to the Senate to worship his image and make his horse Consul finds a parallel in Charles XII of Sweden sending his riding-boot to the Senate, and in the order of Vogt Gesler in Switzerland commanding the mountaineers to show honour to the imperial hat! And although in modern times Church and State have been separated, in Catholic countries especially the person of the king is "sacred."

For kings felt that a day may—indeed will come—when humanity will defend itself against the abuse of power. Every creature subjected to evil treatment endeavours to defend itself. The bee will sting the hand that clutches it, the ant the heel that treads upon it—and even the worm will turn. Should human creatures alone be different? There is a legitimate law of defence, a law which nations and races suffering from oppression are bound to make use of. And even if millions of subjects are being throttled, their mouths shut and their cries stifled, the day sooner or later comes when—in a frenzy of despair—people break their shackles; then their oppressors must beware. The founders of monarchy foresaw that a day would come when the masses would awake to consciousness, would become more enlightened and begin to reason and to argue. Monarchy—they will say—just like aristocracy was originally founded upon the distinction of one individual

and the services he had rendered to the community. If this man had therefore so distinguished himself that he was superior to the rest of his fellow men, it was just that he should be king (cf. Aristotle, *Politics*, V, 8, 5). He was the benefactor of the community, the lion in the assembly of the animals, and became a law unto himself (Aristotle, *l.c.*, III, 9, 7). But what right have his offspring to rule? Distinguished personality is not inheritable (cf. Schaeffle, *l.c.*, IV, p. 286).

That one man may rule and govern the country, people will argue, he should be invested with the sovereign power of the nation; but this one individual should be the best and wisest of the nation, and if he is not *the* best and wisest he should at least be wise and just; but imbeciles or lunatics, degenerates and debauchees, had and have no right to rule the nations simply because by a freak of nature they first saw the light of day in a royal bed. "Would it not be absurd," asks Cesar Laharpe, "to suppose that a divine Providence, that the Creator of the innumerable suns shining above our heads, should have given certain individuals, often weaker than their fellow men, the right to dispose according to their will of all the rest of the world; would it be just to imagine that such monsters as Caligula, Nero, the Borgias, Philip II, Tshengis Khan, Louis XI, born to be the shame and scourge of humanity, had been sent as the *benevolent* agents and representatives of the divine Being" (cf. *Russian Archives*, 1866, pp. 75-94; *Le Gouverneur d'un Prince*, p. 124; Rappoport, *The Curse of the*

Romanovs, p. 282). We, may perhaps differ from the Vaudois tutor of Alexander I of Russia as regards the wickedness and incapacity for rule of some of the monarchs he mentions; but we can scarcely be expected to imagine and to believe that a benevolent Providence had selected Nicholas-Cæsar II, Leopold king of the Belgians, Abdul Hamid, *et tutti quanti*, as the Supermen in Russia, Turkey, and Belgium, fit to rule millions of subjects, and that their deeds are "pleasant in the eyes of the Lord." We can scarcely be expected to believe that the many royal degenerates and imbeciles, the idiots and madmen who have disgraced the annals of history, were the darlings of the gods, and that "not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king."

And therefore ministers, lawyers, jurisconsults, and priests have endeavoured to weave the holy veil of sacred right, by the grace of God, divine right, over royal power and prerogatives. And flatterers and servants of kings invented the fable of the divine right of kings, just as wise legislators and priests had invented the fable of divine revelation. And thus it followed that, no matter whether the king was good or bad, wise or an idiot, he was the ruler, and the destiny of the nations was in his hands.

Only recently millions of Christians celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the Swiss Reformer Calvin. Calvin was inclined to despotism and tyranny, and yet, although he was an opponent of an absolute monarchy as it existed in his time, he was of opinion that the subjects must

obey their ruler, and not only the good ones, but also those who abused their power. And even those who maintain that the sovereign power is based upon a contract, or consensus, between ruler and nation by which the latter divests itself of all its rights, transferring them to the former, maintain that this sovereignty cannot be withdrawn by a *contrarius consensus*. An unjust ruler must be obeyed just as a good one, and his commands executed and fulfilled, even if they are flagrantly against justice and law. "Eut-il commis toutes les injustices, le sujet n'a point de juridiction sur son prince" (cf. Baudrillart, L. H., *Jean Bodin et son Temps*, Paris, 1853; Treumann, R., *Die Monarchomachen*, Leipzig, 1895, pp. 38-9). It seems, however, only just that the community, which has entrusted its representative with its power, should have a right to ask the king to return this power, if he is found to be incapable and unworthy to retain it.

The nation has a right to confer the supreme power in the State upon whom it chooses—and it also may and has a perfect right to decide for any form of government it pleases. There are advantages in the rule of one—be he king or president—over the many; there are advantages in a monarchy over a republic, this I unhesitatingly admit; but only when the king has all the attributes of a king is he entitled to rule. Hereditary monarchy too is perhaps—we do not discuss this question at present—preferable to an elected monarchy, as it saves complications and intrigues and palace revolutions which could only bring about general disturbance and dis-

order, but as the royal birth does not yet make a man a king, primogeniture is an abuse. And, indeed, if we examine the process by which kingship became hereditary, we shall notice that it has been a gradual one. In spite of the deification of the dynastic families, peoples in ancient times had not entirely abdicated their right to participate in the government. Nor did the system of primogeniture exist until modern times ; and although rulers were chosen from among the members of the same family, inexperienced youth had to give way to the more experienced and wise members of the dynasty. There is a custom among the inhabitants of Bornu, according to which the nation elects three men, and the latter, in their turn, select a member of the royal family as king. This election is preceded by a visit to the grave of the last king, at which the king-elect is lectured by the kingmakers, who point out to him the virtues of his predecessor which he is enjoined to follow, and the vices which he must avoid (cf. Waitz, *Anthropologie*, II, p. 139). In ancient Greece and Rome monarchy was elective, whilst in the European States it remained so until the tenth century, royal birthright being insufficient without the public confirmation and consent (*Cosmos IX*, p. 126). In France, even since monarchy had become hereditary, the people were asked during the solemn ceremony of coronation whether they accepted the crowned scion of the royal house of Capet as king. Among the old Germans a similar custom prevailed, and the king was elected—although the election was limited to a certain family. Thus,

although the right to rule was centred in one family, mostly of divine origin, the ruler was elected by the people, and he who was found most worthy to govern, in virtue of his abilities, was invested with supreme power.

The defenders of monarchy maintain that even at the present moment the natural law of great States is to submit to the power of *one* ruler. It is only the monarchic system which is appropriate to the social state of Europe, and the idea that humanity is growing tired of royalty and its prerogatives is false. This seems to be quite true. For even the most rabid Socialists and Revolutionaries will run to applaud some insignificant princeling, some crowned idiot and imbecile. I do not deny the fact that in some European States the monarchic system works best, and historical examples may be quoted to this effect, and I am not attacking the monarchic system as such. What I am concerned with is the hereditary monarchy, which places power indiscriminately in the hands of inexperienced youth and infirm old age, in the hands of a wild profligate or an old debauchee, and only unreason can maintain the excellence of such a system.

Benjamin Constant remarked that hereditary monarchy is introduced in ages of simplicity or of conquest, but it is never instituted in the midst of civilization (cf. *De l'Esprit de Conquête*, Paris, 1814, p. 82).

CHAPTER II

INSANITY AND DEGENERACY IN ROYAL FAMILIES

BUT even if one admits that hereditary rule is a sign of progress, that the nearer a nation is to a primitive state the greater its freedom—bordering on anarchy—one must not overlook the real march of civilization. Civilization leads from freedom to slavery and from slavery again to freedom. Once a nation has learned its lessons and passed through the school of slavery, it proceeds to freedom which it is able to make use of.

Hereditary monarchy and kingship was good, nay, even necessary, for nations who had not yet reached a high degree of intellectual development, but it becomes an absurdity in modern times. To limit the kingship to members of one family only is wrong, much more so is the custom of letting the eldest son, or the next heir-apparent, ascend the throne vacated by his predecessor without asking whether he is worthy to rule a nation or not.

European monarchs derive their claim to crown and throne from their birth and hereditary rights, but it is just by virtue of the laws of heredity, and its pernicious influence upon the physical and mental development of royal families, that the latter ought to be excluded

from the succession to sovereignty. It is that most of the dynastic families of Europe are tainted with the hereditary vices of degeneracy, idiocy, imbecility, and insanity. The degeneration of the reigning houses of Europe and the neuropathic state of their members has been a long established fact, proved and corroborated by history. Paul Jacoby, and after him Ireland (*The Blot upon the Brain* and *Through the Ivory Gates*), Galippe (*L'Hérédité des Stigmates*, Paris, 1905), and many others, have called attention to this fact.

"There is scarcely an existing dynasty in Europe," writes Ireland, "in which there is not a hereditary neurosis; and insanity and idiocy are very common among the princes of India" (*l.c.*, p. 92). These symptoms of neurosis showed themselves in many ways—by freaks, odd fancies and eccentricities, by caprices and cravings of a strange and immoderate nature, by hallucinations and hypochondria, by cruelty and sanguinary pursuits, by manias of all kinds, by epilepsy, idiocy, imbecility, insanity, and raving madness. Is this not a sufficient reason that nations ought not to accept without investigation the next heir to the throne as the rightful ruler? Jacoby has attributed the development of the pathological element in, and the deterioration of the members of, royal and imperial houses, from the Cæsars down to modern rulers, to the detrimental influence exercised upon them by the exalted exclusiveness of their position and the consciousness and intoxication of power. Nature thus revenges the crime committed by one class assuming

power over another (cf. Jacoby, Paul, *Etudes sur la Selection*, Paris, 1904). This view is shared by many other authors. The exercise of power and its intoxication is the primary cause of the degeneracy of dynastic families which enfeebles and weakens the human ego, and makes man incapable of resisting his desires, instincts, and suggestions (cf. Galippe, *l.c.*, p. 59). But already before Jacoby the question of intoxication of power and its influence upon the development of royal madness had given rise to the theory of the so-called Cæsarean insanity, the insanity which suddenly came over the Roman Cæsars and other rulers of the world. Others, however, have endeavoured to attribute the causes of Cæsarean insanity and royal madness not to moral conflicts, but to hereditary influence. The factors which were instrumental in bringing about royal madness are not to be sought for in the political and ethical circumstances of imperial Rome, nor in the feeling of the emperors that they had become possessors of the world overnight—but in circumstances of a more physical and prosaic nature, namely, the consanguinity of marriage and in-breeding, the prerogative of royalty.

The practice of consanguineous marriages among royal families is very ancient and has greatly added to the degeneration of its members. In order to keep the royal blood pure and free from any foreign and inferior admixture, the Incas and Persians, and afterwards the Ptolemies, allowed the marriage of royal brother and sister. Modern royal families, even if not going so far,

practise in-breeding, as is well known, to a considerable extent. The children of Charles V were so convinced of the purity of their blood and of their own superiority to the rest of humble humanity, and of the exalted position for which a wise Providence had destined them, that the idea of marrying among themselves became a family tradition. The greatest honour for a princess of the house of Habsburg was to be wedded by a member of the royal house of Habsburg. The sister of Philip II of Spain, Juana, Dowager Queen of Portugal, who had been a widow for sixteen years, would not have hesitated to marry her nephew, Don Carlos, a child of sixteen, had the latter consented to this union. Another sister of his Catholic Majesty, Philip II, Maria, was married to Maximilian of Austria, who belonged to a younger branch of the Habsburg family, and for whom the Spanish princess experienced no stronger feeling than that of contempt. She did not hesitate to declare that she should have been delighted to marry her nephew herself, but unfortunately she was not a widow like her sister, and polygamy was not allowed by the Church; she therefore offered her daughter Anna as a suitable wife for Don Carlos (cf. Forneron, *Histoire de Philippe II*, p. 267, and Galippe, *l.c.*, pp. 65-6). The Vatican has often been asked to grant the dispensation for marriage between uncle and niece, and Papal Rome has always been found obligingly ready to make exceptions as regards marriages and divorces of royalty. Pope Leo XIII, however, struck by the disastrous results which had been brought

about by the in-breeding practised by royal families, notified to the reigning European dynasties that he would not grant any dispensation for the alliance between near relations, and advised the sovereigns to marry their children with princes in whose veins did not flow pure royal blood (cf. *Le Temps*, August 7, 1902). But although many members of royal and imperial families are often inclined to marry outside the royal enclosure, such alliances are not approved of by the heads of the houses and are usually considered as *mésalliances*, followed by degradation, disinheritance, and exile (cf. Galippe, *l.c.*, p. 67). The lessons of past centuries have remained futile, and royal houses have abused the custom of consanguineous marriages, which have been and are disastrous to nations and races. Nature knows no hierarchies in the sense in which man understands them, knows no social conventions, and accomplishes her work with an impassible indifference.

The royal houses therefore who have abused nature by in-breeding are rapidly disappearing, their last days being marked by an intellectual, moral, and physical degeneracy (cf. Galippe, *l.c.*, p. 445).

A minute study of the genealogy of the royal families of Europe will convince the student of history of the state of degeneracy, premature death, and sterility characteristic of them. Some have disappeared entirely, others are on the way to extinction, or their members are suffering from neurotic complaints. From the times of antiquity, from the days of Saul, king of Judæa,

Cambyse, king of Persia, and the Lagidae down to the royal houses of modern Europe, they all have been and still are subject to mental abnormality.

The degeneracy of a race can only be the result of heredity, and one of its most important factors is the consanguinity of the parents (cf. Brachet, A., *Pathologie Mentale*, p. 126). And just as the insanity of the Cæsars was due to the hereditary taint of the Julian-Claudian family, which resulted in the depravity and manias of the descendants, so the consanguinity and in-breeding of modern royal families must necessarily lead to degeneracy. And it is a fact worthy of note, that among the Roman Cæsars all those who ascended the throne by the right of heredity were wicked and cruel, whilst the Emperors who were adopted sons of their predecessors proved benevolent rulers and furthered the welfare of the Roman Empire. And, indeed, if the degeneracy of dynastic families and the Cæsarean insanity were the results of the intoxication of power only, those members of royal houses who do not rule ought to be quite normal and free from that taint brought about by the exercise of power. Insanity ought also to be absent among constitutional monarchs who can hardly be said to have grown dizzy on the summit of "the restless pyramid" of their power. Such, however, is not the case, and not only constitutional monarchs, as will be exemplified in subsequent chapters, but even non-reigning members of dynastic families, are subject to the neurosis and neuropathic state of the house to which they belong. It must

also be borne in mind that not only Hadrian and the two Antonines, but also some modern rulers, have remained quite normal on the throne, and it may be said of them, as Marc Antony said of Cæsar in his funeral oration: "No sudden wave of passion made him cruel, no fortune or success spoiled him, no power changed him, and even the complete possession of the highest power in the State failed to influence him" (cf. Dio Cassius, *Historiæ Romanæ*, pp. 47, 42). It only bears out the assertion which I ventured to make elsewhere, that wherever nature had placed one of her aristocrats, one of her supermen, a giant with a vast brain and a powerful mind, a Cæsar or a Napoleon, upon the pinnacle of power the exaltation produced no disastrous effect upon him (cf. *The Curse of the Romanovs*, p. 8). Such aristocrats always have and always will preserve their mental balance even in the lofty atmosphere of a throne. The thought of ruling the world, of commanding riches and pleasures, of having all their whims and fancies gratified, does not unhinge their minds. For rare and fine natures, the luxury of power does not consist in its abuse.

Personally I am therefore inclined to consider this mental condition of reigning houses as due to a combination of all these causes, to intoxication of power, consanguineous marriages, and, above all, exhaustion. The heirs of genius—it has been proved—are doomed to extinction, decay, and deterioration. Intellectual development in individuals, as well as in races, leads to weakness, degeneracy, deterioration, to a

neuropathic state, and finally to extinction. The descendants of great men cannot escape mental and physical decay. This is a law of Nature—that having perfected herself in some great man and having thus exhausted her force, she begins to descend, and the issue which follows should necessarily be weak and miserable. The progenitors having lived a strenuous life, a life of energy and activity, having consumed the vital fuel which keeps the human machine in motion, the descendants have to pay heavily for the gifts which nature had heaped upon one of their ancestors. The curse of ancestry and of inheritance is weighing heavily on their shoulders (cf. Jacoby, *l.c.*). Now as the members of the reigning houses of Europe are in most cases the descendants of a great man who was the founder of the dynasty, they are, by the laws of nature, bound to be weak and degenerate. And just that very cause which makes nations cling to a reigning house, namely its descendancy from him who was the founder of the dynasty and the benefactor of the nation, ought to make them exclude his offspring from sovereignty. The founder of the dynasty was a Superman and he was entitled to rule, but as the descendants of Supermen are bound to be weaklings they have no right to inherit the privileges of their ancestors and must make room for the best men of their age, just as the men of the past generation did recognize the valour and superiority of their ancestor and made him king. For whatever the causes of the Cæsarean insanity and of the pathological condition of the dynastic families of modern

Europe, whether they are the result of modern conflicts of the degenerative influence of power or of consanguinity and in-breeding, nearly all impartial historians and specialists in insanity admit their hereditary neurosis. To prove by historical narrative the existence of such neurosis in nearly all the reigning families will be attempted in the next chapters.

CHAPTER III

RAVING RULERS OF ANTIQUITY—BABYLON, PERSIA, JUDÆA, AND ROME

THE history of antiquity already furnishes examples of insane kings and emperors. The annals of Babylon and Persia, of Judæa and Rome tell of the pathological state and the mental neurosis of their raving rulers, of their manias and hypochondriac fits, of the "evil spirit" that came over them, of their mad fancies and fiendish frenzies.

The Bible speaks of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon and King of kings, who ruled over many nations and conquered many lands. The prophet Jeremiah compares him to a lion and to an eagle. He subdued many peoples and led into captivity the children of Israel. He fortified and embellished his capital, Babylon—and is supposed to have been the originator of the hanging gardens which are usually attributed to Semiramis. But at last his conquests and his power turned his head. In his pride he exclaimed that no one was mightier on earth than himself. Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, the King of kings, was evidently subject to lykanthropy. By lykanthropy and kynanthropy modern psychiatrists designate that particular state of mental aliena-

tion in which the patient fancies himself to have been changed into a wolf or into a dog. The patient loses the consciousness of his own ego, and, imagining himself to be an animal, endeavours to live and behave like an animal. He runs from human habitations, he shuns his fellow-men, whom he looks upon as his enemies, he casts off his clothing, content with his skin. He imitates the sound of the animal into which he is supposed to have been changed, ceases to use human speech, and even partakes of the food of animals when satisfying the cravings of hunger. Another example of insanity among ancient kings is Saul, King of Israel. But whilst in the case of Nebuchadnezzar, it was perhaps the power which had turned his head, in that of Saul heredity no doubt played a part.

Saul must have been subject to fits of melancholia before he ascended the throne.

The manner in which the Jewish kingdom was established, the process by which Samuel the king-maker appointed Saul as King of Israel, give rise to the idea that the latter was mentally degenerate. His subsequent behaviour, his treatment of David, his constant state of melancholia, and his fits of "evil spirit" prove abundantly that such was indeed the case. Let us cast a glance at the manner and method in which Samuel elected Saul as king, as related in the Bible. Samuel had reached the height of his power; in the name of Jehovah he ruled over Israel and "judged the people at Mizpah." In his mind undoubtedly the idea of bequeathing his power to his sons and of founding a theocratic dynasty had already germinated. He ap-

pointed them as judges in his place, in the hope that the nation would obey the sons for the sake of the father. But the notion of hereditary rule had not yet been accepted by the people of Israel. The sons of Samuel were guilty of prevarication, and the elders shook their heads and declared that as the sons did not walk in the path of the father they had made up their minds to elect a king. Samuel's pride was hurt; moreover he grew very jealous. He endeavoured to dissuade the people from their decision at first; with rare foresight he pointed out to the deputation that waited on him the disadvantages that would accrue to them from such a step; he predicted the tyranny which the kings were sure to exercise over the nation. "And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants. And he will take your menservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your

sheep: and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day" (1 Samuel VIII.).

But the elders, the *zekenim*, refused to listen to the republican words of their leader; they demanded a king—and old Samuel reluctantly promised to elect one. In an able article on this prophet, Professor Binet-Sanglé (cf. *Annales médico-psychologiques*, Paris, 1904, Vol. XIX; cf. also his *Les Prophètes Juifs*, Paris, 1905, p. 156) has endeavoured to prove that Samuel himself was suffering from hallucinations and psychopathic troubles. "A man with a normal mind," says Professor Binet-Sanglé, "commissioned to elect a king, would naturally have chosen him among the most intelligent, sound-minded and energetic men of the nation. But Samuel only obeyed his impulses, without taking into consideration the moral qualities of the king-elect. Saul was good looking, of a tall stature, and these qualities, which appealed to Indians and Ethiopians and to many other barbarian nations when they came to elect a king—and which even in present times appeal to primitive minds—were sufficient for Samuel. When laying the foundation stone of the royalty of Israel Samuel attached more importance to physical appearance than to moral strength." I cannot quite agree with Professor Binet-Sanglé that Samuel at once saw that Saul was not quite normal; that he was suffering from melancholia, mania of persecution and other psychopathic troubles I have no doubt, but it was just for that very reason that Samuel's choice fell

upon Saul. And it was not without a point of malice that he proclaimed him king of Israel. Samuel acted not as a morbid dreamer, suffering from hallucinations, but as an astute diplomatist, as an ambitious, scheming president of a theocratic republic, whose aim was to disgust the people with the institution of royalty. He was jealous and ambitious, and intensely disliked the idea of letting power slip from his hands into those of another. A sane, energetic man on the throne would have meant the utter powerlessness of Samuel, whilst—with a king suffering from psychopathic troubles—he could still hope to retain his former influence and to rule the king and through him the nation. And when he saw that, in spite of his fits of melancholia and the “evil spirit” which came over him, Saul sometimes attempted to disobey him, and that the King wished to emancipate himself from the rule of the priest, he grew jealous and angry. On the very first occasion he again upbraided the nation for the crime they had committed in electing a king.

“And Samuel said unto all Israel, Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice in all that ye said unto me, and have made a king over you. And now, behold, the king walketh before you: and I am old and gray-headed; and, behold, my sons are with you: and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? . . . Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I

will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king. So Samuel called unto the Lord; and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day: and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel. And all the people said unto Samuel, Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God, that we die not: for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king. And Samuel said unto the people, Fear not: ye have done all this wickedness: yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart; and turn ye not aside: for then should ye go after vain things, which cannot profit nor deliver; for they are vain. For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people. Moreover as for me, God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and the right way: only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you. But if ye shall still do wickedly, ye shall be consumed, both ye and your king" (1 Samuel xii.).

Rain and thunder came and the people were afraid. They implored Samuel to pray for them, and he promised not to abandon them and to point out to them the right path. But Saul had gained some splendid victories and vanquished the Moabites, the Ammonites, the Edomites, and the Philistines, and Samuel's jealousy increased. At Gilgal Saul, having waited in vain for Samuel

to appear, at last acted the part of high priest himself and, like the ancient Semitic and Greek kings, offered the sacrifices. Samuel's wrath, on his arrival, knew no bounds. After the massacre of the Amalekites Saul had spared Agag, their King, and all the valuable booty, disregarding the command of Samuel, who had ordered him to slay man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass.

"And he took Agag the king of the Amalekites alive, and utterly destroyed all the people with the edge of the sword. But Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them: but every thing that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed utterly" (1 Samuel xv. 8, 9).

Both the King's victory and his disobedience greatly displeased the prophet. Saul was growing too popular and too independent (cf. Binet-Sanglé, *Les Prophètes Juifs*, pp. 176-7, and *Annales médico-psychologiques*, Tome XIX, p. 183). Samuel, who never forgave Saul, told him that the sovereignty would be taken away from him and transmitted to one more worthy of it.

"And Samuel said unto Saul, I will not return with thee: for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel. And as Samuel turned about to go away, he laid hold upon the skirt of his mantle, and it rent. And Samuel said unto him, The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and

hath given it to a neighbour of thine, that is better than thou. And also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for he is not a man, that he should repent" (1 Samuel xv. 26-9).

David was anointed king. All these events prove Samuel's jealousy and ambition, and it is inconceivable that he should have looked for a sane and absolutely normal man in choosing a king, simply because the people of Israel clamoured for one. He chose Saul because he had perceived in him signs of mental alienation and had hoped to retain his former power by his side. In anointing Saul the prophet had predicted that the spirit of Jehovah would come over the king, that he would prophesy, and that he would become "another man"—but the intoxication of royalty had only awakened in Saul the neuropathic troubles to which he was subject by nature. The first King of Israel suffered from attacks of the "evil spirit," from fits of melancholia, from mania of persecution, and was haunted by a desire to commit both homicide and suicide (cf. Binet-Sanglé, *Les Prophètes Juifs*, p. 159). Like Ivan the Terrible, like Paul I, like Eric XIV, and many other crowned and uncrowned madmen, Saul belonged to the class of insane known as the Persecuted Persecutors. They are haunted by the obsession of vengeance and pass their lives in persecuting with incredible obstinacy those whose victims they imagine themselves to be. They are to all appearance and in all other respects quite sane; theirs is the so-called *lucid folly*, and in spite of many qualities and brilliant capabilities

which they share with the superior degenerates, they have lost their mental equilibrium and manifest signs of degeneracy, such as hypochondria and inclination to suicide (cf. *Revue générale des Sciences*, 1891, Décembre ; Leroy, R., *Les Persécutés Persécuteurs*, Paris, 1896, p. 13). This form of insanity is usually hereditary (*ibid.*, pp. 11, 15). The moral sense of such unfortunates is blunted—if not absolutely absent ; all means by which they can get rid of their imaginary persecutors are permissible unto them, whilst any constraint employed against themselves appears to them as a monstrous iniquity. They lose their self-control and the capacity of exercising any will-power over their actions. Such a persecuted persecutor on the throne becomes the scourge of the nation—and a danger to his subjects. Apart from vindictiveness, the habit of lying and inventing fictitious occurrences, the persecuted persecutor is sometimes subject to hallucinations (*l.c.*, p. 37).

Saul was suffering from all these symptoms. When subject to his fits of melancholia he could only be soothed by the strains of sweet music. David played the *kinnor* before the mad King of Israel and succeeded in dissipating his dark mood. He did more, he gained his battles and slew Goliath the Philistine. Instead, however, of feeling gratitude, Saul grew jealous of the musician-soldier, and twice did he try to pierce David with his spear. He gave orders to put him to death, but repented of his rash command and shed bitter tears, accusing himself of homicide. His distrust and jealousy extended to his own son, Jonathan, who had contracted a deep

and disinterested friendship for David. One day when the Royal Prince, in disobedience to his father's command, who had ordered a general fast-day, had tasted some honey, Saul had rashly sentenced him to death and only spared him at the intervention of his counsellors. He accused the priest Ahimelek of high treason and put eighty-five priests to death, not sparing their wives, children, and cattle. In the house of the Witch of Endor Saul heard the voice of Samuel, and thus at least once had a hallucination, from which, as has been pointed out above, the mentally diseased of his category are, although rarely, suffering. At last in a fit of despair he committed suicide by throwing himself on his own spear.

Passing from the history of Israel to that of Imperial Rome one meets among the successors of Augustus the mad Cæsars Tiberius, Cajus Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Augustus was the son of Julia, a sister of the great Julius Cæsar, who is supposed to have suffered from epileptic fits. In his youth Augustus had been delicate, weakly, and subject to *phobies*, or fears, being afraid of darkness and thunder. According to Suetonius he was debauched, treacherous, and cruel. Seneca even maintains that his clemency in later years was only the result of lassitude and fatigue of cruelty. He had led an active and energetic life, and in his old age he craved for peace and repose. His kindness and modesty were only *instrumenta regni*, dictated by his sense of security rather than by his natural goodness of heart. Some historians also maintain that Augustus was suffering from

writer's cramp, which is a disease of cerebral origin (cf. Beaujeu, M., *La Psychologie des Césars*, Lyon, 1893, p. 43). His libertine habits he had scarcely altered even after he had become emperor, and his wife Livia, who knew no jealousy, is supposed to have rendered to her august husband services similar to those for which La Pompadour gained the gratitude of Louis XV, and Potemkin that of Catharine II—Livia provided the Cæsar with mistresses. But whatever may be said against Augustus, it must be admitted that he was clever, and as soon as he reached the summit of power he knew how to control his passions, and turned out to be a just and benevolent ruler. He was undoubtedly an unscrupulous Prince, but thanks to his perspicacity and his superior intelligence, Rome and the world enjoyed a reign of peace and the golden age of prosperity. Augustus' children, however, were depraved and degenerate. His daughter Julia led a life of debauchery which roused the indignation of her imperial father; his son Drusus suffered from hallucinations and manifested signs of mental aberration (cf. Beaujeu, *l.c.* p. 16). In the German forests he once saw a woman of superhuman stature, who ordered him to desist from pursuing his enemies.

But Drusus died young and Livia prevailed upon the aged Augustus to designate her own son Tiberius as successor to the throne, in the place of Germanicus, the son of Drusus.

The upholders of the theory that supreme power is the sole cause of the Cæsarean insanity usually quote the reign of Tiberius as

the best proof in corroboration of this statement. Hereditary neurosis, they maintain, played no part whatever in his case, for his ancestors were robust, healthy, intelligent, and courageous. In his early youth he had been serious, cold, and passionless. His life was pure and blameless, and indignant at the shameless conduct of his wife Julia, he voluntarily exiled himself to Rhodes, where he lived in modest retirement. Thus he remained during the first years of his reign, until he had fallen a victim to the intoxication of power—and its corrupting influence—and from kind and benevolent he had become a cruel tyrant (cf. Ireland, *l.c.*, p. 93, and Beaujeu, *l.c.*, p. 18). Not in heredity are we therefore to look for his extreme pride and vanity, but in the elevated position which he was suddenly called upon to occupy. During the first years of his reign he had introduced many wise reforms and passed useful laws, and only towards the end of his life did he retire to Capreae, to lead a life of cruelty and debauchery. Others have endeavoured to prove that Tiberius, who was not related to the Julian house, has been misrepresented to posterity. Napoleon once warmly defended the character of this Emperor. In reality, however, hereditary neurosis was a principal factor in the life and conduct of Tiberius. He was the offspring of consanguineous marriages practised by his ancestors, which, as Esquirol has already pointed out, is the chief cause of the insanity existing among royal families. According to this author (cf. Casper, *Charakteristik der französischen Medizin*, Leipzig, 1822), one out of sixty members of royal

houses is usually insane, whilst among ordinary men one counts one madman to 600-800 persons. From his ancestors Tiberius had received the germs of degeneracy, which a state of unlimited power afterwards developed. His mother was a Ulysses in petticoats, swayed only by her ambition and vanity, no other feeling finding room in her breast. She did not hesitate to commit a murder whenever it served her plans and purposes. With her blood Livia had bequeathed unto her son various traits and characteristics of his madness; he was cold, calculating, and cruel. From his paternal forebears he had inherited pride, contempt for the people, and cruelty. Thus he grew up a morose boy. They called him the Old One, says Philo, and all the objectionable characteristic traits of the Julian and Claudian houses seemed to have been concentrated in him. He found pleasure in tormenting men and beasts, innocent animals, birds and insects, and even slaves, listening with delight to their cries of agony. His intellectual qualities, however, were extraordinary, his memory prodigious—and, like Cæsar Borgia, he was the handsomest man of his time (Wiedemeister, F., *Der Cæsarenwahnsinn*, 1875, p. 12). He had risen to be practically co-regent by the side of Augustus; honours and riches were heaped upon him. But suddenly the brilliant Prince lost his ambition, his striving after honour and glory; he had fallen a victim to a mental trouble, a fit of melancholia had come over him, brought about by various causes. Mars, Venus, and Bacchus—upon whose altars he had sacrificed liberally—had ruined his health, and his soldiers called

him Biberius, instead of Tiberius. He craved for solitude and expressed the desire to leave Rome; his stepfather and mother at first refused to let him go, but were obliged to grant him the permission he requested, and he retired to Rhodes.

Here, says Suetonius, he behaved as if he had been a guilty individual, manifesting signs of contrition and humility. He had fallen into a state of brooding melancholia, of a mania of self-torture, of groundless fear and anxiety. Everywhere he saw menace and danger; he mistrusted his most intimate friends, fled human society and habitation, seeking refuge and solitude among the mountains and in uninhabited regions. The approach of a stranger, of a shepherd set him trembling at the phantom of imaginary dangers and conspiracies against his life (cf. Beulé, Ch. E., *Le Sang de Germanicus*, II, Paris, 1869). Over two years this state of acute melancholia had lasted, when suddenly his sojourn at Rhodes became unbearable to him and he wished to return to Rome. But when he came to the capital he retired to a quiet garden-house on the Aquiline Hill, where he lived in obscurity, caring little for politics and war, shunning men and shunned by his friends. Life had become a burden unto the hypochondriac Prince, whose former sense of humility and contrition had given way to apathy, misanthropy, and sadness. And it was in such a state of melancholia that he ascended the throne after the death of Augustus. The Senate implored him to take over the Empire, but Tiberius was still wavering and undecided; he was lacking in will-power;

he hesitated, and only reluctantly accepted the burden of government, as he called it. He manifested extreme humility when addressing the Senate, whilst he himself forbade flattery and excessive honours being shown him. The fits of melancholia had not left him, and one of the symptoms of his morbid state was his mistrust and fear of secret enemies. It was during his reign that special attention began to be paid to the crime of *lèse-majesté*. Considering the state of his mind it was easy for a man of an iron will and of a strong mind to gain ascendancy over him. This man was Ælius Sejanus, who, for many years, ruled the Emperor, Rome, and the world. But the Emperor's morbid state of mind increased; he saw danger everywhere and did not feel himself safe in Rome. He decided to seek a refuge on a rocky island, and the master of the world retired to Capreæ. Modern history is quite accustomed to the spectacle of a ruler being afraid of his own subjects and shunning the capital of his realm, but it was something new for the Romans of the first century. Tiberius was sixty-eight when, driven by the mania of persecution, he left Rome, which he was never to see again. Twelve villas were erected on Capreæ, and the highest, that of Jupiter—where now stands the chapel of Santa Maria del Soccorso—the Emperor chose as his abode. From his window he could see all that occurred on the island, could see the sea and the ships that passed from Italy and Hellas, from Africa and Asia. No one was allowed to approach the Cæsar and to set foot on the island. But not

even here could the august hypochondriac, the Imperial hermit, find peace of mind. Fear and anxiety had followed him thither, and for eleven years, until his death, never left him. Tiberius had been on Capreæ for five years when Sejanus, his constant companion, left him to go to Rome. This step proved fatal for the favourite—for his enemies, the aristocratic party of Rome, at once found means to penetrate into the presence of the Emperor and to accuse his minister of high treason. It was easy to rouse the feeling of suspicion and mistrust in the mind of the aged Tiberius; his love quickly changed into hatred; Sejanus was arrested and assassinated. But the real or supposed conspiracy of the powerful minister involved other culprits, and the number of those sentenced to death was so great that the Tiber could scarcely hold their corpses. And yet the cruelty of Tiberius was not the thirst for blood but the consequence of his mania of persecution; his punishments were therefore mostly directed against those whom he supposed to stand in his way: his relatives, influential politicians and statesmen. "Tiberius was cruel," writes Wiedemeister, "not out of passion and bloodthirst, but because he perceived in every free movement of the men who stood near him a danger to himself—and it is in his mania of persecution that one is to look for the cause of his attitude" (*l.c.*, p. 59).

His mistrust and hatred extended to his brother Drusus, to the latter's wife, and even to his own mother, Livia. He looked upon her as his rival for power, refusing to visit her even when she lay ill. After her death he annulled her will,

putting to death all her friends therein mentioned and to whom she had bequeathed legacies. His dislike for his own son Drusus persisted even after the latter's death, and he refused permission to the tribunals to suspend the sittings in sign of mourning. He tyrannized Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, to such an extent that she courted death by hunger. The sons of Germanicus, Nero and Brutus, were put to death, and many of his intimate counsellors and all the men of letters who used to frequent the court were assassinated. Scarcely a day passed, says Suetonius, not excepting even festivals, which was not marked by torments and executions; as many as twenty victims, men, women, and children, daily died a violent death. His morbid psychic state grew from bad to worse, his fears increased, and his madness entered into a new phase. He was tormented by the fear, common among hypochondriacs, of having to die of hunger; and he, who had once been lavish, grew avaricious. At his request Roman citizens made him their sole heir—but their gracious act was the signal for their immediate death. Availing himself of the most frivolous pretexts, he confiscated the property of many princes of Gaul, Spain, Syria, and Greece, and he went even so far in his avarice as to refuse to pay their wages to his servants. Was it his own idea? Was it that of his entourage? Who can tell? But certain it is that the tormented Emperor sought forgetfulness and distraction in revels and debaucheries. And it was now that those scenes of hideous cruelties, of lust and obscenity began (cf. Gregorovius, F.,

Figuren). They were strange scenes—scenes of vice and folly, of passions dwelling in the human breast let loose, which the walls of the Caprean Villas must have witnessed; they were strange sounds, the tumultuous uproar of Bacchanalian revel, the sighs of agony of the assassinated, which they must have heard. The walls of his chambers were covered with lascivious paintings, and young men and women prostituted themselves before the Emperor's eyes. Gradually his disease entered the phase of idiocy, of which the numerous letters—which during this period Tiberius wrote to the Senate—give ample proof. This was the beginning of the end. In his seventy-eighth year the Cæsar was seized by a fit of apoplexy and died in the Villa of Lucullus, on Cape Misenum. Caligula is said to have accelerated the death of his great uncle by throwing cushions over him and throttling him in his agony. The Imperial madman was no more, but another at once took his place.

Cajus Cæsar Caligula was the son of Germanicus and Agrippina. Germanicus, the son of Drusus, had suffered from hallucinations, whilst Agrippina was a daughter of the depraved Julia, the daughter of Augustus. Caligula was therefore the offspring of a consanguineous marriage. Tacitus relates that in his German campaigns Germanicus had given proof of excessive cruelty, massacring all the prisoners who fell into his power, sparing neither sex nor age. Cajus Cæsar, surnamed Caligula, or the Little Boot, from the military boot which his

father made him wear in camp, passed his early youth among the soldiers. He was nineteen when the Emperor Tiberius, his great uncle, called him to Capreæ, and here already he manifested his base and cruel nature, so that the Emperor—whose hatred for humanity was not unmingled with contempt for their servility—exclaimed: “I am letting Cajus live for his own misfortune and that of others; I am bringing up a serpent for the Roman people and a Phaeton for the world.” From the finger of the dying Emperor Caligula had torn the signet ring, the sign of supreme command, and was carried to the throne. He then sent a message to the Senate, informing the fathers that Tiberius was dead and that he had assumed the government. Divine honours were to be shown to the memory of the departed Cæsar, but his testament, being that of a madman, annulled. The joy to which the Romans had abandoned themselves on the accession of Caligula was of short duration. In the veins of the new Emperor the blood of the Julian and Claudian houses flowed, and he had inherited the sum-total of degeneration of both families. The son of Germanicus suffered from epileptic fits—and hence undoubtedly the remark of Suetonius that Caligula was in the habit of studying in front of the mirror grimaces and contortions by which he rendered his already ugly face still uglier. According to Esquirol and many other medical authorities, epilepsy is accompanied by a morose, sneaking character, a violent temperament, wild propensities, sexual excesses, and unnatural cruelty which reason is unable to

control. Many epileptics fall victims to real insanity, terminating in idiocy.

Caligula had ascended the throne as an epileptic, as a naughty, stupid, and angry boy, a *mal élevé*, so that Macro had to watch him constantly, lest he should commit a thousand follies and compromise the Imperial dignity, and his disease developed into raving madness when he found himself on the pinnacle of power. Rome soon knew that its joy had been premature. During the first months of his reign he had made a great show of virtue and affability, of filial devotion and esteem for the memory of his parents, and of love for his brothers and sisters. He had fallen dangerously ill, and when he recovered, the master of the world was a perfect madman. The first symptoms of his insanity manifested themselves, as in the case of his predecessor, in his mania of persecution. His cousin Tiberius Gemellus, made chief of the Prætorian Guard, whose authority the Imperial boy resented, was his first victim. He was followed by all those who enjoyed popularity and distinction and whom the Imperial persecuted persecutor (cf. Leroy, R., *Les Persécutés Persécuteurs*, Paris, 1896) considered as his enemies, as conspirators and rebels. And when he had tasted blood he began to delight in the sight of it, watching with pleasure the agony of the wounded and the convulsions of the dying. Thus, when once the number of criminals condemned to death had been exhausted in the arena, he gave orders to seize at random a few spectators in the circus, tear out their tongues, and throw them before the

wild beasts. On another occasion, during a banquet, he suddenly broke out into loud laughter, and when the two consuls by his side politely inquired after the cause of his hilarity, he replied: "It is amusing to think that a sign from me would be sufficient to have both your throats cut." When kissing a beautiful woman, he used to add: "What a beautiful neck! but I have only to say a word, and it will fall." His hatred extended to the aristocracy and the populace alike, and he is supposed to have exclaimed once in his insane fury that he wished the Roman people had only one neck, so that he could cut it at one blow. From time to time the public granaries were closed and a famine created, because the madman on the throne enjoyed the sight of starving people. Criminals were cast alive to the dogs and torn to pieces; peaceful people were suddenly arrested and either imprisoned in such low caves that they were compelled to creep on all fours, or cut in halves; fathers were made to witness the torments of their children. "Remember," Caligula was wont to say, "everything is allowed to me against everyone." He had his brother and father-in-law assassinated, and prostituted his own sister to his minions. Like King Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther, he also amused himself in showing to his friends his wife Cæsonia in a state of nudity.

His self-estimation degenerated into megalomania. He imagined himself a paragon of wisdom, prudence, dignity, and justice; he stood above all other men; he was a superman, nay, in his morbid fancy he imagined himself a god.

One need only pay a visit to some lunatic asylum to come across poor wretches who imagine themselves archimilliardaires, prime ministers, princes, kings, messiahs, christs, and even gods. A woman will pretend to be the Pope, and a man the mother of God. I have once had occasion to speak to some such patients myself. Caligula belonged to the same class of mentally diseased. He imagined himself to be Bacchus and Hercules, Castor and Pollux, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and even Juno, Diana, and Venus! He dressed every time in the appropriate garments, so as to imitate the god or the goddess he represented. "The shepherd of animals," he said, "is not an animal but a man, a being superior to his flock; the shepherd and leader of men must therefore necessarily be a being superior to men, a god." He had a temple to himself, where he was worshipped under the name of Jupiter Latinus. And, like Jupiter, Caligula took to wife his own sister—nay, he went a step farther and married all his sisters. The statues of the Olympians were replaced by his own image. He held converse with Jupiter during the day, and invited Luna to come down and sleep by his side at nights. Once he asked Vitellus whether he could perceive the goddess in his arms, to which clever Vitellus replied: "Great Emperor, it is not given to mortal eye to behold such sights; only you gods are worthy to see one another." But the Cæsar-god was evidently at war with his colleague Morpheus. Sleepless nights did the Emperor frequently pass; never did he sleep more than three hours, and even this short rest was troubled by hideous dreams

and nightmares. His prodigality, says Suetonius, was excessive; he was in the habit of swallowing pearls dissolved in vinegar. His palaces and villas, his bridge on the Palatine, his galley of cedarwood, which cost him fabulous sums and was a floating palace, are famous. For his horse Incitatus he constructed a marble stable with an ivory trough, made the animal a gift of a pearl necklace, of slaves and servants, and invited the great ones of the Empire to come and sup with his horse. At last he is said to have raised Incitatus to the dignity of consul. Such extravagance naturally drained the treasure which the avaricious Tiberius had accumulated. In the course of one year Caligula had spent not less than two milliards and seven hundred millions of sesterces. Short of money, the Cæsar robbed and stole wherever he could. There were no Congo States, no Stock Exchange speculations; but Caligula had simpler methods to enrich himself: he confiscated the wealth of rich citizens whom he sent to death. He also sold valuable and valueless objects and furniture belonging to the State, the price of which he fixed himself; and at last he opened a house of ill-fame in the Palatine, which Romans were compelled to patronize and support.✕ He won money in games and in play at dice, and seems not even to have been above trickery. Suddenly Caligula was seized by a craving for military glory; but Rome was at peace with her barbarian neighbours. Such trifles, however, did not trouble Cæsar. He led his army to the banks of the Rhine, ordered some of his soldiers—whom he had disguised as Ger-

mans—to cross the river, and massacred them. After this farce he returned to Rome, distributed rewards among the warriors, and rebuked the Roman people, who thought of naught but games and sports, whilst he, the Cæsar, was courting dangers and fatigues, defending the Roman homes and altars. On another occasion he led his soldiers to the sea-shore, made them collect some sea-shells, and then held a triumphal entry into the capital. For nearly four years the Romans suffered the rule of this madman, and if “the Romans are but sheep” why “should Cæsar not be a wolf?” But a palace revolution put an end to the rule of the angry, Imperial boy. The sword of Cassius Charea, the tribune of the Prætorian Cohort, delivered the world from the yoke of the maniac. The line of Imperial madmen was, however, not yet exhausted with Caligula; he was only the second act in the tragedy of the Roman Cæsars. The next two Emperors, members of the Julian-Claudian house, were as mad as their predecessor had been. Caligula was succeeded on the throne by Claudius, the son of Drusus and grandson of Augustus and Livia. As a child already this Emperor had suffered from severe and protracted diseases which enfeebled his body and mind. His own mother called him an abortion, and when talking of some idiot or imbecile she was in the habit of saying, “He is even more stupid than my son Claudius.” His grandmother Livia had the deepest contempt for him, and his sister pitied the Roman people who would be ruled by such a prince. Augustus, seeing in his

grandson a possible future Emperor, wished to show him some honour, but he never allowed the Prince to appear at the table of the Pontiffs except when accompanied by the son of Silanus, so as to prevent him saying or doing anything ridiculous. The grandfather, having refused him the title of Consul, Claudius gave up ambition and addicted himself to drink and play. During the reign of his nephew Caligula he was twice Consul, but was made sport of by the Court. Whenever he came late to supper he found no vacant seat, and when he fell asleep at table the courtiers threw olives and dates at him. He had divorced two wives, and married as third Messalina, famous for her debaucheries. Claudius was sixty when his nephew Caligula fell by the hand of the assassin; frightened at the noise caused by the murder of the Emperor he hid behind a curtain. Here the soldiers found the trembling idiot and carried him to the throne; the Senate ratified the choice. The new Emperor manifested such a lack of common sense in the tribunals that a Greek once-dared to call him an "old imbecile." He was a *gourmand*, a drunkard, and a debauchee, and delighted in the sight of blood. Slaves and women ruled him and the Empire, and his wife Messalina was so little afraid of him that she quite publicly lived with her lover Cajus Silius. She even prevailed upon her Imperial husband to sign her marriage contract with the latter, and made him compel the actor Mnester to become her lover. The evident signs of Claudius's insanity were many and frequent. Influenced and persuaded by Messa-

lina's enemies, he at last gave orders for her execution, and yet the next day he was astonished not to see her at table, and sent for her. He often used to invite to supper people whom he had put to death only the previous day. Once, whilst the members of the Senate were discussing important affairs of State, he suddenly exclaimed: "Who of you could live without soup?" At times Claudius even lost the sense of his own personality, and was actually unaware that he was Emperor. Like his predecessors on the throne, he was a coward, and trembled at the slightest and most trifling cause. His fear of conspiracies against him made him even contemplate abdication. After a reign of fourteen years this Imperial idiot found death in a poisoned cup, which the daughter of Germanicus, his niece Agrippina, whom he had married after the death of Messalina, had offered him.

Claudius was dead, and Nero, Agrippina's own son from her first marriage with Domitius Ænobarbus, ascended the throne. The new Emperor had inherited not only the neurosis and the pathological abnormalities of the descendants of Augustus, bequeathed to him with the blood of Germanicus, of Julia, and of Agrippina, but also the characteristic traits of his paternal ancestors, the Domitii. In the pathology of his crimes heredity is the principal factor—and his degeneracy is the result of atavism (cf. Brachet, A., *l.c.*, pp. cxxv, cxxvi). Degenerate as Nero was, he fell a victim to the intoxication of power. His father was famous for his sanguinary character and his cruelties,

whilst his mother, Agrippina, was a worthy granddaughter of her grandmother Julia. During the reign of her Imperial brother Caligula, Agrippina had taken part in all his orgies and debaucheries, prostituting herself to her brother's minions. With the assistance of her lover, the freedman Pallas, she succeeded in marrying the old imbecile Emperor Claudius, and in ruling the Empire. She made her husband adopt her son Nero, and appoint him his successor in the place of his own son Britannicus. Claudius one day threatening to punish her as he had punished Messalina, he died soon afterwards. Such was Nero's parentage. His father is supposed to have replied to the congratulations offered to him on the occasion of the birth of his son: "From Agrippina and me only a monster and a scourge of humanity can come forth." He had spoken true: a monster had indeed ascended the throne.

At first he reigned wisely and well, was liberal, generous, and mild, but soon his natural cruelty manifested itself. He poisoned his brother Britannicus, had his mother assassinated, put to death his wife Poppæa, and massacred all those who stood in his way and whom he wished to get rid of. His debaucheries and cruelties are notorious, and can scarcely be related in detail—and his insane prodigality was only equalled by that of his uncle Caligula. Like Caligula, too, Nero fell a victim to a palace revolution, and died under most humiliating circumstances. Nero, the master of the world, to save his life crept on hands and knees through a hole which his freedman Phaon had made in the wall.

All these Cæsars were undoubtedly madmen, degenerates, varying but little in their respective manias, suffering from complete or partial insanity. Their folly, the insanity of power, has been styled Cæsarean insanity, Césarite, Cæsarenwahnsinn (cf. Beaujeu, *M. la Psychologie des Césars*, Lyon, 1893, pp. 51-52), and has been ascribed to the influence of absolute power. The symptoms of this disease are the exaltation of the instincts of personality, the development of pride and vanity at the expense of altruistic feelings, a perversion of the sexual instincts, brought about by the craving for new sensations, and an exaltation of the destructive instincts, leading to refinement of cruelty. This *Césarite* is brought about by external influences and environment (Beaujeu, *l.c.*, p. 54). I have, however, already pointed out above that the neuropathic vices and the abnormal psychic manifestations of Cæsars, tsars, emperors, and kings are the result of hereditary influences and consanguineous marriages.

The Cæsars began their rule with the golden age of Augustus, but already in the second generation debauchery, imbecility, epilepsy, neuropathy, incest, parricide, patricide, and sanguinary pleasures were the order of the day in the Cæsarean family. This madness which characterized the Roman Cæsars existed even before their time among the rulers of antiquity, and with the death of Nero, of Heliogabalus and Domitian, the line of lunatics and profligates, of "angry boys" and depraved young women on the throne, and of insanity in their families, did not come to an end. Modern his-

tory has offered, and still offers, us examples of royal and imperial houses beginning with a brilliant and intelligent founder and ending with a line of vicious and degenerate princes. After a brief period of grandeur the Capetians and the Valois in France came to an end with feeble-minded and debauched rulers. The Bourbons ascended the throne with gallant and brave Henri IV, but soon degenerated with Louis XIII and Louis XV. In England six dynasties changed within the space of four centuries from Edward II (1307) to George I. Plantagenets, Lancasters, Yorks, Tudors, Stuarts, and Oranges occupy the throne in succession, and the kings of the houses of Lancaster and Tudor are subject to epilepsy (Henry IV), debauchery (Henry V), imbecility (Henry VI), madness (Henry IV and Henry VI), and cruelty (Henry VIII). The Habsburgs of Spain, ascending the throne with Charles Quint, came to an end with mad Charles II, and Spain turned to France, inviting a Bourbon to accept the crown of Ferdinand the Catholic. France sent a degenerate offspring of Louis XIV, an indolent, apathetic, half-imbecile prince, who inaugurated the dynasty of the Bourbons in Spain, the last descendant of which can scarcely be classed among the brilliant, mild, clever, and generous rulers (cf. Dusolier, E., *Psychologie des derniers Valois*, Lyon, 1895). And it is of the hereditary neurosis of some of the rulers of Spain I intend to speak in the next chapters.

CHAPTER IV

THE CAPTIVE OF TORDESILLAS—QUEEN JUANA LA LOCA, MOTHER OF CHARLES V

THE hereditary neurosis of the kings of Spain is a well-known historical fact—a fact which, in spite of the praiseworthy tendency of some admirers of royalty to save the honour of royal houses from the accusation of hereditary insanity, remains unshaken. The student who carefully peruses the pages of Spanish history and studies the genealogy of its kings cannot help coming to the conclusion that the whole line of the Austrian house of Spain—beginning with Philip the Fair, son of Maximilian of Austria, who married Juana la Loca, and ending with imbecile Charles II—was distinguished by folly, cruelty, degeneracy, and epilepsy—a splendid record !

The dynasty of Aragon had come to an end in the Spanish peninsula, its sole representative being Ferdinand of Aragon, known as the Catholic. He married Isabella of Castile, who bore him several children, one of whom was the famous Juana la Loca, Jane the Mad, the mother of Emperor Charles V. Neither Ferdinand nor Isabella are supposed to have shown any manifest signs of insanity. That Ferdinand was cruel and perfidious can scarcely be doubted

by anyone. His perfidy was notorious even at an age when its practice had become an art. As for his wife she is described as amiable and good, although her mistaken piety and the influence of her confessor made her commit deeds of cruelty and atrocity. It must of course be borne in mind that the generally glowing description of her portrait has been bequeathed to us by contemporaries, and that the latter's conception of royal virtues must needs differ from those held in our own times. Later historians have, indeed, endeavoured to prove that this Queen was not a paragon of virtues, that she was not only tyrannical and bigoted, but not less untruthful and hypocritical than her royal spouse. *Ils se valaient l'un l'autre* (cf. Prescott, *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, Philadelphia, 1873, Vol. III, p. 209). We are, however, not concerned with Isabella of Castile at present. Suffice it to say that whatever her character she was not without many eccentricities. Thus she once vowed never to change her shirt until Granada had been captured! And she kept her royal word. But need we be astonished if we find signs of abnormality in the most Catholic Queen? A glance at her parentage will at once explain the cause of latent, if not manifest, insanity in her. Her father was John II of Castile, who came from a line of rulers renowned for their cruelty, whilst he himself had a strong bent to imbecility (cf. Ireland, p. 153, etc.). Her mother was Isabella of Portugal who became insane towards the end of her life, and on account of her mental infirmity, from which she suffered for many years



ISABELLA OF CASTILE.
After an engraving by Nargeot.

1871

until her death, was relegated to the castle of Arevalo (cf. Prescott, *l.c.*, II, p. 352). There was therefore a predisposition to neurosis and insanity in the family of Isabella and it actually broke out in Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella the founders of the Spanish monarchy, whose history will be related in the following pages.

Juana was the third child of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile. She was born at Toledo on November the 6th, 1479. At the court of the Catholic monarch, the founder of the Inquisition, she was of course brought up in strictly pious notions; and it is not surprising, from the character of Isabella and the manners of that time, if the Princess sometimes suffered severe chastisement from her mother. Bergenroth pictures the delicate soul of the little Princess, shocked at the development of the frightful activity of the religious courts, conceiving a strong dislike to religious practices, and that even as a child she was exposed to the punishment of torture for heresy, a punishment which continued to be applied, by no means exceptionally, to people of noble rank. Two or three generations later it became the custom for the Spanish court and the royal family to attend the soul-stirring and ennobling spectacle of *autos-da-fé*, and to witness the offer of human holocausts to an all-merciful God of love. We shall see how Juana's great grandson, Don Carlos, is taken to such a spectacle and duly educated to grow up as a thorough Catholic king and a faithful son of the Church. Juana, says Bergenroth, was spared such hideous

scenes, but the severity with which she was educated, the punishments, and even the application of torture by which means her mother compelled her to comply with the dictates of duty and religion, left deep and lasting impressions upon the childish mind. Bergenroth endeavours to prove that the whole story of Juana's madness is a lie, and was a conspiracy on the part of her parents to exclude her from the throne of Spain, Isabella being anxious that her husband, Ferdinand, should succeed her (cf. Bergenroth, *Calendar of State Papers*, supplement to Vols. I and II, London, 1868). Others also maintain that it was her father Ferdinand who had invented the story of his daughter's folly (cf. Forneron, H., *Histoire de Philippe II*, Paris, 1882). All these "whitewashers of Jane" seem to forget the hereditary predisposition of Juana to insanity and seem to shut their eyes to facts. Even if the education of the Infanta was not marked by great kindness, it was only instrumental in developing the hereditary predisposition which was latent in her and which would have broken out sooner or later (cf. Galippe, *l.c.*, p. 190, note).

An alliance with the house of Habsburg was considered very advantageous by the reigning dynasties of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was natural that the astute King of Spain, who was endeavouring to strengthen his power by an intermarriage with a mighty European State, should open negotiations with the house of Austria. It was arranged that Prince Juan, the heir of the Spanish monarchies, should marry Princess

Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and that his son, the Archduke Philip, should be united with Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Vincenzo Quirini, who visited Philip's court in 1506, described the husband of Juana as follows: "He was handsome, well built, of a joyous character and predisposed to pleasure. He was a keen sportsman and a fine rider. Good-natured, liberal, amiable and friendly with everyone, he hated Court etiquette. He was faithful to his religion, but at the same time tolerant and a stickler for justice. Quick-witted and of a keen intelligence he nevertheless was careful in his replies and actions. His wife, although very beautiful, was very jealous of him. She so tormented her husband that the latter could never satisfy her." "Elle tourmentait tellement son époux, que l'infortuné prince ne pouvait parvenir à la contenter." She was silent and of an almost sullen disposition, and avoided society, pleasures, and festive occasions. She suffered no women in her private service, no matter whether of Spanish or Flemish nationality, young or old (*Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*, Série II, Vol. I; Ch. Yriarté, *César Borgia*, Vol. II, p. 229).

This handsome young Archduke, sovereign of the Netherlands in his mother's rights, had been chosen as the husband of the Spanish Infanta. It may be remarked—*en passant*—that no dowry was accorded with the hand of the Princess (cf. Ferreras, *Histoire d'Espagne*, Vol. VIII, p. 160). As soon as the marriage negotiations had been settled, arrangements

were made to convey the Princess to Flanders. Towards the end of the summer (1496) a fleet, consisting of 130 vessels and having on board the Spanish Infanta, attended by a numerous suite, quitted the port of Laredo for the Netherlands. The queen-mother accompanied her daughter to the place of embarkation, and took an affectionate farewell of her (Ferreras, *l.c.*, Vol. III, p. 173). Isabella passed anxious hours before she heard news of the safe arrival of the Princess. The Spanish Armadas—it seems—were not destined to be favoured by wind and weather. The sea was rough and tempestuous, and the vessels which carried a royal bride were tossed about by the unruly waves. The journey had to be undertaken by sea, as the unfriendly relations existing between Spain and France made a journey by land impossible. Great care had to be taken to defend the Spanish vessels against possible attacks by French cruisers. News at last reached the court of Spain of the happy arrival of the Infanta Juana at Flanders after a very rough voyage full of vicissitudes and hardships (cf. Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 172, and Mariana, *Historia*, Vol. II, 26, chap. XI). The marriage was celebrated at Lille on the 19th of October by the Archbishop of Cambrai, and great rejoicings took place on this occasion (Ferreras, *Histoire d'Espagne*, Vol. VIII, p. 174). Her marriage with Philip the Fair of Austria, the Regent of the Netherlands, the son and heir of Maximilian, was a political speculation, the far-reaching consequences of which could not yet be measured. But, in spite of the political character of the



PHILIP THE FAIR.

An engraving by Suyderhoef, after a painting by Soutman.

1892

alliance, Juana was happy, for she loved her husband. Philip was a real Prince Charming (cf. Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 179).

The first year of her marriage Juana passed in the Netherlands, separated, to her great grief, from her husband, with whom she was madly in love. Her suffering on this account took hold of her whole bodily and mental existence, so that nearly every other interest became indifferent to her, and she neglected her parents and her old tutors from Spain as well as her religious observances. Her mother thereupon sent a priest, Thomas de Matienzo, Sub-prior of Santa Cruz, to Brussels to act as her confessor and lead her back into the right way. Juana received the Prior very coldly, obstinately refused to have him for her confessor (cf. Bergenroth, *l.c.*, p. xxix ff.), and very seldom had recourse to the letters of exhortation of her old trusted confessor, the friar Andreas, whom she bade remove his frivolous Paris monks from about her. Not until the birth of her first child, in 1499, did she come under these influences. Her mother's ambassador was then peaceably installed; she again entered into a warm relationship with her native country; and, after the birth of her son Charles—afterwards Charles V—in 1500, Juana accepted the invitation of her mother to pay a visit to Castile in 1501, in order to receive recognition as the heir-presumptive to the throne.

Things had in the meantime changed in Spain. Juana's brother, Don Juan, the heir-presumptive to the crowns of Aragon and Castile, died in 1497, a few months only after

his marriage with Margaret, the clever sister of Philip the Fair. Soon afterwards his sister Isabella, Queen of Portugal, who now became successor, also died in giving birth to a son; Juana had thus unexpectedly become the heir-presumptive to the crowns of Aragon and Castile, of Naples, Sicily, and the New World, only recently discovered in the distant ocean. Her husband, Philip, who had already inherited the Netherlands from his mother and expected to inherit the succession of Austria and the dignity of emperor after the death of his father, had therefore all the prospects of becoming one of the mightiest princes in Europe, for according to custom he was to share the thrones of Castile and Aragon with his wife. But Philip was a stranger in Spain, was little acquainted with the country over which he was destined to rule; Ferdinand and Isabella were therefore anxious for their son-in-law to make himself more familiar with the country and the people (cf. Baumgarten, K., *Geschichte Karls V*, Stuttgart, 1885, Vol. I, p. 10). For two years Philip delayed his journey to Spain. He, the pleasure-loving Prince, preferred Brussels and Flanders to the austere, gloomy, monk- and religious-ridden court of Spain. At last, however, he had to yield, as it was absolutely necessary for him and his wife to receive the homage and recognition of the Cortes of Aragon and Castile. Juana and Philip left Flanders in 1501, and as relations with the French court were now of a friendly nature, the voyage was undertaken through France. It was during their stay at the French Court that the

Princess began to show signs of mental derangement, as is proved by the following incident. It had been arranged that Philip should on the occasion of his visit to the French King render to the latter feudal homage for the county of Flanders. It was only a formality, to which Philip was ready to submit. To the great surprise of all, however, Juana refused to take part in that ceremony, and all representations that she was thus offending his French Majesty were of no avail. She was obstinate and adhered to her decision, which was nothing but a sudden caprice (cf. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Vol. CXLIX, p. 564). The royal pair left France and made their solemn entry into Toledo on the 7th of March, 1501, where they were received by the Catholic Majesties with all signs of cordiality and affection.

The celebration connected with Juana's and Philip's recognition took place in Castile and Aragon; but in the same year Isabella, who felt that her death was approaching, made the Cortes of Toledo for the first time promise her that King Ferdinand, her husband, should retain the regency of Castile—until his grandson Charles should be of age—if after her death Juana should be “absent or unable or unwilling to rule,” a promise that was renewed in 1503 at Madrid. It is evident, in spite of Bergenroth's arguments (*l.c.*, p. xxvii ff.), that Isabella must, from her experience of her daughter, have judged her unfitted to rule, and formed a scheme by which Juana should never possess the throne. And, indeed, Juana's behaviour began to take an extraordinary form; for when, suddenly, two

days before Christmas, her husband, in spite of all the protests and representations of the whole court, undertook the long journey through France to Brussels, she fell into a state of complete apathy, only broken by an occasional outburst of anger, and this was henceforth her normal condition until her death. Political considerations, the bad season of the year, and the state of Juana's health made this journey for her seem impossible to Isabella ; Philip, however, refused to remain in Spain. The jealous tenderness of his wife, unable to keep her husband faithful either by her bodily or her mental gifts, could not make him relinquish the joys of his Netherlandish residence for the devout and frigid court of the Catholic King ; he would therefore not let himself be detained either by the jealousy of Juana, political considerations, or ties of relationship. "He was harder," writes Peter Martyr, "than a diamond" (*Epistol.*, 250).

And so Juana remained alone, sunk in bitter brooding, out of which even the birth of her son, the future Emperor Ferdinand, in the following March, did not once raise her. Her one thought was with her distant husband. He was unfaithful, he had mistresses, he was not always very amiable with Juana, but she loved him in spite of his conduct, or perhaps on account of it. Such is the psychology of woman, notwithstanding the assertion to the contrary of women themselves. Neither her mother nor her abettor, Bishop Fonseca, could stir Juana to any activity. Antonio Rodriguez Villa (in his work *Juana la Loca*) has published a medical document which makes it evident that the out-

bursts of Juana's madness were frequent at that time. Her disease, the doctor said, was growing worse and could only be cured either by prayer and affection or by restraint. Rumours of Juana's insanity—in spite of the care taken to guard the secret—became court gossip and spread abroad. Juana had given birth to another son, and now nothing could keep her from returning to her husband. And when in November 1503, at Medina, she received a letter from Philip summoning her back to Brussels, she wished to start on the spot, and burst into a frightful temper when she was prevented. She left her residence and spent the cold night out of doors before the closed town gates, and was only quieted by the coming of her mother, who promised that she should make a speedy departure. This followed in the spring of 1504. The event described convinced her parents of their daughter's madness, and it became known all over Spain. Finally returning to her husband, who came to meet her at Bruges, Juana found that he was in the toils of one of the ladies of the court, very beautiful and belonging to one of the most aristocratic families. The injured wife, mad with angry jealousy, swore revenge.

This happened at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the age of official royal favourites and mistresses had not yet dawned upon enlightened Europe. But although the period when it became a sign of good taste not to be faithful to one's own wife had not yet been inaugurated by the sovereigns of Europe, even at that time it was *bon ton* for a royal lady to shut her eyes to her husband's royal transgres-

sions. Juana's reason, however, was giving way, and she could naturally not be expected to exercise self-control. She was a woman, an impassioned woman, mentally unhinged; a grievous injury was done to her by him whom she loved to distraction—and in her fury she disregarded all the prudence which royal dignity commanded. Had she been sane she would undoubtedly have suffered but endeavoured to avoid a scandal; but Juana was far from sane. She burst in unrestrained wrath on the culprit, ill-treated her, and, among other injuries, had cut off the beautiful golden hair that had so enraptured the Archduke. The consequence of this and other scenes was the rousing of Philip's anger and the complete separation of husband and wife for the time being, a separation which made Juana's condition still worse. The event also caused Philip to send to Spain an account of his wife's mental condition. Isabella had now added a final clause to her will that the rule of Castile should be in her husband's hands until her grandson Charles should have reached the age of twenty years, because "her daughter Juana was incapable of ruling and did not wish to rule" (cf. Bergenroth, *l.c.*, pp. 63-7).

A few days after this disposition Isabella died. Ferdinand at once had Juana proclaimed queen, called an assembly of the Cortes at Toro, where at a secret sitting Isabella's will was read and a report made on Juana's malady, whereupon the Cortes, in 1505, proclaimed him regent. Juana was indifferent and allowed her father to reign, but the Archduke immediately protested against his father-in-law's procedure

as an attack on the rights of himself and his wife. He sent an ambassador, Jean de Hesdin, to Ferdinand with protests and a message to the Castilian people that Ferdinand had spread a false report that Juana was mad and being kept a captive by Philip, only so that he might more easily usurp sovereignty. In truth, Juana's position at court at this time was almost that of a captive. She hesitated to take any decisive step to keep her father from rule, and even let herself be persuaded by his friends to favour Ferdinand's cause by her letters. When Philip came to hear of his wife's correspondence he put to torture the secretary, Conchillos, who was responsible for it, drove all Spaniards from the court, and kept Juana completely isolated. She again made, at this time, stormy scenes of anger and jealousy in which she not infrequently mishandled her attendants; her love for her husband became a frenzy.

At the commencement of the year 1506 Philip and his wife came themselves to Spain, to fight for their rights in person against Ferdinand. A storm compelled them to land at the English port of Weymouth. Sandoval relates that in face of the danger Juana displayed great courage and much composure. When her husband informed her of the danger in which they found themselves she arrayed herself in her richest dress and secured a considerable sum of money about her person, so that her body might be recognized and buried with suitable pomp (Sandoval, *Hist. de l'Emp. Charles V*, Vol. I, p. 10, and Prescott, *l.c.*, Vol. III).

They were received with cordiality by Henry VII, the husband of Juana's sister, who kept the royal pair for three months at his court. Here, as in Spain after her landing, the Queen lived as usual, taking no part in anything, meditating in a darkened room, and determined to take no further part in the question of the government of Castile before she had spoken to her father. Philip permitted her neither this nor any other activity without his authorization. They left England and reached Corunna in Galicia on April the 28th. Philip's party rapidly grew, especially among the nobility, by whom Ferdinand was hated, so that the latter gradually gave way in the protracted negotiations, and in June, at Villafafle, formally gave up the regency in favour of Philip, with the single stipulation that Juana should remain excluded from governing, "because she does not wish to rule, and because, owing to her ill-health, and a malady that cannot be named, she is quite unfit for rule." "For the sake of honesty," so the document runs, "and out of respect for the honour due to the Most Serene Princess Dona Juana, Queen of Castile, Leon, Granada, etc., our very dear and much beloved daughter, certain circumstances and reasons were not stated in it, viz. that the said Most Serene Queen is not inclined, on any condition, to occupy herself in the despatch of any business concerning the royal prerogatives and government, and that even if she were inclined to do so, it would be to the total destruction and perdition of these kingdoms" (cf. Bergenroth, *l.c.*, p. 79).

Scarcely was this decided than Ferdinand declared that this agreement had been forced from him, and again blamed Philip for unjustly keeping his wife captive.

He could clearly foresee that the Castilians would not long bear the despotic rule of a foreign prince, with his suite of gay courtiers and foreign favourites. If he promised to free the rightful queen, he could be sure of the support of many of the *grandees*, and certainly of the towns. Philip, on the other hand, in possession of power, soon wished to make himself the rightful king, and to this end desired the confinement of Juana on account of madness to be legally decreed by the Council of State and the Cortes. After numerous attempts this plan was shattered by the opposition of the deputies of the towns; but Philip continued to hold the helm of government in his hands, while Juana lived in seclusion as before.

The consequences of these conditions were not yet developed when, on the 29th of September, 1506, Philip died suddenly at Burgos of fever, after a few days' illness, in which his faithful wife, a tireless nurse, did not move from his bedside. Stunned by grief, without shedding a tear, she saw her husband die, the man whose life had been the only interest of her mental and bodily existence, the source of all her pains and pleasures. She had forgotten his infidelity, his dissipation, his harsh and brutal treatment of her—they all had, if possible, tended to increase her love for him. She never left the bedside of the object of her love, and although in an advanced stage of pregnancy, bravely endured

the fatigue. It is a sad picture, this poor woman with the germs of insanity lurking in her brain, seated dry-eyed at the bedside of her dying spouse, who during his lifetime had only caused her grief. And yet she ardently longed for his recovery, and when he died she shed no tears, but refused to quit the body of the deceased. Rumour would have it that the Archduke had been poisoned, and Bergenroth endeavours to prove that such had been the case (*l.c.*, p. xxxvii). A dose of poison, he says, had been sent by Ferdinand. Philip's intestines and stomach were immediately destroyed, and, later, some criminals obtained their release by threatening to make disclosures about the death of the King.

Castile remained without a ruler, for Ferdinand lingered in Naples, and Juana could not be moved either to take up the task of government herself or to appoint a regent. Her constant answer was: "My father will see to everything; he understands business better than I, who must now only pray for the soul of my husband." Then she again shut herself up as before, alone in her dark room. This period of unrestricted personal freedom after the death of her husband had for its chief consequence the increase of her madness. Bergenroth ridicules the idea of Juana entirely losing her reason from excessive grief at her husband's death. "The story was so piquante," he writes, "that great philosophers, romance writers, and painters have vied with each other in depicting the most touching scenes in the most tender colours" (*l.c.*, pp. xxvi and xxxvii). Historians, however, are agreed that the shock of her husband's death made the unhappy



FERDINAND THE CATHOLIC.

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woman completely lose her reason. Her sadness and mourning manifested themselves in a peculiar manner, which is the more remarkable as many of her descendants had similar freaks and fancies. It was that strange funeral yearning and sepulchral fancy which are distinctive of many members of the Austrian house of Spain shortly before their death. Charles V celebrated his own funeral; Philip II, shortly before he died, asked for a skull, upon which he placed a crown. Philip IV lay in the nook destined for him at the Pantheon; and the morbid, diseased Charles II, who closed the line of the Austrian house of Spain, used to descend into the royal mausoleum and open the coffins of his predecessors and view their corpses (cf. Thisleton-Dyer, T. F., *Royalty in all Ages*, London, 1903, pp. 26, 27). Juana only lived for the earthly remains of her spouse, which she jealously guarded, as if he himself were still alive. For long she would not allow his burial, which finally, however, took place in the cloister of Miraflores. A few days after the body had been provisionally placed in the church of Miraflores, the Queen expressed the desire to visit the sanctuary. The court, thinking that she simply wished to pray and weep before the catafalque of her beloved husband, accompanied her. Great, however, was the astonishment of the courtiers when Juana appeared in the costume of a nun and began to recite the prayers. Her excitement seemed to increase, and suddenly reached a climax. To the amazement of those present, she gave orders to open the coffin containing the mortal remains of the

late Archduke. There was no help—Juana's command had to be obeyed. She threw herself over the corpse and, kissing feet and hands of her late husband, addressed him in the most tender but somewhat incoherent words. Only with difficulty did the servants succeed in tearing the unfortunate Queen away and putting an end to the lugubrious scene (cf. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, l.c., p. 593). It was not a momentary caprice, for Juana repeated this scene for several weeks, to the great consternation of the court. At last, towards Christmas 1506, she decided to convey the corpse of her husband to the royal sepulchre at Granada.

In spite of all the opposition of the grandees and the clergy, she undertook the fantastical journey with Philip's corpse (Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 4). In the night of the 20th December, after a solemn mass, she left Burgos with a splendid funeral train, followed by four bishops and many clergy and nobles, and arrived by short day, or rather night, journeys, in the beginning of January, at Torquemada, where on the 14th January she gave birth to the posthumous Infanta Catherine. The travelling took place at night-time, because the Queen said that a widow must shun the light after she has lost the light of her soul. Her jealousy had survived the death of her husband. With distrust and jealousy she let the corpse be watched, and especially disliked the neighbourhood of women. When once a halt was made at a convent and she noticed too late that it was a nunnery, she immediately had the corpse carried out of the church precincts into an open field

and the coffin opened in order to assure herself that it was untouched, and spent the stormy January night, in which it was impossible to keep torches burning, under the open sky with all her attendants (cf. Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 339). After her confinement she stayed still longer in the country. In the course of this strange and fantastical journey Juana's mania of isolation increased. In spite of the plague having broken out in Torquemada she obstinately refused to quit this locality. At last, however, she proceeded to Hornillos, always accompanied by the coffin of her husband. In the meantime her father was invited by the Cortes to take over the government of Castile. He was returning to this kingdom in July 1507, and expressed a wish to see his daughter. Juana had always been used to obey her father. She met him at Tortoles. When Ferdinand left Castile he had scant hopes of returning again, and although he had notified his resignation to the courts of Europe, he was suspected of insincerity and intrigue. His ambassador in Paris remarked: "Let the old dog sleep, he will soon awake!" (cf. Maurenbrecher, *Studien u. Skizzen*, Leipzig, 1874, p. 90).

And so Ferdinand returned and met his daughter in a lamentable state. The latter seemed to be pleased to see her father again, but she nevertheless persisted in continuing her mode of life. Juana refused to live at Burgos where her husband had died, and fixed her abode at the castle of Arcos (Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 367); Ferdinand had to leave her there. It was necessary, however, to settle the

fate and future life of Juana. Tordesillas, on the banks of the Douro, was fixed upon as the place of residence of the mad Queen. The wind-swept plains of Old Castile are very cold in winter, and at the beginning of the cold season Ferdinand left for Tordesillas to superintend in person the installation of his daughter. But Juana was insensible to the rigours of temperature, and obstinately refused any amelioration and comfort. Tordesillas became her place of confinement until her death (Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 431).

It was at Arcos that Ferdinand introduced to his daughter his second wife, Germaine de Foix, whom he had recently married. The meeting between daughter and stepmother seems to have been of a very cordial nature. The coffin with the corpse of the late Archduke was placed in the neighbouring monastery of Santa Clara, and Juana was entrusted to the guardianship of Mosen Ferrer, an old trusted ambassador of Ferdinand, and Doña Maria de Ulloa was installed as *camarera mayor*. These officers and courtiers soon became her jailors, exercising their function with the utmost severity.

But it seems that in spite of her manias and insane outbreaks Juana was not without lucid moments. Her solid judgment contrasted strangely with her lack of will-power. Like all the insane, she often had more sense than sensible people. When she was asked to cede her royal authority, either to her son Charles or to the Emperor Maximilian, she replied that the former was too young and the latter too far away. According to Peter Martyr, she had re-

tained the power of judgment and her memory, but that was all. She lacked will-power entirely and had a perfect horror of any action whatever (Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 351). In spite of Juana's illness, new suitors for the hand of the widow were not lacking. One of them was Henry VII of England, who declared himself willing to marry the Queen, whether sane or not; and if she was insane, she would be well treated in England. The English Parliament made no objection to this alliance, as long as Juana was in a state to bear children (cf. Maurenbrecher, *l.c.*, p. 90). In the meantime his Catholic Majesty of Spain was approaching the end of life's journey. Starting on a voyage to Andalusia, where by the doctor's orders he intended to pass the winter, he died at Madrigalejo on 23rd January, 1516. Already in 1512 and 1515 he had made his will by which he gave the rule of all the Spanish kingdoms to his eldest grandson, Charles, as the Queen, his mother, was incapable of ruling; but, until Charles should arrive, he had made the younger, Ferdinand, regent, and left him the grand mastership over the three military orders, which gave him a position independent of the throne. As Ferdinand was born and brought up in Spain and much beloved, the carrying out of this will would probably have led to war between the brothers, in which the great towns would have taken part. Charles, with great foresight, had already sent the Bishop of Utrecht, later Pope Hadrian, his tutor, with extensive powers, to Castile. By Cardinal Ximenes' advice the aged Ferdinand, on the very day

before his death, altered his will and appointed the Archduke Charles regent of all the Spanish kingdoms as representative of his mother, with the reservation that, until his arrival, Ximenes should carry on the government of Castile, and his natural son, the Archbishop of Saragossa, that of Aragon. After resigning the plenipotentiary position given him by Charles, Hadrian came to an arrangement with Ximenes for a joint governorship of Castile, of which, however, the latter was to remain the head.

CHAPTER V

THE CAPTIVE OF TORDESILLAS (*continued*)

QUEEN JUANA now again became of importance in the kingdom. When the news of her father's death came to Tordesillas, a small revolution took place. The Governor, Mosen Ferrer, had made himself very much hated, and had awakened many suspicions with regard to his treatment of the Queen; and he was reproached with having done nothing for the benefit of her health and the condition of her mind. Immediately a few of the nobles, supported by the foremost burghers of the town, hastened to the castle to see Juana. The numerous guards would not allow them to pass, but were glad that they made it impossible for the hated Governor to visit the Queen. Soon appeared still more dignitaries who wished to assure themselves of the Queen's condition. A priest pushed himself in and promised to cure her by continued exorcisms. He was given several days to exercise his cure, without giving any suspicion to the patient, but was driven forth when none of his fine promises were fulfilled.

People began to take strong sides on the question of the Queen. Cardinal Ximenes, on receiving information of these events, sent the Bishop of Mallorca to Tordesillas and deprived Governor

Ferrer of his office. Ferrer bemoaned this in a despondent letter to the Cardinal, in which he pleaded his many years' service and the impossibility of doing more in the peculiar condition of the Queen, as King Ferdinand had always recognized. Ximenes informed Charles that he had put Hernan Dugue of Estrada in Ferrer's place. Charles answered with a warm recommendation that the welfare of the Queen, his mother, should be cared for, and proposed to send a governor expressly from the Netherlands when he should have found the right person for the place. Ximenes thereupon begged that the Queen's surroundings should not be changed until Charles himself came, and said that since Hernan Dugue's installation everything had worked perfectly. And, indeed, it really seems that Dugue treated the Queen with much more consideration and succeeded in making her take regular meals and observe the dictates of elementary cleanliness which she had refused under the rule of Ferrer.

Charles considered it his duty now to pay a visit to his mother. It seems that when the latter had been informed that her son had assumed the title of "King of Spain," she flew into a passion, exclaiming, "I alone am the rightful queen of Spain, Charles is only a prince."

Political considerations had compelled Charles to delay yet longer in the Netherlands, until after long negotiations, by the treaty of Noyon, 1516, and the renewal of the League of Cambrai in 1517, he felt himself secure, especially against France. After manifold hindrances, he landed

on the 19th of September, 1517, at Villaviciosa, in Asturias, accompanied by his eldest sister, Eleanor, a large number of Belgian and a few Spanish dignitaries.

From Villaviciosa Charles travelled direct to Tordesillas, where he arrived at the beginning of November. In a long interview Chièvres managed skilfully to get the Queen to express her approval of Charles's measures, a sign that the expression of her will was not yet considered of no importance. Then she received Charles and Eleanor in a friendly but very short and ceremonious audience, and seemed very much astonished that she had such splendidly developed children. They both saw now for the first time their youngest, eleven-year-old sister Catherine, who, since her birth, had never left her mother's tragic abode, and might only wear, as her mother did, a coarse linen coat with a leather apron. The unfortunate Princess continued to live in this way until, when she was seventeen years old, she was married to the King of Portugal.

Inspired by the wish to give the young Catherine a befitting education, Charles and Eleanor, partly by stratagem and partly by force, took her away by night and kept her with them for a few days at the splendid court of Valladolid. Juana, however, when she missed her child, began to rave, and refused nourishment so obstinately that Charles found it necessary to take the Princess back at once and to pacify his mother himself (Peter Martyr, *Epistol.*, 614). After his first interview with Juana, Charles ordered a great celebration, to

which crowds of people flocked, to be held at the tomb of his father in the church of Santa Clara, and remained for about eight days in Tordesillas. Then he set out for Valladolid.

In 1518 Charles appointed the Marquess of Denia as the guardian of his mother, and as often as affairs of State would allow him he visited her.

Charles remained in Spain until the 20th of May, 1520, but he, especially in Castile, scarcely fulfilled any of his promises with regard to the observation of laws.

In 1519, on the death of his grandfather, Charles was elected emperor of Germany. It was of the utmost importance for him to go at once to Germany, and this was a new ground for Castilian discontent, all the more so as he again demanded money for the journey. The Cortes were summoned for the purpose. Already, before the King's departure, Segovia and Toledo rose in arms; hardly had he left the country, leaving Cardinal Hadrian as sole agent, than all the Castilian towns formed themselves into a union, the "Holy Junta," which quickly raised an army, threw over the rule of the regency, and declared a provisional government. To give the insurrection a legal colouring, the Junta declared that the Queen was not mad, but was held captive. Their commander-in-chief, Padilla, stormed Tordesillas on the 23rd of August and again established the rule of the Queen. Juana's conduct in these circumstances is interesting. Before the attack of the Junta, Hadrian had already sent several members of the great council to her, begging her, by a public proclamation, to calm

the Castilian people. A declaration was drawn up by which the country should be assured that Juana lived by her own free-will in Tordesillas, that she had never been kept a prisoner or ill-treated, and that she herself had invested her son Charles with the government. She agreed to all this in a long and very reasonable interview, but she did not sign the declaration. It was represented to her that her signature would at once end the insurrection; but she would not subscribe her name. Shortly afterwards Tordesillas fell into the hands of the Junta. Similar scenes were now repeated. The Queen seemed very much astonished at the complaints of the Castilian people and regretted that she had not been informed of them before. She promised to return to the throne, appointed Padilla captain-general, and ordered him, with a committee of the Junta, to take what measures were necessary. All this took place without a sign of madness. There was joy throughout the whole country when the Queen was known to be in her right mind; and her household reported that she had always been sane. The Queen complained of the conduct of all her attendants, except her confessor, whom she very much loved because he was very mild in his requirements, and especially of that of Denia, who, as appears by his own letters, burdened her with many religious exercises and perhaps had to suffer much from her ill-humours. Denia, his wife, and the whole household were thereupon dismissed by the Junta (Bergenroth, *l.c.*, p. 232). But the Queen could not make up her mind to leave her abode, or rather her prison, in Tordesillas, and so the

Junta had to set up her government there. There, in September, came in solemn assembly all the delegates of the united states to do homage to the Queen and to inaugurate the newly revised, almost democratic constitution. To the long, worthy speech of Doctor Zuniga of Salamanca the Queen very graciously replied in an even longer and more sensible speech (cf. Bergenroth, *l.c.*, p. 287). She only desired to act in accordance with the wishes of the nation. When it came, however, to the signature of the manifesto to the country, she still put off subscribing it. The plans of the Junta were shattered through the inertia of the Queen. In vain also was the demand that she should make known in writing her entry on the task of government; she did not sign. They tried prayers, cajolery, threats, and finally taking refuge in compulsion, removed her daughter, confined the Queen, and stinted her supply of food; but she did not sign (Bergenroth, p. 288).

Nevertheless, when requested, she again took up public business; and the expedient was hit upon of publishing her declarations and despatching them as commands of the Queen. People, however, thereupon began again to think that the Queen was really ill and incapable of ruling. The Junta then ordered general public processions, pilgrimages, and masses, to pray for the health of the Queen, and even allowed a second treatment of exorcism (cf. Maurenbrecher, *l.c.*, p. 95), for many people believed that the Queen was possessed.

But without Juana's signature the Junta soon lost its hold. The barons and clergy who were

yet wavering now took up their part on the King's side, and the more readily that Charles, in Germany, made promises which, had they been given before his journey, would have prevented the revolution from ever taking place. Individual towns were wavering, and Burgos now fell away. Trade commenced to be at a standstill. The numerous, well-armed, but ill-disciplined common people, mostly workers from the large towns, journeyed through the country in bands and made the roads and fields unsafe. They also showed themselves disinclined to return to peaceful pursuits. Under such circumstances, the King's army in Navarre, under the command of the Connétable Velasquez and his son, the Count of Haro, and including most of the nobility, rapidly grew and soon became superior to the army of the Junta, not in numbers, but in courage and equipment. Already on the 5th of December, a division, after a determined attack, succeeded in obtaining possession of Tordesillas and in garrisoning it for the King. The town was unskilfully fortified and only defended by a regiment of priests under the grey-headed Bishop of Zamora. This was a hard blow for the Junta, if not a decisive one. They retreated to Valladolid and entered into many unsuccessful negotiations with the nobles, the King of Portugal, and even with the Emperor. A cessation of hostilities alternated with a few military skirmishes, on the whole peaceful for the Junta, which raised their demands and the repute of their general, Padilla.

Finally, on the 21st of April, 1521, was fought the decisive battle of Villalar. Valladolid

led the way, and one town after another now opened its gates to the King's army and promised complete submission. Only Toledo resisted for ten months more under the command of the heroic wife of Padilla, the famous Doña Maria Pacheco, who held out for a further two months with wonderful energy in the citadel when, through sedition and treason, the town had already fallen into the Emperor's hands.

Juana received the Grandees with joyful welcome as they entered the castle gates, open at her command. Immediately she agreed to all their political demands, so that the Admiral of Castile remarked after her sensible speeches: "I believe her to be perfectly sane." The Grandees also obtained from her a manifesto for the pacification of the kingdom; but she did not sign it, and they were forced to take refuge in the same expedient as the Junta previously. A few days later the Marquess of Denia returned with his old suite to Tordesillas, the Queen again retreated into her dark, lonely chamber, and never left it again until her death.

Juana's second captivity was more severe than the first. The Marquess of Denia, who had again taken up his post, found that severity was from time to time absolutely necessary in the treatment of his captive. The confinement was complete, especially as the Infanta Catherine was taken away from her mother to be married to the King of Portugal. The Marquess of Denia was naturally embittered. The Queen as well as the Junta had treated him badly and his measures were far from mild; the rule of Juana's daily life with regard to Church observances,

toilet, meal-times, times of rising and going to bed were more severely ordered by him. In all these things Juana was most irregular. She always flew into a passion if her will was crossed and then took refuge in her old device of refusing food. Much patience may have been required under these circumstances to remain loyal in her service. Even more than the Marquess the Queen hated his wife and the ladies of their suite, all members of distinguished families. She always called them "bad women," often struck them, and once threw a tub at their heads. Her ordinary state at this time was, as it had been before, one of brooding stupidity and inactivity, with a complete lack of any other interest.

Thus the Queen lived, or rather vegetated. She had been repeating her sepulchral visits to the dead body of her husband, until at last the remains of Philip the Fair were deposited in the Cathedral of Granada. When her daughter had been taken away from her to be married Juana refused to say good-bye. For her the Infanta was still a child, and she could not understand what the latter's departure meant.

In the long period between 1531 and 1555 Juana lived in her usual way, a close prisoner at Tordesillas, which she never left. She was dead to the world, taking absolutely no part in public affairs. She suffered from hallucinations and saw spirits. No exorcism was now employed to cure her from these mental troubles. She was left alone to her fancies and beliefs. But it was an important point for Catholic Spain that the Queen should follow and observe the practices

of the Church, for she often refused to go to mass.

Thus in the year 1550 an inspired follower of Loyola's, Francis de Borja, called the "Holy Duke," made a great stir in Spain through his own conversion and his pious works. As Duke of Gandia, one of the foremost nobles of the kingdom and equerry of the Empress, he had been charged with the conveyance of her corpse to Granada, and, from gazing at the body when the coffin was opened, came to the determination to renounce the world and live only for good works, as a poor monk of the newly founded Order of Jesus. This religious enthusiast came to Tordesillas in 1552, on one of his many missionary journeys, at the very time when the Infante, the future King Philip, was paying a visit to his grandmother. Philip immediately summoned the "Holy Duke," who was well known to the Queen, in order to lead his grandmother back to the absolutely essential religious observances, long neglected by her (cf. Gachard, *Bulletins de l'Académie*, Belge, 1870).

Borja had several long conversations with Juana, and even led her to repeat a confession dictated by himself, after he had assured her that he was empowered to give absolution even if the Pope himself had denied it, and so persuaded her. On Borja's departure, however, every thought of Church observances disappeared from her mind, occupied as it was with alien matters. She fell back into her usual passivity. The Marquess of Denia sought in vain to bring her to confession. Her opposition was unconquerable. Before the young Philip II



PHILIP II., AND MARY TUDOR.

started on his journey to England in 1554 to marry Queen Mary, he made still another attempt. He sent the pious Borja again to Tordesillas, remembering his success in 1552, and a well-planned campaign of conversion was opened. Borja represented to the Queen how unhappy it made her grandson, just when he was setting out on his great work, that of leading England back to the Catholic faith, to know that his grandmother was in the ranks of the heretics. Juana's state of insanity had reached an advanced stage. Sometimes she thought herself, sometimes her attendants, to be possessed by evil spirits; she saw a black cat tear the souls of her father, her husband, and herself, and thereupon raged in the most terrible way. Moreover, she lived the life of a beast in all external ways. She replied to Borja's entreaties that she should confess, that she could not do so until her women had been condemned for heresy; it was they who hindered her in the exercise of the faith. Borja asked how she could live without the Mass, the sacraments, and images of the saints; and she answered, "I had Saint Dominic, Saint Francis, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul, but my women spat at them; they threw filth into the holy water, and during the Mass placed themselves in indecent attitudes before the priest and commanded him to read what pleased them. They have taken away my relics and the crucifix that I carried with me!" Then she begged and implored that these heretical witches should be thrown into prison. Borja humoured her madness and ordered the women to disappear, and then informed the

Queen that they would be taken to the prison of the Inquisition, laying great stress on the word "Inquisition," because he knew that the Queen was very much afraid of it. He now laid before the Infante Philip a programme to be followed for the Queen's conversion, with public prayers, pilgrimages, and exorcisms. Philip agreed to all but the last, and promised to turn to that as a last hope. The Queen's room was adorned with pictures of the saints, and the Mass and Gospels were read at the door of her chamber when she refused to come to the altar. From the altar all ornaments of gold and cloth had to be removed, because the Queen disliked them and they did not go with her coarse clothing. When Philip himself appeared to take his leave of her—a meeting of which there is unfortunately no report—Borja, after long efforts, had won thus much success, which gave him reason to hope for further progress: (1) the Queen had declared that she held the Catholic faith; (2) she had attended a Mass; (3) she had, to the great astonishment of her attendants, allowed her room to be sprinkled with holy water; (4) she had listened to the reading of the Gospels; and lastly (5) she had received absolution. So far they had not persuaded her to confess.

Borja had sought out a clever Jesuit monk to take his place and supervise the Queen's religious life. After a short time this monk came to the conclusion that all further efforts were useless, and that no priest could any longer give her the sacrament, even if she herself asked for it, without being guilty of sacrilege.

Juana was now seventy-five. For fifty years she had lived in comparative night interrupted only by occasional moments of lucidity. But in the spring of 1555 she fell seriously ill. The close of her life was very tragic. She had sunk into the state of a beast. When she was not in a condition of frenzy, of which the chief objects were the wicked women of her suite and the ghost of the black cat, she refused to leave her bed, which received all the excretions of her body. She vegetated in her foul den.

For three long months, day and night, she filled the house with her frightful cries of pain. Her misery must have been heartrending; no relations were at the bedside of the dying Queen, only priests and servants stood round that repulsive death-bed. At the last moment, however, her reason cleared, and she offered a pious prayer of thanks for her release. For forty-nine years her imprisonment had lasted; and with a few exceptions, she had never left her darkened room.

Her last moments are described by an eyewitness (cf. Gachard, *l.c.*).

Juana had been endowed by nature not only with a masculine character but with a robust constitution, and nothing seemed to affect this, neither the torments to which she had been subjected during her married life, owing to her insane jealousy, nor the great sorrow caused by her husband's death, nor the strange manner in which she lived, nor the monotony of her long sojourn at Tordesillas. There were symptoms, however, that her end was approaching. For

two years she had been suffering from a swelling of the legs, and she was unable at this time to move from her cushions; the only remedy she could be persuaded to try was that of the local baths.

Towards the middle of February, 1555, after a rather hotter bath than usual, sores broke out on one shoulder and round her loins, owing to the bad state of blood caused by her inactive life. She had a devoted doctor in Santa Clara, a native of Navarre, but she would on no account allow him to visit her; so great a sense of modesty possessed her that she could not even show her sores to the Marchioness of Denia, the major-domo's wife, who lavished the greatest care upon her. She became more and more difficult to deal with, and the same lady could hardly persuade her to lie on a mattress instead of the cushions which she preferred; indeed, she had to be threatened with force before she would allow herself to be moved.

At last the doctor and the Marchioness obtained sight of her sores, and the former prescribing a lotion for them, they quickly healed, but her appetite and sleep began to fail her.

She grew worse during the second fortnight in March; for days she lay on one side without moving, and would not allow herself to be washed and attended to, or her bed made as often as was necessary; consequently fresh sores appeared, one of a gangrenous character. The doctor applied unguents, and finally cauterized the sores and so allayed the inflammation, but the poor woman suffered agonies and her moans re-

sounded through the palace. Much might have been done to ease her sufferings, but she would not let the doctor speak to her even of remedies.

The Marquess of Denia had repaired to Valladolid to acquaint the Princess Doña Juana as soon as the Queen fell ill, and also to inform her of many things he could not confide to paper. The Princess, hearing the Queen's life was in danger, begged to be allowed to go and see her, and notwithstanding an answer to the contrary, she started for Tordesillas, taking with her the best surgeons and physicians of Valladolid. Being introduced into the Queen's room, she had only a momentary glimpse of her, for the latter, far from being pleased at this attention on the part of her granddaughter, ordered her to return home without delay.

Doña Juana had seen enough, however, to know that the fatal hour was near. She wrote to Borja, who had just returned from Andalusia, begging him to go and minister to her dying grandmother, and other divines were also sent by her to Tordesillas.

Borja hastened to obey the call of the Princess, and again his gentleness and eloquence, and his heaven-sent gift of persuasion overcame the Queen's repugnance to any reminder of her duty to her Creator. By degrees she listened to him, and finally took pleasure in his discourse; a great change came over her, she grew saner and calmer, and she was even heard to express regrets of the wrongs she had committed and to deplore her aberrations of spirit. She repeated the Creed after Borja, and made her confession; it seemed as if her reason had sud-

denly returned to her. Borja was preparing to administer the last sacrament, when a scruple arose to prevent him. Would it not cause a general scandal if he administered the viaticum after all that had been said and known about the Queen's insanity? A courier was despatched to Salamanca to consult the eminent theologian Domingo de Soto, and the learned Dominican travelled post-haste to Tordesillas. He was conducted without delay to the Queen, whom he questioned first in the presence of her attendants, and then alone, and was sufficiently edified by her words to agree to her receiving the last rites of the Church. Fearing, however, that the dying woman might have difficulty in receiving the sacraments, he advised the immediate administration of extreme unction. That same evening the rite was performed. The Queen had evidently but a few minutes to live; for days the fever had raged, and she had suffered cruelly with fresh sores. She could hardly speak, but her tears and gestures expressed her repentance and the fervour of her supplication for pardon. She repeated the Creed after Borja, who then held the crucifix to her, which she kissed, and finally with the words "Jesus Christ crucified, help me," she passed away. Her death took place at six in the morning of April 12th. The Queen was nearly seventy-six years of age. Of her six children five survived her: Charles, Ferdinand, Eleanor, Maria, and Catherine; Isabella had long been dead. No queen or empress had ever such descendants of whom to be so truly proud: the crowns of all the kingdoms of Christendom were being worn, or

had been worn, by one or other of the princes and princesses of her blood.

The body of the Queen was embalmed and carried to the monastery of Santa Clara, where it was placed in the chapel which had sheltered the remains of Philip the Fair. The Princess Juana was represented at the ceremony by the Constable of Castile and other secular dignitaries, and by the Bishop of Pamplona, and the chief nobles of the town and of the royal household also assisted. Juana's remains were not removed from Santa Clara until 1574, when Philip II had them carried to the royal chapel at Granada. There the body of the former Queen of Castile and Aragon was placed in the vault beside the coffin of Philip the Fair, and they can still be seen there, together with the two others of the Catholic kings. Above the vault rise two superb monuments, one to Ferdinand and Isabella, the other to Philip and Juana.

The Princess Juana had funeral ceremonies performed at San Benito el Real, at Valladolid, on the 26th and 27th of June. The Prince Don Carlos was present, and the Princess herself, but the latter sat hidden in the choir above. All the clergy and all the religious bodies took part in the services, and on the third day another service was celebrated by the municipal corporation for the soul of the Queen.

Charles V received the news of the Queen's death while at Brussels and was greatly affected by it; he had always retained affection and respect for his mother; the whole court and the ambassadors went into mourning, and festivities were stopped in the Low Countries for several

months. He would have liked funeral services to have been celebrated without delay in the capital and the provinces, but a communication from his son obliged him to defer them. Philip could not omit showing similar honours to the memory of the dead Queen, but he was then living in penury in London and did not know how to meet such an expense. He therefore begged the Emperor to put off the obsequies, and Charles V consented; the Emperor being the more willing as he feared that he would not himself be present at the ceremony owing to his state of health, and he hoped then that the King of England would be his proxy and add solemnity to the occasion. Philip was not able to cross to the Low Countries until September; on the 15th and 16th the funeral honours to the Queen were performed at Brussels in Saint Gudule with great pomp. Brother Antoine Havet, a Dominican doctor of theology, pronounced the funeral address in praise of the deceased Queen. Charles V was not present, owing to his ill-health; but Philip was there, surrounded by such knights of the Golden Fleece and of the Garter as happened to be in Brussels, and followed by the Papal Nuncio and the Ambassadors of Florence and Venice. All the chief nobles and statesmen, including many foreigners, magistrates and the royal household, as well as two hundred of the poor in black habits, carrying torches, took part in the procession. All through the Low Countries Masses were said for the late Queen.

Such was the sad end of the Queen who never ascended the throne. She was destined

to be the ruler of Spain, but passed her life far from court splendours in a lonely prison, in a small castle of her realm. She was the mother of two German Emperors, and the progenitor of a mighty dynasty which gave many emperors and kings to Austria and Spain. But she had bequeathed her disease to her family, that proud dynastic family which strove to rule the world. Juana's son, Charles V, the most powerful monarch of his time, her grandson Philip II, and her great-grandson Don Carlos—none of them was free from the hereditary taint of insanity. The blood of Juana la Loca was flowing in their veins. We shall have occasion to notice how the hereditary disease of the Queen of Spain manifested itself in various degrees among the Habsburgs in Spain as well as in Austria. Charles V had epileptic fits; he was tormented by lugubrious fancies and funeral yearnings, and in an access of disgust of life retired to St. Juste. The insanity of Juana will break out in Philip II and especially in Don Carlos, of whom we shall treat in the next chapter. Philip III and Philip IV of Spain, both indolent and voluptuous, weak of body and of mind, are degenerates in the full sense of the word. Philip IV's younger son, Charles II, suffering from hallucinations and insane fancies, is the last descendant of Juana; he closed the line of the Habsburgs in Spain to make room for the Bourbons. All the descendants of Juana suffered to a more or less degree from hereditary insanity, the legacy bequeathed to them by their great-grandmother, the Captive of Tordesillas.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ESCURIAL—DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II

IN the museum of the Prado in Madrid and in the Gallery of the Duke of Oñate there may be seen the portrait of Don Carlos, the son of Philip II and the great-grandson of Queen Juana.

This painting shows at first glance that the unhappy Prince of Spain, born to be the ruler of one of the mightiest empires and dying in a prison, was not the beautiful Prince Charming authors and historians have been pleased to depict him. He has been dowered by them with a charming face, an attractive and graceful presence and brilliant eyes. One need only look at the painting to notice the marks of degeneracy in the Prince's whole appearance. The melancholy expression, bent shoulders, and sorrowful pose are particularly striking. The complexion is pale, the eyes expressionless, the whole appearance sickly. This portrait is confirmed by the evidence of contemporary eye-witnesses. The descriptions given by the French and Venetian ambassadors are in agreement with it. "He is not handsome," writes Badoaro in 1560, and Tiepolo adds, in 1563, that he is ill made, ugly, and round-shouldered. According to the



DON CARLOS.

After the painting in the Museo del Prado.

Venetian ambassador, Tiepolo, the Prince gave signs of abnormal instincts from the hour of his birth. He regularly bit into his nurse's breast in such a way that of the five nurses who succeeded one another two or three nearly lost their lives through his bites. For many years everyone thought that he was dumb, and when in his fifth year he uttered his first word, which was "No"; his grandfather was very delighted to hear that his grandson's tongue was unloosed, and said laughingly that the child was in the right to say "No" to all that his father and grandfather squandered and gave away. Whether the anecdote is authentic or not, it is certain that Don Carlos had great difficulty with his speech until he was twenty-one, when the ligament of his tongue was cut.

His father's first care was to choose a suitable governess for his heir; the post was conferred on Doña Leonor de Mascarenas, a Portuguese lady of high rank, who had acted as companion to the Princess Isabella of Portugal, Charles V's wife, when the latter went to Spain; she had been also in charge of their son, the father of Don Carlos, when he was a child, and was now, in 1545, forty-two years of age. Philip handed the Infante over to her care, with the words: "My son has lost his mother; be a mother to him in her place, and treat him as your own child." When Don Carlos was old enough to pass into the hands of tutors, Doña Leonor wished to take the veil; Philip was opposed to this, and so she founded the Franciscan convent of Santa Maria de Los Angeles in Madrid.

Don Carlos spent the first years of his life in

Alcala de Henares, a town situated on the river of that name, about six miles from Madrid, and already noted for its university. He was under the supervision of his paternal aunts, the Princesses Doña Maria and Doña Juana, of whom the first married the son of King Ferdinand, Archduke Maximilian of Austria, afterwards the Emperor Maximilian II, in December of 1547.

Philip, on being summoned by his father in 1548 to repair to Germany, left his son under the especial care of Doña Juana. She chose Toro for their joint residence, a town in Leon, on the north bank of the Douro, standing between Tordesillas on the east and Zamora on the west.

Don Carlos remained with his aunt after Philip's return to Spain in July 1551, and also stayed behind in Toro, when Doña Juana left for Lisbon in June 1552, to be betrothed to the heir to the Portuguese throne, Prince Don Juan. The parting between aunt and nephew was extremely affecting, both cried for three whole days, and Don Carlos was heard sobbing "What will now become of the child" (meaning himself) "all alone here, without father or mother, with my grandfather in Germany and my father in London?" He threw himself into the arms of Don Louis de Sarmiento, who was to accompany the Princess to Portugal, imploring him to return as soon as possible.

When seven years of age, in 1552, his father decided to place him under tutors. Don Antonio de Rojas was chosen as his major-domo, and he and two other men of the court were com-

missioned to draw up a scheme for the Prince's education. Don Antonio went to Toro and brought Don Carlos to Madrid, but he did not enter on his new duties until after Philip's return, on the 10th of January, 1553. In the following year, July 12th, 1555, Philip went over to England for his marriage with Queen Mary. Before starting he named Honorato Juan, one of the most noted scholars in Spain, as his son's tutor. He wrote to him as follows: "Having become acquainted with your goodness of heart and great learning during the time that you have been in the service of the Emperor and myself, I have decided to entrust to you the education of Don Carlos, my son, as Don Antonio de Rojas will inform you. I charge you to apply every means to train him in ways of virtue, and to instruct him in all branches of secular knowledge. I know that you will justify to the full the trust I place in you." Previous to this the Prince had been taught the first elements of grammar by a monk, Fray Juan de Munatones. Philip thanked him and invited him to continue his lessons according to the scheme of instruction which he would receive from Don Antonio de Rojas. Don Carlos was now removed to Valladolid, and once more resided with his aunt, the Princess Doña Juana, who had lost her husband, Don Juan of Portugal, after a year's marriage. The Emperor had nominated her as regent in Spain during his son's absence. Philip did not for a moment neglect his son's education during his absence in England and the Netherlands, and the Emperor was equally anxious about the matter. Continual

correspondence passed between them and Don Antonio de Rojas, and after the latter's death it was kept up with Don Garcia de Toledo, the Duke of Alva's brother, as well as with the Prince's chief tutor, Onorato Juan. We gather from the answers sent by Philip and the Emperor that up to 1558 they were on the whole pleased with the progress and behaviour of the Prince. Charles V, writing on the 10th of January, 1555, to Don Antonio, advises him not to let the Prince overwork himself, and expresses his satisfaction with the latter's progress. He is delighted, he writes, to hear of the Prince's health, industry, and good conduct.

When Charles V returned to Spain after his solemn abdication at Brussels he does not appear to have found any fault with his grandson, but he saw him only for a fortnight, and in so short a time it was obviously impossible for him to form a clear judgment. Charles V had intended to return to Spain before the winter of 1556, but the unsatisfactory state of his finances prevented him carrying out his plan, and delayed him taking up his abode in the convent at San Juste in Estremadura, where he meant to spend the remainder of his life. It was September, 1556, before he embarked at Flushing, whence he made a favourable voyage to Laredo, a sheltered port on the Bay of Biscay. He was accompanied by his two sisters, Queen Eleanor, the widow of Franz I, and Maria of Hungary, the former Stadtholder of the Netherlands. He landed immediately on his arrival, the queens who had sailed in a separate vessel joining him two days later. The next station reached was

Valladolid; the journey, which had lasted from the 6th to the 21st of October, had been fatiguing, the Emperor having been carried most of the way in a horse litter. When Don Carlos heard of the arrival of his grandfather he expressed the greatest delight and longing to see him. He wanted to start off to meet him, and was with difficulty dissuaded from doing so by Don Garcia de Toledo, who explained to him that it would not be greeting the Emperor with proper respect to go to him without first ascertaining what his will in the matter might be. The Prince consoled himself by sending his chamberlain, Pedro Pimentel, to his grandfather charged with the following letter, composed and written by himself.

“Sacred, Imperial, and Catholic Majesty,

“I understand that you have arrived in health and safety. I cannot express how delighted I am to hear this. I humbly beg your Majesty to send me word if I may journey to meet you, and where the meeting may take place. Don Pedro Pimentel, my chamberlain and messenger, will bear this letter to you. I pray you to give orders on the matter that he may send me word what to do. I kiss your Majesty’s hands.

“Valladolid, October 2nd.

“Your Majesty’s humble son the Prince.”

During the two weeks that Charles spent in Valladolid he had opportunity of studying the character and tastes of his grandson. The Venetian ambassador, Badoaro, writing to his

Senate, relates the following anecdote: One day the Emperor was giving Don Carlos an account of his various warlike expeditions and noticed with pleasure the interest the boy took in every detail. He was still further delighted when, having carefully explained to him why he had been forced to retreat before the Elector Maurice, Don Carlos made the spirited remark that all he had been told had greatly pleased him, but that he would never have taken to flight. The Emperor endeavoured to make him understand that owing to want of money and of officers and men, as well as to his own ill-health, there had been no other possible course to pursue, but still Don Carlos persisted that he would never have turned his back to the enemy. The Emperor then said that if a like number of his pages had tried to get possession of his grandson's person the latter would certainly have got away as quickly as he could, whereupon Don Carlos exclaimed passionately, to the admiration of the Emperor and the bystanders, that he would certainly not have run away. This incident and the one following were sufficient to make the Emperor aware of the stubborn persistence and passionateness of his grandson.

Owing to his enfeebled health the Emperor suffered from the cold, and had therefore a stove brought with him from the Netherlands. Such an article of furniture was a novelty in Spain, and as soon as Don Carlos set eyes on it he was filled with a desire to possess it, and was so persistent in asking for it that at last his grandfather was obliged to answer him: "After I am dead you shall have it." Some maintain that

Charles V was perfectly satisfied with his grandson. On the 26th of October, 1556, Osorio wrote to Philip "that the Emperor was enchanted with his grandson, that he had expressed a wish for Don Carlos to be present at all discussions of weighty matters in the State Council." According to Cabrera, one of the most trustworthy of Philip's biographers, the latter told Queen Eleanor that he thought the Prince had grown very unruly. "His behaviour and tempers do not please me," he said. "I do not know what has come to him." Even the Emperor, it seems, had to reprove him for the rude and inconsiderate way in which he treated Doña Juana. Don Carlos apparently was also becoming very negligent as regards his studies, but he grew more studious after his grandfather's departure, and began to pay special attention to physical exercises proper to his age. This improvement in his behaviour, however, did not last long, and his tutor thought it his duty to inform Philip of the state of affairs, at the same time begging him to speak to his son. The truth seems that Don Garcia de Toledo believed it necessary to spare the Prince every kind of work and fatigue in order to preserve his health.

Although Don Carlos enjoyed good health in general, we read in a letter written by Don Garcia that the doctors had not up till then prescribed for his liver. "I would not let them do so," he continues, "without first consulting your Majesty; for myself, I do not think that treatment is necessary." It was not this liver trouble, however, and the Prince's pallid appearance which gave sign of the malady which at-

tacked him later on and was the cause of his feeble health while young. Cabrera further reports that Ruy Gomez de Silva was ordered to conduct Don Carlos to the Netherlands, that he might become known in the provinces of which he was to be the future ruler. It was arranged that he should be installed as Stadtholder when the King left, but the plan was abandoned on account of the Prince's unfitness. From other reports, however, it appears that since the arrival of Charles in Spain his grandson had grown and improved physically, but that his mental and moral education was not such as could have been desired. Thus Don Garcia wrote to the Emperor at San Juste that the Prince enjoyed excellent health, even during the fasting season, but that as regards his studies and physical exercises he did not make the desired progress. If it would please his Majesty, he continues, to have Don Carlos with him for a while at San Juste, he might, after seeing for himself where the Prince was failing, give directions as to what changes had better be made in the system of education. The Prince held Don Garcia in the highest respect, not to say fear; but no exhortation or punishment, to which the Prince was very sensitive, had any beneficial effect upon him. His Majesty would probably receive contradictory reports from others, but none had the opportunity of such close observation of the Prince as he, Don Garcia; again, on the 22nd of May the same writer urges the Emperor to have Don Carlos on a visit.

In another letter this same Don Garcia again insisted that the Emperor should take the Prince

to San Juste, and the Princess Juana herself wrote to her father to the same effect. It was evident that the Prince was developing vices and faults which alarmed those who had been charged to superintend his education.

The behaviour of the Prince seems from all accounts to have been as bad as it could be at this time. The description given of him shortly previous to this, in a letter sent to the Venetian Senate by Badoaro, runs thus :—"The Prince is now twelve years old. His head is disproportionately large to the size of his body. His hair is black. He is physically weak, and displays a tendency to great cruelty. I am told that when live hares or other animals are brought to him out hunting, he enjoys roasting them alive. Someone made him a present of a large tortoise, which bit his finger one day, whereupon he bit off its head. He seems grave, and desirous of pleasing the opposite sex. Should he be without money, he makes presents behind the Princess's back of his gold chains and medals and even of his clothes. He delights in gorgeous dress. In short he is of an incredible pride, stubborn of will, and quickly roused to anger." He could not bring himself to remain any longer with uncovered head in the presence of his father and grandfather. He calls the Emperor his father, and his father brother. His tutor wished to get him to read Cicero that he might learn his duty and how to control his temper, but the Prince cares to hear of nothing but wars, and will only read such books as deal with them.

The grandfather, however, who had retired from power and the world in order to finish

his days in the peaceful atmosphere of the monastery, does not seem to have felt inclined to be disturbed by a turbulent devil of a grandson; and so Don Carlos remained at Valladolid. On the 21st of September, 1558, Charles V died, and his death had a somewhat harmful influence upon the young Prince. His aunt Juana he loved but did not fear, and his father was far away. It was only his grandfather of whom he had stood in awe, and who had kept him somewhat in check, as San Juste was too near to Valladolid, and there was always the danger of his being packed off to the monastery. But after the death of his grandfather the Prince gave full vent to his vicious and eccentric inclinations.

His strange conduct had surprised and saddened those who surrounded Don Carlos in his childhood. His intelligence had not developed with his years, his letters prove it. Nevertheless, his education had not been neglected; it has been said that he was unable to learn Latin, but this appears to be untrue, as amongst other proofs to the contrary, a contemporary writer informs us that he read a passage of the *De Officiis* daily. We have nothing to show that Don Carlos abandoned the study later. It is, however, more than probable that the Infante's education was very imperfect. His studies in Alcala were also curtailed by his fall, and it is improbable that at eighteen, on his return to Madrid, he recommenced any serious work. It was shortly after this that Onorato was raised to the bishopric of Osma, which might well have been as a reward for his services, then completed. The Prince was provided with a

library well supplied with books of history, natural history, heraldry, and, of course, books of devotion. Judging by the Prince's coarse and frivolous tastes, it is not likely that he was in the habit of reading them.

In the year 1559 the Prince witnessed a ceremony which, it is maintained, was not without producing some influence upon the later development of his character. It was on Trinity Sunday, May 21st, 1559, that the Holy Office provided the people with the spectacle of an *auto-da-fé*. Etiquette prescribed that the Princess Juana and Don Carlos should be present at the ghastly performance. A platform was arranged for the court in the great square of Valladolid, facing the scaffold and stakes prepared for the heretics. The ceremony was preceded by a curious incident. The royal cortège having arrived, the Princess and Infante took their seats surrounded by the clergy and nobility; the Count of Buendia stood near with drawn sword. As Princess Juana reached the platform, an unknown child came to meet her, by her orders, accompanied by Magdalena Ulloa, the wife of Louis Quijada, chief squire to Don Carlos. The Princess greeted the child affectionately, calling him her brother, and giving him the title of Your Highness. It was Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Charles V. The Infante showed great resentment at the affectionate treatment shown to the unknown boy by his aunt, and treated with haughty disdain the boy who was to acquire a fame never attained by himself, and who, like him, was to die an untimely and mysterious death.

Meanwhile, the ministers of the Holy Office had taken their places and the penitents in their lugubrious and strange habits arrived. They were about thirty in number, the chief being Cazalla, formerly private preacher to the Emperor, who had become a disciple of the famous heretic Carlos de Sesa. Several of his brothers followed, convicted of heresy and, like himself, condemned; behind them the bones of their mother Doña Leonora de Vivero were carried. Other famous heretics followed, including, says the chronicler, a certain number of very young and very beautiful nuns, who, not content with being Lutherans themselves, had attempted to spread the cursed doctrine. Besides these there were others, and in all fifteen men and women were condemned to be burnt, the rest were to suffer sentences more or less severe. When all was in readiness the Inquisitor-General and others approached the steps of the throne, the Princess and Don Carlos rose to their feet and with hands extended on the open missal pronounced with great solemnity the following oath:—

“I swear, as a Catholic Prince, to use my full power during the whole of my life to defend, preserve, and increase the Catholic faith of the Holy Mother Church, the Roman Apostolic Church, to pursue heretics and apostates, her enemies, and to favour and give all necessary assistance to the Holy Office of the Inquisition that heretics, perturbors of the Catholic faith, may be punished according to Canon Law, without exception of anyone.”

Then followed the sermon, and the penitents

condemned to death were delivered to the secular authorities. In face of death Cazalla, either through fear or conviction, retracted his heresies, and turning to his fellow-penitents exhorted them with the most moving eloquence to follow his example. Herreçuelo alone remained firm, and faced death unmoved by Cazalla's eloquence and repentance; he was therefore burnt alive; the rest, in consideration of their repentance, were garrotted. An eye-witness relates that though he made no movement of suffering, there was on Herreçuelo's face the strangest expression of despair ever seen. The *auto-da-fé* finished at five in the evening; the royal family, clergy, ministers, nobility, and an immense multitude of people had been for ten hours witnesses of the monstrous spectacle. For ten hours the cries of the victims, their tears and agony, the excitement of the throng, the glare of the flames, the whole lugubrious ceremony had been impressed on the mind of the Infante. The royal child, thin, pale, delicate, seated on his velvet dais, let his mournful eyes wander over the square, where the redoubtable spirit of the age triumphed in fire and blood. What were his thoughts?

Five years had elapsed since Philip had left Spain for the Netherlands, but only after the Peace of Câteau-Cambresis (April 3rd, 1559) was it possible for him to return to Valladolid. After settling the affairs of state he embarked at Flushing and arrived in Valladolid on the 14th of September, 1559. His second wife, Mary Tudor, having in the meantime died, Philip married again, Princess Elizabeth of

Valois, the sixteen-year-old beautiful daughter of Henri II of France. The King of Spain married by proxy the Valois Princess on the 24th of June, 1559, the Duke of Alva acting as the King's representative at the ceremony in Notre-Dame. It has been a favourite subject of novelists and playwrights to represent Elizabeth as falling violently in love with her stepson, and to attribute to this romantic episode the subsequent arrest of the Prince. It is especially the Abbé de St. Real in his *Don Carlos, Nouvelle Historique*, who has described this love affair upon which Schiller based his famous play *Don Carlos*. It seems, however, hardly possible that the young and beautiful daughter of the Valois should have conceived a violent attachment for her sickly, deformed, and ugly stepson; and even if the Queen was not in love with her husband, she certainly did not transfer this feeling to his son. It was rather pity and sisterly love than anything else that Elizabeth felt for Don Carlos (cf. De Moüy, Ch., *Don Carlos et Philippe II*, Paris, 1863, p. 478; Gachard, *Don Carlos et Philippe II*, Bruxelles, 1863, p. 274; cf. also Raumer, *Briefe aus Paris*, I, p. 119).

On the 22nd of February, 1560, Philip had convened the Cortes and introduced to them his son as the heir-apparent.

In the meantime the state of health of the Prince had grown worse. During the year 1560, whilst the court was at Madrid, he often suffered from fever. The physicians recommended a change of air. Philip decided, for Don Carlos had no voice in the matter and had



ELIZABETH OF VALOIS, WIFE OF PHILIP II.
After a painting by Antonio Moro.



only to obey his father, to send his son to Alcala. And to Alcala Prince Carlos went.

Alcala, at a distance of seven miles from Madrid, situated in a beautiful valley watered by the Naris, the banks of which are covered with beautiful gardens and shady walks, offered an ideal residence for the fever-stricken heir of the Spanish crown. At Alcala de Henares the sky is nearly always blue, the air clear, and the climate pleasant, although somewhat cold in winter. It boasts a magnificent palace built for the Archbishop of Toledo, and there Charles V's brother Ferdinand first saw the light. The university established there offered every opportunity for study, and thither in October, 1561, journeyed Don Carlos, who was followed a few days later by his school companions Don Juan of Austria and Alexander Farnese.

The change of residence suited the Prince splendidly. The fever abated and in four weeks had completely departed, and he was also in good health. The King, who had twice visited him, in November and December 1561, congratulated himself on having sent Don Carlos away from Madrid. In January, 1562, an act of imprudence brought on a serious return of the fever, but by the 10th of March he was again so far recovered that he could take part in a festival given by the King in honour of his wife and the Princess Doña Juana.

Just fifteen days after the departure of the fever, when the Prince was making most satisfactory progress towards recovery, an unfortunate event befell which placed his life in jeopardy and was followed by a longer and most painful illness.

Don Carlos had a great liking for the daughter of the castle warder, and used, in order to talk to her in the garden, to descend a steep, dark stairway. Most of the courtiers, who were aware of this love affair, were rejoiced, believing that it would do the Prince good. This, however, was not the opinion of his tutor, Don Garcia, who caused the door leading into the garden to be fastened up. In vain the Prince, with the help of one of his gentlemen-in-waiting, sought to open it.

On Sunday, the 19th of April, 1562, he sent word to the young girl to wait for him at half-past twelve before the garden door. After the midday meal he dismissed his suite so that no one should know where he was going, ran to the stairway and rushed down it; he had almost reached the last step, when he stumbled and fell head first. He gave a loud cry, at which Don Garcia and Louis Quijada, whom Philip had appointed Master of the Horse on Charles V's death, with several servants hastened to the spot, lifted him up, and brought him to his room. Two court doctors and a surgeon were immediately summoned. The last-named discovered on the left side of the head at the back a wound as large as a thumb-nail, and at once proceeded to bandage it, which caused the Prince some pain. Put into bed, he fell into a sweat which lasted for an hour and a half, whereupon he was given medicine and eight ounces of blood let.

Don Garcia at once informed the King of the accident, and he sent his own physician and two other doctors, one of whom was called Portugès. They came in great haste on the 20th. When

the surgeon, who had removed the bandage, was going to renew it, Don Carlos said to him, "Licentiate" (this was the title of the surgeon), "I hope you will not be hurt, but I would prefer that Doctor Portugès should do this." The surgeon replied that he submitted willingly to His Highness's pleasure, and Portugès undertook the changing of the bandage. A consultation of doctors now took place in the palace in the presence of Don Garcia, and all recommended a second blood-letting of eight ounces. Since the first Don Carlos had fallen into a slight fever, which rose on the fourth day, then sank lower, and on the seventh day (the 26th of April), quite ceased. The Prince complained at times of toothache, of a slight swelling on the left side of his neck, and of a numbness in his right leg.

The physicians declared the Prince out of danger, but on the 29th of April his state of health suddenly grew worse, and he complained of acute pain. Philip, who had already returned to Madrid, was informed of the critical turn his son's illness had taken, and he hastened to Alcala. The devout Catholic monarch ordered that public prayers be read in all the churches of Spain for the recovery of his son.

All Spain shared the grief of the Court. In Milan processions took place day and night, in which those who took part scourged themselves as on Maundy Thursday. In Toledo three thousand five hundred persons did this. Queen Elizabeth and Princess Doña Juana showed the deepest affliction. They not only took part in the processions in the capital, but spent a whole night in tears and prayers before a miracle-

performing picture of the Virgin and Child, which they caused to be brought into the Palace. Doña Juana even went on a pilgrimage to a convent founded by herself in the neighbourhood of Madrid.

Nine doctors and surgeons surrounded the bed of the distinguished invalid; but their efforts were useless.

On the evening of the 8th of May the doctors declared that the Prince had only three or four hours to live. The King's ministers besought Philip to be no longer a witness of the heart-breaking tragedy. Pressed by them, he departed from Alcala in the night during a frightful storm, in unspeakable anguish and suffering from fever. The Duke of Alva and the minister Count Feria remained with instructions for carrying out the coming funeral ceremonies. The death of the Prince was considered so certain that several members of his household had already bought mourning clothes. The doctors decided that a last remedy should be resorted to—trepanning. His skull, however, was found to be sound, the brain untouched; only a few drops of dark blood oozed out.

It was believed that now only a miracle could save the Prince. In the Franciscan monastery at Alcala reposed the mortal remains of a monk, called Diego, who had died many centuries ago in the odour of sanctity. The Duke of Alva, at midday on the same day, had them taken from the coffin and brought in solemn procession into the sick room (according to one report, on to the bed). Don Carlos touched

them, and a few minutes afterwards felt relieved. His breathing became stronger. In the evening he was bled, and fell into a quiet sleep which lasted for six hours. He himself afterwards related that in his dream Friar Diego appeared to him in the Franciscan habit, a staff in the form of a cross in his hand, and told him that he should not die that night. He awoke visibly better. The King was informed next day of the favourable signs in his son's condition. On the 8th and 9th the salves of a Moorish doctor were also applied, but were only harmful, as was seen on the following day. Yet before the 13th of May a decided improvement had set in. The King left the monastery at Madrid, to which (as was his custom in all times of trouble) he had returned, spent a few hours in the palace with the Queen, and arrived in Alcala on the 14th.

The danger of death was over, but the fever still continued. The left under eyelid was very much swollen, and on the 16th the swelling attacked the right eye also. The Spanish doctors aggravated this evil by the use of the wrong remedy; when, however, Doctor Besale had had an incision made under the lids, the inflammation ceased, and the Prince, who had been quite blinded, recovered his sight. On the 20th of May the fever completely left him, and on the 21st Philip returned to Madrid.

On the 14th of June Don Carlos left his bed for the first time, and on the 5th of July he had himself weighed. He had made a vow during his illness to make a present to several churches of four times the weight of his body

in gold and seven times in silver. On the 17th he left Alcala for Madrid. The Blessed Diego was afterwards canonized by His Holiness the Pope, although Doctor Olivarez had his doubts as to the share the Blessed Friar had had in the cure of the Prince. The man of science insisted upon attributing the recovery of his patient to the remedies employed by the physicians, with the assistance, he hastened to add, of the Blessed Virgin, who had been so insistently prevailed upon by constant prayers to intercede in the matter.

CHAPTER VII

AN ECCENTRIC PRINCE (*continued*)

DURING the Prince's illness his father had manifested great solicitude and even a certain amount of affection. But the conduct and the gloomy character of Don Carlos—the blood of Juana made itself felt—gradually led to a tension between father and son which was soon to culminate in open hostility. The Prince, still suffering from frequent attacks of fever, had obtained his father's permission to return to Alcala. He seems to have fallen into a state of melancholy and to have been haunted by morbid thoughts of death, characteristic of the Spanish Habsburgs. The conviction of his approaching death made him dictate his will, which contained thirty-three paragraphs, and sign it on March 19th, 1564.

This testament (cf. *Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España*, T. XXIV, pp. 515–50) bears witness to such extravagance that one cannot help seeing in it signs of the mental aberration of the testator. The Prince bequeathed such vast sums that only a madman could have imagined that a man like Philip would carry out his will.

But, in spite of his morbid expectation, Don Carlos did not die.

He was now nineteen, and the object of general attention. The French and Venetian ambassadors, as well as Baron Dietrichstein, sent descriptions of his personal appearance and character to their several courts, and from these we gather information which is lacking in other historical documents. Dietrichstein had been commissioned to send full particulars of the Prince to Maximilian, who thought of him as a husband for his eldest daughter Maria, and so we have the following circumstantial account despatched by Dietrichstein on June 29th, 1564 :—

“ He is tolerably good-looking, for his features are not bad. His hair is straight and brown, his head of middle size, and his forehead not particularly high ; grey eyes, rather good mouth, a longish chin, and complexion pale. He does not belong to the Austrian race, for he is neither tall nor well developed, and one shoulder is a little higher than the other ; the chest falls in, and there is a slight rise visible at the bottom of the back ; he cannot use his right side so well as his left ; the legs are thick and not well shaped, and he is weak upon them ; he has a thin weak voice and speaks with difficulty, bringing out his words with an effort, and he cannot pronounce the ‘ r ’ or ‘ l ’ properly. He is able, however, to say what he wants, so that it is possible to understand him. As far as his behaviour goes, I can only report what I hear. I am told that he speaks of your Majesty in a friendly manner. One cannot wonder at any of the faults of which he is sometimes accused, for he has every excuse for them, and hitherto he

has always been weak and sickly. It is no use trying to reap what no one took the trouble to sow when he was young; he is treated now as he ought to have been as a child, and he naturally rebels, being of a proud and lofty disposition. All his attendants have been chosen against his will. His father has never trained him to any duty or allowed him to take part in any State affair, although maybe he had good reasons for this, seeing that the Prince flies into sudden and violent passions; he speaks out what he thinks and feels without reserve, and if anyone offends him they do not come off easily. He sticks obstinately to his own opinions, and insists on carrying out his ideas, which keeps everybody in a state of trepidation lest he should insist on something wholly impossible and unreasonable. He has often conversed with me, and as is his habit plied me with endless questions; they were not, as some assert, in any way meaningless, but struck me, on the contrary, as sensible and to the point. He has an extraordinary and some think too faithful a memory as regards certain things, and this gives people at times reason for saying that he is over free in speech, too frank and outspoken, and this natural failing of his might certainly have been corrected in his training. As yet he has shown no particular taste in any direction. He is greedy, but in this matter he has been taught to restrain himself. As a rule he only partakes of one dish, boiled capons with mutton broth, and only drinks once during a meal, never touching wine, which disagrees with him. He is extraordinarily pious, and a great lover of

justice and truth; he cannot abide falsehood, and will have nothing to do with anyone he has caught lying. He likes brave, upright, truth-speaking people, and people of distinction, and he likes and favours those who do him good and diligent service; he is also very hospitable. As to his feeling for women, he has as yet been subjected to no proof, and no one could *quod impotens sit aliquid affirmare si mihi iudicium esset faciendum, nox tantum mihi aliquam suspicionem præberet*. The King is more kindly disposed to him just now. He has decided to let the Prince in future attend the State Councils and inform him of State affairs. He attended a Council for the first time on the 16th of this month [June, 1564].” Finally, Dietrichstein writes: “Don Carlos is a feeble, sickly man, but the son of a powerful monarch.”

Dietrichstein returns to his subject in a letter of July 11, repeating what he had previously written of the unfitness of the Prince for marriage. He could state nothing certain, but believed what he said was correct. At any rate, Don Carlos was unquestionably a very weakly person, although Doctor Olivarez reported better of him.

The accounts given of the Prince by the Venetian envoys, Badoaro and Barbarijo, who carried the congratulations of the republic to the King on his marriage with Elizabeth of Valois, correspond with that of Dietrichstein. Writing to their Senate they speak as follows:—

“The Prince is sixteen years old, small and undeveloped in person and not good-looking; the expression of his face betokens a violent

temper and a high spirit. He is very inquisitive, and overwhelms everyone with whom he is in conversation with his questions, for he wants to know everything. He has a projecting chin, and gives the impression of being more martially inclined and more eager for conquest than his father."

Paulo Tiepolo in 1563 speaks less favourably of him: "The Prince, Don Carlos, is of very low stature, ugly and of disagreeable countenance; he is melancholy in temper. For three years he suffered continually from intermittent fever, sometimes accompanied with delirium, which he seems to have inherited from his grandfather and great-grandmother. As the result of this long illness, of which he was cured by a miracle, he is weak and frail, and moreover he has not inherited either strength or health from his forbears. As he grew older he took no pleasure in books, exercise of arms, riding, or any other proper recreation, but amused himself chiefly with doing evil to other people. For instance, when persons of low rank presented themselves, he had them flogged and whipped out of the palace. Not long ago he wanted to have a man worse treated still. He cares for nobody, as is generally known, and has a veritable hatred of some men. He is very fond of receiving presents, but takes care never to make any. He speaks with difficulty, slowly, and stutteringly. Although nearly seventeen, he has no knowledge of the world. The Spaniards have a poor idea of his understanding." Fourquevaulx, the French ambassador, adds to this unfavourable

verdict in a letter of February 8, 1566: "It seemed strange to him that the Princess of Bohemia should think of marrying anyone so depraved as the Prince, and with so little to recommend him in all other ways."

Upon the question of the character of Don Carlos at this time contemporary histories are full of contradictory details, which seem to bear an equal appearance of truth, a fact easily explained by the struggle between the Prince's naturally affectionate disposition and his violent temper. Strada, amongst other historians, reproaches Don Carlos with brutality. "This vice," he says, "was noticeable even in his childhood. Sometimes when live hares were brought to him when hunting he would cut their throats himself, and watch with pleasure their dying struggles. In a Report sent to the Senate at Venice by their ambassador, the latter says that he had seen Don Carlos do this. In fact, he daily gave signs by his cruel actions that the charges against him were not vain, and the Archbishop of Rossano and Papal nuncio wrote in a similar strain to Cardinal Alessandrino."

Don Carlos frequently had animals roasted alive, and one day, while holding a tame snake and amusing himself by making it suffer, the animal bit him slightly, whereupon Don Carlos bit off its head with his teeth.

The ambassador of Venice, Tiepolo, confirms these descriptions of Don Carlos's character by saying that the Prince had for a long time shown a tendency to cruelty and anger. The word of this serious historian seems to be unquestionable evidence. One can, therefore, take

it for granted that Don Carlos had shown even in childhood signs of a violent and perverse character. Diplomats bear witness to his unparalleled pride. The Venetian ambassador declared that he could not bear to remain for any length of time bareheaded in presence of his father or grandfather.

The eccentricities of Don Carlos, his violence and hates, caused much anxiety to the King and court. And, indeed, need one be astonished at them? We have only to bear in mind the terrible hereditary mental affliction which had ended the life of Juana of Castile, darkened the old age of Charles Quint, and cast a gloom over the character of Philip II, which became semi-imbecility in Philips III and IV, which reappeared in the unfortunate Charles II, and brought to the tomb the last descendant of an illustrious but unhappy dynasty.

Don Carlos loved to injure people and hated a number of persons with a deadly hatred. Another Venetian confirms the above account of Don Carlos, declaring that the Prince pays very little attention to anyone, even to his father, and is exceedingly cruel.

“All the Ministers are afraid of him,” says the same writer, “because if they resist him he uses abusive language.” We have seen that Fourquevaulx, the French ambassador, though not entering into details, does not paint him in any more flattering colours, and when there was question of a marriage between Don Carlos and Maximilian’s daughter, compassionated the latter upon marrying a man so “deformed in person and character.”

Deformed, small and puny, Don Carlos was necessarily prevented from taking part in the brilliant scenes where the knights of those days won fame by deeds of prowess. It is true that he rode on horseback, and practised fencing several hours a day, but he does not appear to have ever taken part in a tournament. Though twenty years of age, he was merely a spectator at the famous tournament of February, 1566, in which his cousins of Bohemia won all the honours. His father had never indeed cared for these pastimes, and took part in them during his visit to Flanders against his inclination; but he succeeded in disguising his dislike, and with the excuse of a delicate constitution acquired the reputation of being a brilliant knight. He did not expect the same effort from his son, perhaps because he knew that the latter's delicate health would render it impossible for him to make the attempt. Indeed, the Prince was not only delicate, but suffered from chronic attacks of fever; it was notorious at court that his development was impeded by these attacks which the King's letters to his ambassadors prove to have been very frequent. In fact, persons intimate at court gave details of his health which gave cause to fear that he was physically unfit to marry. It is quite possible that his fall at Alcala and the operation and illness which followed had left lasting effects.

A favourite pastime of the Prince was to parade the streets of Madrid at night, armed and in disguise, at the head of a party of young noblemen, on which occasions he not only annoyed

but often maltreated the people he met, but never went to any other excess. Even in the daytime he would accost ladies of rank in the most uncourtly manner, insisting on their kissing him and loading them with opprobrious words. Worse still were his ungovernable outbreaks of passion, when high and low suffered equally.

According to the evidence of various writers, the Prince was a great glutton. William of Orange stated in a letter that Don Carlos had eaten sixteen pounds of fruit in a few days, and Dietrichstein declared that his excesses at table were the cause of his ill-health. Brantôme relates that Don Carlos loved to roam the streets at night, and thought nothing of insulting any beautiful woman who passed, however highly born, by forcibly embracing her and using the most insulting epithets. Brantôme's statement is confirmed by such serious writers as Ferreras and Cabrera. These nocturnal escapades were no doubt cunningly hidden from the King, who would have put a stop to them. The Prince was not mortally wounded by any infuriated husband, but on one occasion some water was thrown on him from a window of a certain house. This incident should not have been a surprise to a night roamer, but the Prince returned to the palace in a convulsion of fury, and gave orders for the house to be burnt down and all the inhabitants put to death. The officer who received the order had the good sense to evade it. He returned and told the Prince that he had seen a priest entering the house carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and

had, therefore, considered it his duty to respect it. Don Carlos accepted the excuse, perhaps because he believed it, or perhaps because his fury was spent. These pleasures of the Spanish Prince were in strange contrast to the austerity so dear to Philip II, who shunned all scandal and public licence, though his life was far from being pure. Don Carlos seems to have been passionately fond of gambling, as one finds entries of his losses, but there is no record of his being ill-tempered when unlucky. The highest of his debts of this kind was no more than three hundred ducats; his principal creditor was Don Juan of Austria.

The nocturnal rambles and gluttony were unimportant, however, in comparison with the sudden paroxysms of passion which would take possession of the Prince.

The young noblemen at that time wore boots with high wide legs, so as to allow a small pistol to be concealed in them. A shoemaker having sent the Prince a pair of boots with narrow legs, Don Carlos went into a fit of fury, struck Don Manuel, who had ordered them, on the mouth, and rang violently for an attendant, whom, not answering quickly enough, the Prince threw out of the window into the moat below. The other servants, frightened at the noise, all fled. Thereupon he ordered the boots to be cut up into small pieces, cooked, and sent over to the shoemaker for him to eat. According to some accounts, the latter was actually forced to swallow his own boots. His servants had much to bear from him, especially if he bore a grudge against them for anything.

Many stories of his violent behaviour to persons of the highest position are current between 1564 and 1567. He was guilty of six murderous attacks, one being on the person of his Chief Master of the household, Don Garcia de Toledo. Although fickle in his likes and dislikes, his hatred was implacable. In January, 1561, his Chief Master of the Wardrobe and private treasurer died. The Prince wished to make a young nobleman, Juan Estevez de Lobon, his successor, but the King chose to give the post to his Chamberlain, Garcia Alvarez Osorio. The Prince was highly indignant and took care that the newly appointed treasurer should be prevented from fulfilling his duties; he took away the household account-books, hid his treasures, and, in short, obliged the unfortunate man to resign his post at the end of two years. Lobon was then installed in office, and the Prince loaded him with proofs of friendship, confided all his secrets to him, and even his cash-box. But his affection shortly turned to hatred. On pretence of finding some of his papers missing, he rushed at Lobon with the intention of throwing him out of the window; others present delivered his victim from the Prince's hands, but the latter hurled opprobrious epithets at him, drove him from the palace, instituted legal proceedings against him, and awaited impatiently to hear his sentence. What this was we do not know, but Lobon lost his place. On the death of Don Garcia de Toledo in October, 1564, the Minister, Ruy Gomez, Prince of Eboli, was appointed major-domo. Don Carlos, at first averse to him and showing his dislike in every

possible way, believing him to be a spy of his father's, was at last conciliated, Ruy Gomez having succeeded in assuring him of his good intentions towards him.

It was clear to everyone at court that the Prince was suffering from a mental affliction; the ambassadors, in writing to their respective courts, stated so quite plainly; but the King clutched at any alternative. He preferred to think his son rebellious of all authority and met his outbursts with severity, until the Prince scarcely troubled to conceal his aversion for his father, while the latter writhed inwardly at the prospect of the security of Spain being troubled by a disastrous reign.

Onorato Juan essayed in vain to obtain some show of submission from the Prince; Philip would not yield an inch in his blind severity, until Don Carlos' hatred of his father and all who surrounded him became a public scandal, the talk of all the foreign courts. Brantôme, on his return to Madrid, speaks of the matter in his *Mémoires*; in fact, all the historians agree upon this point.

As the unfortunate Prince grew older these paroxysms of fury increased in intensity and in frequency, his feelings for his father became systematically hostile. Some of the anecdotes related by historians might be doubted, but that the Prince's character is so well known, and that many were proved during investigations which took place after the Prince's death.

Don Carlos hated various members of the Council of State, and Cardinal Espinosa was an object of his special hatred. It is reported that

this was chiefly due to the fact that the Cardinal had prohibited the dramas presented by the actor Cisneros. In an age when the Inquisition was dominant in Spain and the dramas particularly licentious it is not surprising that the Cardinal, as President of the Holy Office, should have thought fit to prohibit this special actor, nor can it be supposed it was done especially to annoy the Prince; the prohibition was obviously due to a religious motive. Don Carlos, however, considered that his dignity had been offended, and, dagger in hand, rushed up to the Cardinal one day when he was walking in the galleries of the palace, exclaiming that he would kill him for daring to prevent Cisneros from acting. Several nobles rushed forward to the Cardinal's rescue and prevailed in calming the Prince.

This is not the only attempt at murder related of Don Carlos; six are known. The attempt against Don Garcia de Toledo is related by Cabrera. His excessive cruelty was well known, and the Limanias archives contain records of sums paid to the parents of little girls beaten by his orders. His treatment of animals was equally brutal, and Hernan Suarez, writing to the Prince in 1567, alluded to the cruel treatment by his orders of a score of horses in his stable.

It was a penance to be in the Prince's service; at the least contradiction he would fly into a paroxysm of rage, and thought nothing of falling on and beating the gentlemen-in-waiting, no matter how high their rank. His violent likes and dislikes were illustrated in the incident of Osorio and Lobon.

It is probable that the nocturnal escapades

began in later years, during the last years of his life. Their motive in the first instance was probably less culpable than evil minds supposed. It is possible that the Prince, tormented by fever, roamed the streets for fresh air, and to distract his restless mind. Afterwards, possibly, these rambles became the occasion of debauchery. If before this period the Prince's conduct was not perfect, at least he had avoided giving scandal, and but for these nocturnal wanderings one may say that he never did give any. No serious historian has ever accused him of amorous adventures; the Venetian ambassador only writes vaguely: "Too long has he been considered too chaste, but for some months he has shown signs of the contrary." This was an elegant manner of expressing the anxiety which beset the royal family—it was no excess of purity they feared, but impotency. Philip II, in spite of the instances of Maximilian and the Empress, delayed his son's marriage; there were, no doubt, other reasons, but it is more than probable that this anxiety about his son's physical unfitness for marriage was one of the chief. The French ambassador speaks plainly of the matter in 1566, and reports that Don Carlos was undergoing special treatment, but that the Queen's physician was not hopeful, and that it was useless to expect the Prince to have heirs. Perhaps in his letter Tiepolo is alluding to the possibility of the success of this medical treatment. Whether this impotency was due to natural physical ill-health, or the effect of violent debaucheries, cannot be said (cf. De Moüy, *l.c.*, p. 137).

CHAPTER VIII

THE FATAL END (*continued*)

IN the sixteenth century, as in earlier and later times, the marriages of the King and Crown Prince were among the weightiest political events. It was natural that a prince like Don Carlos, heir to a mighty empire, should be run after by mothers with marriageable daughters. He was a good *parti*, no doubt. Already in 1560 Catherine de Medici wished to arrange a marriage between her seven-year-old daughter Margaret, the famous Margot, and Don Carlos. The court of Lisbon wished for the hand of this Princess for King Sebastian, but Catherine preferred the Spanish marriage. Shortly after, however (5th December, 1560), Francis II of France died, leaving his eighteen-year-old wife, Mary Stuart, a widow, and her uncle the Duke of Lorraine wished to marry her to Don Carlos, although he was two years younger than the Queen of Scots. Catherine complained to the Cardinal of Lorraine and wrote to her ambassador at Madrid instructing him to take every possible means to bring about the marriage of Margaret and Don Carlos. The Emperor Ferdinand also wished to secure the Prince's hand for the eldest of his nieces, the Grand Duchess Anna, daughter of Maximilian (born

the 1st of November, 1549). He therefore hinted to King Philip that King Charles of France wished to marry Anna. Philip was not averse to this marriage, but for the present concealed his intentions. In Spain itself the Princess Doña Juana, now twenty-eight years of age, had conceived the idea of marrying her nephew and thus becoming one day Queen of Spain.

Even the Queen of England pretended to consider a marriage with this Prince, although he was the last person in the world whom she would have wedded.

But, strangely enough, Elizabeth constantly encouraged the royal suitors for her hand, although she never intended to marry any of them.

It was not to be expected, however, that the Prince would allow a wife to be imposed on him. Of a marriage with Doña Juana he would hear nothing. When, at the end of 1561, the son of his tutor Don Garcia de Toledo at Alcala spoke of the report that he was soon to marry his aunt, he replied warmly that he would rather die than be compelled by his father to marry her. Doña Juana, although ten years older than her nephew, long flattered herself with hopes of overcoming his aversion. His indifference caused her so much pain, so the French ambassador wrote to Catherine de Medici, that she became visibly thinner.

Mary Stuart would have pleased Don Carlos, as he told the above-mentioned son of Don Garcia; but after he had seen the portrait of his cousin Anna of Austria he immediately declared that

he would marry her and no other. When the Estates of Aragon in 1564 pronounced in favour of an alliance between the Prince and Doña Juana Philip was favourably inclined to it. As, however, no arts or persuasions could win the Prince's consent, it was quite given up. The King then for a while favoured a match with the Austrian Princess, but at the beginning of 1562, both on political and religious grounds, preferred the alliance with Mary Stuart. He thought it possible thus to destroy Protestantism in Scotland, and, as Mary Stuart would probably succeed Elizabeth, in England also, and make it easier to stamp it out in the Netherlands. He was most anxious to prevent the execution of Catherine de Medici's plan of marrying Mary Stuart to her son Charles IX. On July 25th, 1564, Emperor Ferdinand died and was succeeded by his son Maximilian. The latter was very keen on the marriage of the Princess Anna with Don Carlos, and as the Prince's health had in the meantime improved, Dietrichstein was instructed to urge Philip to hasten the conclusion of the negotiations. The King was also informed that the Infante was anxious to marry his cousin whom he loved very passionately, and that he very often contemplated her portrait with most tender feelings. But Philip hesitated and gave evasive answers. He had evidently by this time had sufficient proofs of his son's hostile feelings for him and his policy. And, indeed, it appears from contemporary reports that it was towards the close of the negotiations for the marriage of Don Carlos with Princess Anna that the quarrel

between him and his father commenced, and, growing deeper from year to year, ended with his imprisonment and death. The bad characteristics of the Prince developed, as the years went by, at the expense of his good tendencies. Finally his wilfulness, his insatiable inclination to self-assertion and activity and desire to rule, no longer observed any bounds. There was no way to bridle his outbursts of wrath, his obstinacy and passion. His father saw with horror the abyss towards which his son was journeying; but Philip's behaviour to him increased the danger instead of lessening it. Don Carlos had not ceased by his disorderly life, and especially by his gluttony, to endanger his health; and his night roamings continued. Among other outbreaks of temper, one in 1566, in which he stabbed Don Diego de Acunna, made the worst impression at court and was most painful to his father. At the latter's now frequent stern reproaches his pride rose, and this only increased his father's dislike to him. There were other grounds for discontent on the part of the Prince. His ambition and thirst for famous deeds was not satisfied; and the ever-increasing desire for a marriage with the Archduchess Anna remained unfulfilled. He reflected that his father, when sixteen years of age, had been made by Charles V governor of his Spanish realm; he was nineteen and had no land to rule, no office of influence; his nomination as a member of the Council was worthless, because weighty affairs were not discussed here but by the King's confidential ministers in his cabinet. Don Carlos when a child had been appointed governor of

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the Netherlands. During his illness he understood that he could not occupy the post, but in the course of 1565 his health was completely restored, and he could well bear the arduous journey. Why would his father not allow him to go? He was hurt and complained bitterly of this. Another object of his resentment was that the King would not allow his recognition as heir to the thrones of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia. Least of all could he understand why his father postponed his marriage with the long-promised bride. Even Dietrichstein, who wrote this to the Emperor Maximilian, disapproved of Philip's delay. The affection of the Prince for his cousin had increased, he constantly asked for information about her and the imperial court from the ambassador or Chantonay in Vienna, and for Anna's sake learned German. The resentment of the Prince against Philip gradually grew into hate. He openly blamed everything that his father did, and even mocked him publicly. For instance (so Brantôme relates) he drew up a book with the title *The Great Journeys of King Don Philip*, and inside was written: "The journey from Madrid to Prado [a royal pleasure house near that town]. From Prado to the Escorial, from the Escorial to Aranjuez, from Aranjuez to Toledo, from Toledo to Valladolid, from Valladolid to Burgos, from Burgos to Madrid, from there to Aranjuez, from Aranjuez to the Escorial, and from there to Madrid."

The King was informed of this satire, saw the volumes and was very angry with the Prince. The hate of the latter extended also to the ministers and trusted servants of his father,

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deed, even to his own, for the sole reason that they were appointed by his father. Even the Princess Doña Juana had cause to complain of him, and if he showed politeness to his cousin the young Archduke, it was out of respect for his sister the Archduchess Anna. Only to the Queen Elizabeth was he always considerate and respectful. She had given the Prince during his illness proofs of her liking and goodwill.

The unfriendly relations between father and son came to such a point in 1566 that the ruin of the latter was to be looked for. The Prince continued his irregular life, and the non-fulfilment of his two dearest wishes—his marriage with the Archduchess Anna and his being sent to the Netherlands, of whose fulfilment the King always held out hopes—kindled in him an inextinguishable hatred towards his father, who concealed his plans in impenetrable darkness.

In the meantime the great political rising in the Netherlands, which was ultimately to lead to the emancipation of the provinces from Spain, had broken out. Philip determined to send the Duke of Alva with a large force to the Netherlands to punish the rebels and restore order. In vain Count Eboli finally tried to persuade the King to send the Count of Feria, who was so trusted and influential there, instead of the hated Alva. Philip kept his determination secret for long, ordered the troops to be in readiness to march in the coming spring, gave Alva his first commission on the 1st of December, 1566, and on the 31st of December and the 15th of April, 1567, gave him two

further commissions, and by the last unlimited power as governor. The Duke left Madrid the 15th of April, 1567, took ship at Carthagena on the 10th of May, and went at the head of picked troops over Italy, Savoy, and Lorraine to the Netherlands, making on the 22nd of August his entry into Brussels, and immediately commencing the work as hangman that has branded him in history as a bloodthirsty, revengeful butcher. Until April Don Carlos lived in the hope that the King, accompanied by the Queen, the Austrian Archduke, and himself, would also journey to the Netherlands, allow him to receive homage on the journey as future ruler of Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, and in Innsbruck meet the Emperor Maximilian and his family. Philip let everybody believe this. Dietrichstein even wrote on the 26th of March, 1567: "The King's journey is announced and the courtiers have been told to be ready at the end of May."

When, however, the Duke of Alva, before his departure to the Netherlands, came to take leave of Prince Don Carlos, who was staying with the King in Aranjuez, the duped Prince fell into a great passion, and said to him: he and not the Duke should go to Flanders and he would kill him if he insisted. In vain Alva made excuses: the Prince fell on him with his dagger, and was only prevented from striking him by the Duke's strength; when loose again, he again sought to kill him, and was held fast by Alva until the entrance of a gentleman-in-waiting. The alarm and concern of Philip at this outburst of his son may be conceived. By

the advice of his confessor he sought to sway him by marks of favour. He named him President of the Councils of State and War, gave him the management of different matters of government and raised his income from 60,000 to 100,000 ducats.

For some time now the relations between father and son were satisfactory. Don Carlos regularly presided over the sittings of the Council, behaved in a tactful way, and showed himself well versed in many affairs and wishful to obtain a still further grasp. He often sought out the King at the close of the Council and informed him of the decisions come to.

This praiseworthy conduct, however, did not last long. He soon opened the Council meetings with intemperate speeches, demanded unconditional submission to his will, and threw everything into disorder.

The King was forced to remove him from the Presidency of the Council and to set limits to his ill-behaviour. The quarrel between father and son broke out again and grew worse as the months went by.

Don Carlos proceeded to spend his money in unjustifiable ways, in play, in reckless gambling, and the purchase of all imaginable articles at every price. The 100,000 ducats were not sufficient for this. The Prince's treasury was always empty and he was forced to contract debt after debt. He wished to buy some chamber decorations made in Milan, worth about 1500 ducats, for 20,000 ducats, and borrowed the money from the Italian banker Greimaldi. The latter, when paying this sum, made the courtly remark that

all his property was at his Highness's service, and Don Carlos immediately took him at his word and demanded 100,000 ducats. In vain the confounded banker explained that this was only a polite speech and that he should be ruined if he paid such a sum. The Prince replied in a passion that he had not acted well in paying him such a compliment, and if he did not pay the money to the last *real* his family would sorely repent within twenty-four hours. With difficulty the Prince's tutor appeased him and got him to accept 60,000 ducats, which, however, in a very short time were all spent.

Shortly after he bought a diamond from a Portuguese merchant for 25,000 ducats, although he was not in a position to pay the smallest part of that sum.

At the end of December, 1566, a very scandalous and painful scene took place at a sitting of the assembled Cortes of Castile at Madrid. They had suggested that when the King was obliged to go to the Netherlands the regency should be given to Don Carlos. Philip left Madrid on the 22nd of December to celebrate Christmas in the Escorial. The Prince took advantage of his absence, entered the hall where the Estates were sitting, and exclaimed in anger, "You are aware that my father intends to go to Flanders, and I am firmly determined to go with him. In your last session [1563] you took the liberty of asking him to marry me to the Princess, my aunt. I find it astonishing that you concern yourselves about my marriage, which is not your affair. I warn you against the further presumption of asking my father to

leave me in Spain. I counsel you not to make the attempt. The delegates who dare to do so will make me their mortal enemy, and I will leave no stone unturned to destroy them." Thereupon he turned, and left the hall and the deputies dismayed by this unexpected address.

The continued ill-behaviour of the Prince and the King's opinion that he was not fit to be married is no doubt the reason that his nuptials with the Princess Anna were ever postponed, although on Maximilian's side everything was done to hasten their accomplishment. Maximilian was not ignorant of the disorderly public and private life of the Infante, but he and his wife adhered to this marriage scheme. They flattered themselves with the hope that marriage would soften and subdue the tempestuous character of the Prince. Already, in the middle of October, 1567, Maximilian expressed to the Ambassador Chantonay his surprise that his Catholic Majesty still delayed coming to a resolution. Philip sought to back out of it, meanwhile proposing another alliance to the Emperor—the marriage of the Archduchess Elizabeth, Maximilian's second daughter, to King Sebastian of Portugal.

Dietrichstein also informed the Emperor in his letter of the 5th of June of a fact relating to the Prince, which had caused much gossip in Madrid seventeen days before. Don Carlos had heard the reports that he was unmarriageable and was the less able to bear them that he believed his own father held him incapable, and for this reason refused his consent to his marriage with the Princess. He determined to

offer them proof, took his barber into the secret, and obtained through him a medicine prepared by three doctors consulted for the purpose. The experiment succeeded and Don Carlos immediately informed Dietrichstein. The doctors were each rewarded with a life annuity of 1000 ducats, the barber and the apothecary of an annuity of 600 ducats. The girl who had lent herself to the scheme received 12,000 ducats and 1000 for her mother. The proofs of his marriageableness were, however, not of long duration. The affair was generally known (the French and Florentine ambassadors wrote about it to their courts), and made the King highly incensed against Don Carlos.

The latter thereupon continued his dissolute midnight revels, roamed, armed and in disguise, through the streets, and frequented, as the ambassadors also reported, questionable and ill-famed houses. In his household accounts are entries for false beards and for shirts lost outside or burned in the Prince's house.

A moment, however, came when the King's decisions destroyed for ever all the plans and hopes of the Prince Don Carlos. He saw his marriage with the Princess postponed to an indefinite date, perhaps given up; and he was disappointed of the hope with which he had flattered himself of the governorship of Flanders. He found himself compelled to remain in Madrid under the eyes and discipline of a father whom he abhorred. His hatred towards the latter no longer knew any bounds. And it was his embitterment against Philip, together with the fear of still stricter measures, which

confirmed Don Carlos's intention of a secret flight from Spain. He had already formed his project in 1565, but its accomplishment was hindered by the cleverness of the Count of Eboli, who then possessed his full confidence.

In October, 1567, the Prince therefore took precautionary measures against a possible attack endangering his freedom or his life. He never went to bed without placing weapons under his pillow, and kept firearms, powder, and lead in his dressing-room. He no longer allowed, as court customs demanded, one of his gentlemen of the chamber to sleep in his bedroom, and in order to prevent this being done against his will, he caused a French mechanic, Louis de Foix, a clockmaker in his father's employ, to make an arrangement on the lock of his door so that he could open or shut the door from his bed. Then Foix had to make him an instrument, in the form of a mass book, set together with blue stones, six inches long and four inches wide covered with steel and gold plate, and of such a weight that it would kill a man at one blow. He had once read that an imprisoned Spanish bishop had killed his warder and freed himself by means of a brick covered with leather, of the size of his breviary.

To carry out his plan of flight Don Carlos required much money—and had none. He well knew that in Madrid, where his credit was exhausted, he could get none. He therefore sent two of his attendants, Aloares Osorio to Toledo, Medina del Campo to Valladolid and Burgos, to raise larger or smaller sums from the merchants

of these cities. They, however, only brought a few thousand ducats back, for the financiers distrusted the Prince because they knew of his habit of raising loans and never repaying. He wanted 600,000 ducats, and now sent Osorio to Seville to make new efforts. He gave him twelve blank notes with his signature impressing on him secrecy and the greatest prudence. Two of his acquaintances there, the Count of Geloes and Juan Nunnetz de Illeskas, were to aid him. The time of repayment was to be arranged as late as possible. The letters of credit of Osorio ran thus:—

“Garcia Aloares Osorio, my gentleman of the bedchamber, who will deliver you the present writing, will request from you in my name the loan of a certain sum of money to meet an unavoidable and very pressing necessity. I beseech and order you to grant this request. You will thereby not only fulfil the duties of my subject but will confer on me a great obligation. Osorio will settle the date of repayment. I approve at the outset whatever arrangement he shall make with you.

“Madrid, 1st December, 1567.

“I, the Prince.”

It appears that Osorio was successful, and brought back 150,000 ducats and the rest in bills with him. Don Carlos was awaiting his opportunity.

On the 20th of December King Philip journeyed to the Escorial to stay there over Twelfth Night, and Don Carlos had reckoned

on this absence to carry out his plan. He wrote to ask several magnates to be ready to accompany him on an important journey. Some, like the Dukes of Sesa and Medina and the Marquess of Pescara, agreed; others replied that they were at his service in everything that was not opposed to religion or their duty to the King; others, like the Admiral of Castile, sent the Prince's letters to King Philip. Don Carlos then drew up many letters to be delivered after his departure, one to the King, one to the Pope, one to the Emperor, the rest to all the monarchs of Christendom, the magnates of the realm, the governing authorities and the magistrates of Castile, and the other States of the Spanish monarchy. His letter to the King enumerated his grievances against him, and stated that he could no longer bear his ill-treatment. To the magnates he gave the details of his discomfort with his father, and added that the latter delayed his marriage to prevent the children that might be born to him from inheriting the throne, and asked to be left in the asylum he had chosen. He promised them many marks of favour, especially the restoration of their revenue from the duty on salt which the King had taken away, and he promised the towns relief from their heavy taxation. Don Carlos had reckoned on the aid of the Prince Don Juan. He wished to go to Italy by a ship of the fleet that was being fitted out at Carthage. This fleet was under the orders of Don Juan, who had shortly before been named General of the Spanish Navy. Don Carlos was very fond of his uncle, put

his full confidence in him, and considered him the best friend he had in the world. Since 1559 he had been very intimate with him, and in Don Carlos's accounts there are items of handsome presents made by him to this friend, and several sums lost to him. Don Juan himself, in July, 1565, had made an attempt to leave Spain secretly and go to fight the Turks, but had been immediately brought back. A day or two before Christmas, 1567, the Prince called Don Juan into his room, told him his whole scheme, and begged him to accompany him to Italy, promising to reward him with the kingdom of Naples or Milan. Don Juan was not less ambitious than Don Carlos, but his ambition was tempered by wisdom and a sound judgment. He saw at once how absurd and dangerous the undertaking was. He feared the anger of the King, and put little faith in Don Carlos's promises. How could he fulfil them? Moreover, he felt gratitude to the King, who had openly acknowledged him as his brother and given him a high position at Court. The year before he had received the Order of the Golden Fleece. A few months ago, despite his youth, he had received one of the most important posts in the kingdom, General of the Navy. Treachery would therefore have been the blackest ingratitude. Knowing his nephew too well to oppose him openly, Don Juan represented to him the difficulties and dangers in the way of carrying out his plan, and asked for twenty-four hours to think over his decision. He wrote to the Prince next day, and then rode to the King and told him of his son's schemes.

Philip still hesitated as to the attitude he should adopt towards his son.

On the evening of 27 December Don Carlos went to the royal monastery before the gates of Madrid to confess and prepare for the reception of the Jubilee absolution. As, however, he declared to the priest that he bore a mortal hatred against somebody in his heart, he was obstinately refused absolution. He then begged that he might receive the unconsecrated host, so that the people might think he was partaking of the Lord's Supper. All the monks exclaimed that he demanded a sacrilege from them. Finally the Prior of Atocha took the Prince aside and asked him the station of the man he hated. Don Carlos replied that it was a high one. The Prior then said that if he named the man he might possibly receive absolution, and the Prince named his father. The discussion lasted until two o'clock in the morning, when the Prince retired without having received absolution. Philip was at once informed, but he did not return to Madrid for another twenty days. He was kept informed of his son's doings.

He knew that the Prince had ordered post-horses for the night of the eighteenth from Reymond of Taxis, who, suspecting no good, had refused them. At eleven o'clock Philip called Eboli, Feria, the Prior Don Antonio and Quijada to accompany him, addressed them in a remarkable way, and, accompanied by them and by two gentlemen of the chamber, mounted to the Prince's room. Two attendants with hammer and nails, and a lieutenant with

twelve of the King's body-guards, followed the procession. Feria went first with a light in his hand. The King wore armour under his clothes, and a sword by his side, and his head was covered with a helmet. The mechanic Foix, ordered by the King, had, without the Prince's knowledge, stopped the bolt of the bedroom door so that it could not be fastened from within. Philip remained outside, while the ministers went in and took possession of a sword, a dagger, and a loaded musket, which Don Carlos had laid beside his pillow.

Awakened by the noise, the Prince asked who was there, and one of them replied, "The Council." Don Carlos sprang up and sought for his weapons—then the King entered.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the Prince. "Will Your Majesty murder me?"

Philip ordered him to get back into bed and keep quiet, and told him that his well-being was their only aim. He then ordered the windows of the sleeping apartment to be so firmly nailed up that they could not be opened, and all weapons and iron instruments, even the fire-irons, to be taken away. In a small coffer the letters containing the Prince's programme and the names of his friends and enemies were discovered. At the head of those he intended to pursue until death was the King. Heading the list of his friends was Queen Elizabeth, then Don Juan, Quijada, and others. His money was taken away. In measureless despair Don Carlos threw himself at his father's feet and exclaimed: "Let Your Majesty kill me, but not confine me. It will cause great

anger in the realm. If Your Majesty will not kill me I shall do it myself." He thereupon sought to throw himself into the great fire on his hearth, but was held back by the Prior Don Antonio. The unhappy Prince amid his sobs continued to reproach his father with his tyranny and hardness, whereupon the King replied: "I shall no longer behave to you as a father, but as a King." Don Carlos had lain down again, and the King gave the Duke of Feria, Commander of the Royal Guard, the charge of guarding the person of the Prince.

On the night of Don Carlos's arrest Feria, Lerma, and Rodrigo de Mendoza kept guard in his room, and on the following night Eboli, Toledo, and Quijada. The King also appointed the Prince's majordomo, Guzman, and de Velasco for this duty, and these eight relieved each other, two by two, every six hours. No other member of the household came near the Prince's chamber. His table was laid by Lerma and Mendoza, the majordomo carried the food in, already cut, so that the prisoner should not require a knife.

The eight above-named noblemen, by the King's orders, laid aside their swords and daggers before entering the prisoner's room. No religious service was held for eight days. On the 25th of January, the Duke of Feria was superseded by Eboli in the rule and regulation of the Prince, and a change of his dwelling-place ordered. He inhabited an entresol in the royal palace at the end of which was a tower with only one exit and only one window; to this the captive was brought. The grating of the window was so placed that the daylight only came in at



PHILIP II.

After an engraving by Joannes Eillarts.

1871

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the top. The fireplace also was surrounded by a guard that made it impossible for the prisoner to throw himself into the flames. In an adjoining room of the tower an opening had been made in the wall and furnished with a wooden lattice, so that the Prince could be present at the masses held in this room. The remaining apartments of the Prince's dwelling were given over to Eboli and his wife, who henceforward lived there. All the previous gentlemen attendants of the Prince, with the exception of Lerma, were deprived of their posts, and in their places five other noblemen were appointed as assistants of Eboli and Lerma in their watch.

On the same day on which the Prince was imprisoned in the tower, the King also dismissed his household and disposed of the horses in his stables; some of his people and servants, such as his secretary, Martin de Gatztelu, went over into the King's service.

These measures could leave Don Carlos in no doubt as to his fate. The unhappy Prince fell into despair, and decided to take his own life. A disgraced and dishonoured Prince must no longer live. As he had no weapon and no other instrument for taking his own life, he sought to effect his purpose by hunger; in a few days he became frightfully thin. In the last days of February he abstained from food for fifty hours, and he was so wasted that the doctors believed his last hour had come. When the King was informed that Don Carlos obstinately refused to eat he said, "He will soon eat when hunger compels him." The natural instinct was indeed stronger than the will of the Prince, and he

accepted food. The continued fast had the remarkable effect of making his health better than it had ever been. All traces of the bodily ills caused by his intemperate life completely disappeared.

But the idea of suicide soon reappeared, and Don Carlos never seems to have given up the plan of putting an end to his life. He had heard it said that a diamond swallowed was an unfailing poison, and to carry out his plan he swallowed, in the second half of the month of March, his diamond ring. The attempt had no consequences, and the ring passed unharmed after a few days.

As Easter now drew near (Easter Sunday fell on the 28th of April), Don Carlos summoned his Confessor, Don Diego de Chaves, and expressed the wish to confess. He accomplished the good deed with the most edifying signs of regret and remorse, and prepared himself by a fast of several days for receiving the Lord's Supper. The priest, to whom he made his request, had already, when receiving his confession, thought it necessary to consult the King about administering the sacrament, but received no answer. On a formal request for permission to receive the communion, he begged the Prince to have a little patience. Don Carlos, horrified, thought he was going to be refused the sacrament, and began to weep and sob. Brother Diego, to gain time, told him he lacked several things necessary for performance of the holy act, and the chapel also must be adorned. Don Carlos replied that if this was the only reason for his delay, it need be no hindrance, and

begged him to deal with him as with the meanest private individual. Meanwhile, the Confessor received the King's authorisation, and after reiterating his confession, Don Carlos received the sacrament in the presence of Ruy Gomez and two other nobles. Invited by Diego to go into the consecrated room, he retreated into his own, and said he would not leave his prison except at the King's express wish; the host could be handed to him through the lattice; and this was done.

The illness that ended in his death began in June, 1568. From the middle of the month onwards he suffered from attacks of fever, the result of his disorderly and irrational mode of life. The King himself afterwards, in his despatches to foreign courts, described the excesses by which his son had courted death. He wrote: "The Prince went about in his room, which is extremely damp with cold water, without clothes or shoes, slept often at nights before the open window without a single garment, often drank a great quantity of iced water when fasting in the morning or in the night, ate a great quantity of fruit and of other food bad for his health, and finally decided to eat no more and abode eleven days by this decision, no persuasion being able to bring him to partake of nourishment. When he finally took warm and nourishing food he could not keep it down, and his illness became mortal."

On the 15th of July the prisoner was served, among other dishes, with a partridge pasty. After he had eaten a few spoonfuls he applied himself to it, and ate the four highly seasoned

partridges it contained and the whole crust. Then, to quell the raging thirst this caused him, he drank snow-water all day. In the night he was attacked by severe indigestion and by cholera, and refused to take the medicine prescribed him by the doctors who were summoned. On the 19th of July all hope of his recovery was at an end. His father now allowed the illness of the Prince, up to this time kept a secret, to be announced. The invalid himself from this day was very peaceful, and showed cheerfulness of spirit and a remarkable mental clearness. He summoned his confessor and confessed with great piety, and as continual vomiting made it impossible for him to take the host, he had it placed before him, and prayed before it with great humility and penitence. Only when he gave himself up for lost did he accept medical assistance, but was full of the most pious resignation, only busy in his soul with heaven and his speedy release. He again begged before his end for the favour of seeing his father. The King, however, refused, and also forbade the Queen, the Princess Doña Juana, and some of his most faithful servants, to visit the dying man.

On the 22nd of July the prisoner made a new will. He dictated it to his former secretary, Martin de Gatztelu, who ten years before had signed the last will of Charles V, in the monastery at San Juste. He left to his creditors the dowry, amounting to 200,000 dollars, of his dead mother and begged his father for the ease of his conscience to pay the rest of his debts. He commended to him the former servants of his household, whom

he grieved to have often ill-treated, and also the nobles who had been deputed to guard him. Finally he asked to be buried in the royal monastery of the Dominicans at Madrid. The same day he disposed of some jewels and other treasures that he possessed. To the monastery of Atocha at Madrid he gave a ring with a costly diamond in it and a golden crucifix; to the monastery of penitents at Valladolid four gilt vases; and he made several bequests to other religious houses. To Count Eboli, although he considered him the cause of his unhappy failure, he gave a crystal bowl and two glasses which were both richly decorated and which he used daily. The other gentlemen of his guard and various nobles of the Court also received gifts from him. Neither did he forget his friend Rodrigo de Mendoza, nor Doctor Suarez of Toledo, Doctor Olivares and his confessor, to whom he willed a cross on a gold chain.

He had a particular reverence for St. James, whose monastery at Compostella was for centuries a famous resort of all the pilgrims of Europe. His most ardent wish was to die on the evening before the feast of this saint, which fell on the 25th July. On the 21st he asked the doctors how long he had still to live, and when they gave him four days he replied, "So my suffering and misery will last four days!" As, however, he became weaker day by day, he became most anxious to die before this. Still there rose in him submission to the divine will. In the night between the 23rd and 24th he asked the time, and was told it was two hours before midnight. He prayed with great animation,

pressed to his bosom the crucifix that lay thereon, and called on God for grace and mercy. He declared that he forgave his father, who had shut him up in confinement, and also Ruy Gomez, Espinosa, Velasco, and all those to whose counsel he owed his imprisonment. When he asked again what the hour was and was told it had struck twelve, he exclaimed, "The moment is come!"

As his grandfather had once done in San Juste, he took a consecrated candle in his hand and said to his confessor, whom he had not allowed to leave him for a second, "My father, help me to die!" He begged the bystanders to say with him the prayer that Charles V had said as he died. He uttered several words, of which the last that were audible were, "*Deus, propitius esto mihi peccatori*" (God be merciful to me a sinner), and smote remorsefully on his breast. He became every moment weaker, and died at one o'clock without having lost consciousness for a second. He was twenty-three years and sixteen days old. A few minutes before his decease, at his earnest request, a Franciscan cowl and Dominican cloak had been laid on his bed. He desired to be buried in this garb, and it was done.

On the evening of the 24th July, Philip had his body brought to the Dominican monastery, where it remained entombed until it was removed to the Escorial.

Don Carlos has been compared with Alexis, the unfortunate son of Peter the Great; and indeed the history, the fate, and the tragic end of these two Princes have many points in

common. Historians have also endeavoured to make out Philip a murderer, just as Peter the Great.

I shall not be accused of a weakness for the protector of the Inquisition, for the patron of autos-da-fé, the tyrant who endeavoured to crush the freedom of the Netherlands; but justice compels one to admit that it was self-defence and not groundless cruelty which determined Philip's treatment of the heir presumptive. Don Carlos was undoubtedly, in spite of the Abbé St. Real and the great poet, Schiller, unfit to rule. The great grandson of Juana la Loca was mad; he was a victim to the fatal insanity which undermined the dynastic family of the Spanish Habsburgs until it came to an end with the imbecile Charles II.

CHAPTER IX

THE NORTHERN SCAMP

(CHRISTIAN VII OF DENMARK)

IF in the royal house of Oldenburg, from which the rulers of Denmark are descended, we do not notice the same strain of neurosis and pathological abnormality as in that of Spain, it is by no means a proof of the healthy, sane state of this dynasty. None of the autocrats of Denmark—it must be remembered that the famous “Royal Law” conferred absolute power on the Danish kings—distinguished himself by any brilliancy, and there could consequently be no such insanity and depravity in the dynasty as in the houses of Habsburg, Bourbon, or Romanov. The Danish kings were mediocrities, as a rule; their characteristic traits being a strong inclination to drunkenness and dissipation. Frederick II (1534–38) was a drunkard, and so was Frederick V, father of Christian VII. The feeling of absolute power, added to in-breeding, may have furthered the degenerative process and contributed towards the development of insanity, which clearly manifested itself in the case of Christian VII, whose story will be related in the subsequent chapters. Christian VII, as will be seen, was a grandson of George II and a first cousin of George III.

1841

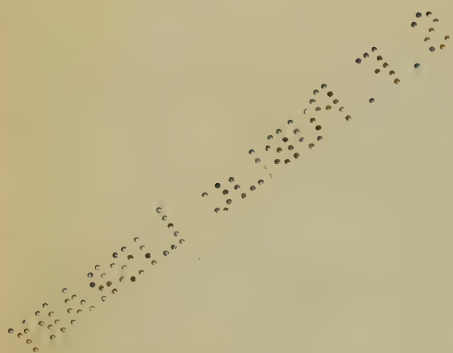
One of his uncles, Frederick Prince of Wales, was dissolute and a debauchee.

The 29th of January, 1749, was a day of great joy for the royal house of Denmark and the Danish people. Queen Louise, the wife of Frederick V, whom his nation surnamed "The Good," had given birth to a son. The Royal parents were very happy at the birth of the Prince, for a male heir dispelled their fears of possible complications as to the succession after the demise of the present King. In the Royal cradle were centred their hopes for the guarantee of a peaceful order of things. Queen Louise was a daughter of George II, and was worshipped by her loyal subjects, not only on account of her grace and beauty, but also for her goodness of heart. The prayers and good wishes of a nation, however, which accompanied the young Prince Christian in his cradle, seemed to have had no effect. Queen Louise died three years after the birth of her child, and Frederick contracted a second marriage with Princess Juliana-Maria of Brunswick Wolfen-buettel. Step-mothers seldom love the offspring of their husband's first wife, and there is no reason why Royal stepmothers should make an exception. On the contrary, it is quite natural for them to look with greater jealousy upon the issue of the King's first marriage, who stand between their own children and the throne. Juliana-Maria was neither generous nor kind-hearted, and was devoured by an excessive ambition. The young Prince, upon whom his Royal father had concentrated all his affection, became an object of her intense hatred; and when she herself gave

birth to a weakly child, her hatred towards Christian increased, for he was depriving her own son of the crown of Denmark. The education of young Christian was entrusted to the wrong people. There can be little doubt that the germs of insanity were already lurking in the brain of the future King of Denmark; for was not his mother a sister of George III, and did not his father, towards the end of his life, suddenly throw himself into orgies and debaucheries and pass his time in drunken revelries? But it is nevertheless a fact that his education greatly contributed to develop his latent insanity and to hasten its progress. At the age of six, the young Prince received his own Court, and his education was entrusted to Privy Councillor von Berckentin. As the latter, however, was already advanced in age, the King appointed the Chamberlain Detlev Reventlow as the tutor of the Crown Prince. Reventlow was a nobleman of the ignorant type; moreover, he was of a harsh, brutal, and domineering nature, and treated the Royal child with revolting severity and cruelty. For the slightest transgression he inflicted upon his pupil such punishments that foam used to gather on the child's lips. Once the Prince sought compassion from the wife of his tormentor, but met only with a rebuke. Reventlow virtually crushed the spirit of the boy and did his very best to ruin the highly strung temperament of the nervous and excitable Prince and to hasten the growth of his disease. The melancholia of Christian, which in later years developed into idiocy, manifested itself in his early childhood, and he was often



PRINCESS LOUISA, WIFE OF FREDERICK V.
After a painting by A. Pond.



subject to epileptic fits. Another teacher of Christian was Nielsen. Count Bernstorff had endeavoured to secure the poet Gellert for the post of teacher to the future autocrat of Denmark; but unfortunately, the noble German refused the offer, and Nielsen, who was scarcely fitted for the task, obtained the post.

The future King of Denmark was, however, lucky enough to find a conscientious teacher and faithful friend in the person of Reverdil.

Reverdil was installed as one of the preceptors to the Danish Princes on the 1st of October, 1760. To his memoirs we are indebted for valuable information concerning the life and character of Christian VII. "The eldest of these, aged twelve," writes Reverdil, "was charming in person and had a merry wit; he excelled in all his favourite studies, and could speak the three languages required at Court—Danish, German, and French—with accuracy and even elegance, added to which he was an excellent dancer." In short, all those around the Prince, even those in most familiar intercourse with him, looked upon him as a child of amiable disposition, of whom everything was to be expected when age had somewhat calmed his youthful fire of spirit. At the same time it was very palpable that if he surpassed the generality of youths in his charming manners and talent, he was not the less singular in defects of character.

His new tutor was first presented to him during the walking hour, which was fitted in between dinner and Reverdil's lessons. The Prince's governor was holding forth against

physical strength, and to hear him one would have concluded that it was an ignoble, worthless, and even injurious quality to possess. Reverdil soon perceived, however, that the discourse was intentionally couched in strong terms, as the Prince was inclined to go to the opposite extreme and fancied himself gifted with far greater bodily strength than was the case. The Governor had not sufficient tact to see that the more violent he became the less he was listened to.

Reverdil began his duties on the eve of the religious solemnities which were held in commemoration of the revolution of 1660. M. de Reventlow, the Governor, ignoring the fact that Reverdil was a stranger and a republican, insisted for several days on his making this event the subject of his lessons. But he found it impossible to fix the attention of the Prince. The latter cared to hear neither of his rights nor his duties, and during the whole course of these lectures continually tried to slip away. He further amused himself with laying traps for his tutor, or surprising him into some admission which set him at loggerheads with his colleague Nielsen or some one else at court. At times he seemed lost in thought; he would fix his eyes on his own or his tutor's hands; he would touch his stomach with the point of his finger, and nothing had power to divert his attention from it. It was impossible to say what bodily discomfort tormented him, and when he awoke from these trances it was to put insolent and bewildering questions to his tutor. Not till long afterwards did the latter understand the meaning of this strange behaviour. The Prince had in him the

seeds of madness. He gazed at his hands and touched his stomach to see if he were making progress towards some vague ideal of perfection which he had in his mind. This the Prince himself told Reverdil eleven or twelve years later, when his lucid intervals were few and far between. He had, when only five, been taken to the Italian theatre, and the figures and dresses of the actors had made them appear to him like superior beings, whom he himself, after many trials and metamorphoses, might one day resemble; he was always anxious therefore to ascertain what progress he was making towards this ideal state. Connected with this fancy was the idea of a body invulnerable to all pain, for he associated power with this hardness of the physical man. In this state of mind he cared nothing for his position as a prince, and envied every peasant and beggar he met. Sometimes he fancied he was a changeling, and hoped at any rate that he might escape having to reign.

Whether his madness was due to a physical defect or to the extravagant way in which he was treated by the women when a child is difficult to say, but it is certain that the men into whose hands he afterwards fell accelerated the disease. Up to the time of his accession he had sufficient sense left to hide his madness, and no one guessed it. His curious fits of abstraction, his indifference to Reverdil's lessons, could well be put down to his youth and to the fatigue he had undergone with the dry and abstract subjects that were his morning tasks. Reverdil's colleague was an erudite man, but he had no idea of making science palatable to his pupil,

and even history in his hands became only a dull chronology of events. All the secrets of Wolfian philosophy had been expounded to the Prince when he was eleven years old. To make matters worse the instruction was accompanied by shouts, anger, and incredible brutalities.

Reverdil managed sometimes to secure his pupil's attention by putting away the books and giving his lessons in a conversational form. The Governor did not approve of this method of instruction, and when he became aware that the lesson was degenerating into conversation, that Reverdil was interesting his pupil and neither shouting at him nor beating him, he would call out from the farther room, in a thundering voice and in German, which Reverdil was not supposed to hear, "When I am not on the spot there is nothing done." Then he would go in himself and make the Prince say his lesson, while he pinched him, hit his hands, and belaboured him with blows. The poor child grew confused and continued to make mistakes, and was ill-treated at one moment for being too literal, at another for leaving something out, or being too accurate, for it happened at times that the mentor himself misread the text. His fury continued thus to rise, and then he would call out for some one to bring a rod. Nor did these painful scenes take place in private, for they were heard outside the Prince's apartments, and the handsome and amiable Prince was often seen in company with swollen eyes, watching his tyrant's face to know to whom he was to speak.

Sunday was no day of rest. The Prince was taken twice to church, and his Governor, in

order to fix his attention, repeated in the Prince's ear, in as loud a voice almost as the preacher, the passages of the sermon which he thought most striking, while he emphasized his words from time to time with pinches and thuds. He had to repeat the sermon when he got home, and if he happened not to remember so much as the Governor, he was punished accordingly. In after years the Prince confessed that Sunday was his worst day of torment.

Dancing lessons and other physical exercises were carried on with the same severity; even amusements brought their punishment, and those the Governor chose were not entertaining to the Prince. He would occasionally remark to Reverdil, in the jesting manner which he preserved for many years: "Yesterday's amusements were a terrible bore to my Royal Highness." No child of his rank ever enjoyed so few privileges.

Count Moltke arranged on one occasion to have an entertainment expressly for him. The Governor, fearing that the anticipation of it might distract his attention from lessons, did not let him know anything about it. The day came, and it was an unusually stormy one; the Prince was scolded and beaten, and cried up to the last moment before the ball began. He was suddenly carried off without being told for what reason. He was seized with fear, and one of his secret manias took possession of him—he was sure they were taking him to prison. The military salutes as he passed, the beating of drums, the guards who surrounded his carriage, everything that might have revived his courage

only alarmed him the more. His mind did not recover itself all night; he could not enjoy the dancing, and many years afterwards still spoke of the whole affair with horror.

The rigorous method of his training, the hard and continuous study, and the fear in which he stood continually of the man who was over him, may well have exaggerated the tendency to insanity, but can hardly have been the origin of it. No one at that time had any idea of his secret manias, unless he confided them to his personal attendants. M. de Moltke, the nephew of the Count previously mentioned, slept in the Prince's room, which he left regularly at six in the morning. The page of the chamber, whose name was Sperling, took his place, and remained for an hour or two.

If ever anyone was a born courtier it was Sperling. Inquisitive, anxious to please, generally finding out some way of making himself agreeable, of unbounded ambition, the disseminator of calumnies of which no one ever discovered the source, and ready to lie or betray without scruple; such was Sperling, whose face, being completely under control, was not to be trusted any more than his words. These morning *têtes-à-tête* with the Prince were just what he liked. While the Prince was a child the two spent their time together concocting pranks, especially designed with a view to deceiving the Governor in some way or other. The page instructed the Prince in the ways of cunning and deceit, in which he himself excelled. Reverdil, being struck one day with the artful diplomacy of the Prince, exclaimed that it was a pity his

fortune was made, as he would have got on so well as a courtier. The Prince took up the idea and added it to his other manias; he would gladly have given up his position and gone forth to seek his fortune. As he grew older, the page had lessons of another and worse kind to impart, and he led the Prince's mind astray, while he corrupted his morals. The evil ways into which Sperling led his young master hastened the progress of the latter's mental disease, as he himself was conscious later, though he still fell under the old temptations.

The Prince, whom no one suspected of any mental weakness, was very much admired. M. de Reventlow coached his pupil for examinations which were held in public and at which he intended the Prince to make a brilliant example of himself. The latter was for some weeks previously put through a doubly rigorous course of study, and on the day appointed, the Ministers of State, the Bishop of Copenhagen, one of the Almoners, and the Attorney-General were invited to hear the Prince pour forth answers to questions, and discharge his memory of all that had been stored within it under his master's blows, for the space of three hours and more. Everyone went away delighted. The Governor was loaded with compliments, the company dined at Court, and all thought the Prince a prodigy. The Prince himself was allowed three days' holiday. So five years went by. Reverdil writes of the sorrow it was to him to look on and see the Prince's faculties being destroyed, while nothing was being taught him of any service for his duties as a sovereign. He

knew nothing of his country's laws or of administration, was equally ignorant of the relations of his country with foreign powers, and had not the slightest idea in what the land and sea forces of his future kingdom consisted. His Governor, having been made Minister of the Exchequer, had less time to teach and ill-treat the Prince, but even then he gave him no instruction in the affairs of the financial department, and the Prince continued in ignorance of how and for what purposes taxes were levied, and he who was so soon to have the disposal of all the money of his country was quite unaware how any of it got into his treasury.

In 1757 or 1758 Frederick V was attacked with *pleurisy*, the natural consequence of his excesses. His Ministers consulted the best physicians, concealing, however, the patient's name; their answer was that unless he altered his mode of living he would have relapses, which would finally prove fatal. The Ministers had the courage to repeat this to the King. He was greatly affected, and seemed to consider himself to be an object of pity for having given way to his overmastering passion. But intemperance is not easily overcome when it has grown habitual, and the King indulged in other ways as well. Everyone about the Court saw clearly that he must soon succumb and leave the throne to his son. In December, 1765, death seemed imminent; the King's mind had become deranged. From being a kind and affectionate man, he had grown violent and hard to please. He talked of nothing but of enlarging his army and putting it on the Prussian

footing, but he had never known what the Prussian footing was.

The Prince Royal, writes Prince Charles of Hesse, in his *Mémoires de mon Temps*, was daily with Queen Sophie-Madeleine, the King's mother, who since the arrival of the Hesse family at Copenhagen was their chief protectress. She loved them as though they were her own grandchildren, and showered kindnesses on them. They passed the greater part of the summer at Hirschholm, and this affection on her part lasted till death. The Prince Royal had a charming face, a sparkling wit, was extremely gay, and appeared to possess an infinitely charming and sweet character. He did not wish to be King, fearing it would be a tie, but Providence had otherwise ordained. Good King Frederick died on the 14th of January, 1766, much too soon for the happiness of his subjects. Orders were issued to assemble at the castle in the ante-chamber of the King's apartment at nine o'clock. There in solemn silence the assembly waited for the fatal word. Crowds had gathered in the square of Christiansburg. Count Moltke came from the King's chamber as pale as death, unable to pronounce a syllable. The ministers and others followed him on to the balcony. Count Bernstorff cried three times to the multitude, "King Frederick is dead; long live King Christian." And the crowds joyfully acclaimed the new king.

The distress shown by the Prince when he knew the King's case was hopeless was taken as a sign of his sensibility, everyone being the more struck by it as they had not hitherto known

him show any tenderness of heart. He confided to Reverdil, however, that he was less concerned about his father's death than about his own succession. He was terrified at the thought of reigning. He had looked forward to an interval, after his education was finished, when he might give rein to his own tastes and compensate himself for the years in which he had been kept under restraint by his Governor. Many years later he confided to his tutor that he had been reserving some of the experiences, whereby he was to "advance," for that interval. They were to consist principally in indulging in everything that had been forbidden him during his years of tutelage. There was no extravagance, debauchery, or even violence that he had not promised to treat himself to when free. He had an expression of his own—"être leste"—which covered all this licence, but none of those who heard him use it had any idea of the extent of its meaning. He was forgiven a good many misdemeanours by those about him as only natural to his age, and if he did not show much feeling towards his father, it must be remembered how little the latter had done to win his son's love or esteem. Frederick had not known how to show how passionately fond he was of his son, and the boy had been kept for the last four or five years as much away from him as possible. His father had never interfered to lessen the misery of the boy's sufferings under the guardianship of his Governor. It can hardly be wondered at that the son had even less affection than most royal heirs for his father.

Great hopes are often centred by nations in their Crown Princes, but these hopes, alas! are rarely realized when the Crown Prince has once ascended the throne and begun to rule as King. The era of liberalism, of which the nation has been dreaming and for the realization of which it has been hoping, remains a dream. History offers us many examples of such dispelled hopes and disillusionments. The English Ambassador wrote of Prince Christian that he had "a pleasant, manly appearance," and the French Envoy reported that "the Prince was amiable and produced an agreeable and favourable impression. He had been well and successfully educated, and, besides Danish, spoke fluently German and French, and also a little Latin." All this was true. Christian had received a good education, but whether he had been sufficiently prepared for his future career, namely, that of ruler of a nation, is another question. Rulers are rarely made: they are born, and not always in the vicinity of a throne or within the walls of a palace.

Christian was seventeen when he ascended the throne and took the reins of government. He had had little occasion, during the lifetime of his father, to make himself acquainted with the state of his country, with public affairs, and with the duties and responsibilities of the ruler.

When on the night of the 13th of January, 1766, Frederick V died, and the next morning Count Bernstorff, appearing on the balcony of the palace of Christiansburg, announced the accession of Christian VII, there was

practically no change in the occupation of offices and functions, but the highest office of State went nevertheless into new hands. The Minister, Count Moltke, who had exercised great influence upon Frederick V during the last years of his reign, was not a favourite of Christian. He was convinced that the Minister had misused his influence with the King. There is a story that one day Frederick in a drunken mood had made a present to his Minister of the castle of Hirschholm and all the valuable furniture therein. When the Crown Prince was informed of this mad act of his father, he went into the library, drew a plan of the castle, and, handing the paper to the Count, said: "I request your Excellency to be content with the castle on paper, and be sure that the actual castle of Hirschholm will never become your property; it can only be if you also make yourself possessor of the crown of Denmark."

Shortly after his accession, we are informed by Prince Charles of Hesse, Christian became obsessed with the idea of becoming a great soldier, and imagined that he would surpass Frederick the Great. He frequently regretted his royal birth, believing that he could have raised himself to these heights by his talents and merits, even though he had been born of the people. He had an unbounded passion to know women, but he had not as yet fixed his affections on anyone.

Christian had been educated in the strictest religious principles, which he could not throw off, and therefore wished to annihilate. Religion

frequently formed the subject of his conversation, and the Prince of Hesse would endeavour to modify the severity of the King's religion and lead him to the love of God. One afternoon, when the Prince found him in distress at having to receive the Holy Communion on the morrow, he explained to him the beauty of the sacrament, and the reasons for believing that Christ had truly lived and instituted the Lord's Supper. They prayed together, the King being greatly moved; after which he went to the Queen's room, saying to her, "Grandmother, you will not guess what we have been doing"; and, as she did not understand, he said, "We have been praying," and burst into laughter.

The young King, soon after his entry into Christiansburg, had a kind of *affaire d'honneur* with his gentleman-in-waiting, a good honest young man. It happened in this way: as he was retiring to rest the King asserted that a king who was also a great general was much greater than any other king. The young fellow in question, desiring, no doubt, to combat the King's military ambition, took an opposite point of view. A hot argument ensued, the King at last striking the other a blow. The Grand Chamberlain, Count Reventlow, to whom the young fellow complained, considered that the affair ought not to be passed over in silence, and instructed him to write a letter to the King on the subject of the dignity of a gentleman-in-waiting. The letter was dated from Kjoerge, where the young man was supposed to have retired. The King knew that his page was not the real author of the letter, and, when Count

Reventlow approached him on the subject, showed great resentment. Finally, upon the King declaring that he acted in a moment of heat, the page came from his hiding-place and the matter ended.

These scenes were of daily occurrence, and consequently the King grew more and more arrogant. Upon one occasion he had so serious a dispute with the Grand Chamberlain that the latter fell back in an almost fainting condition, whereupon his Majesty, greatly frightened, brought some water to revive him. After this the Chamberlain wished to resign, but upon the request of Queen Sophie-Madeleine the Prince of Hesse intervened, representing to the King the scandal that would ensue, upon which his Majesty sent for Count Reventlow, and in friendly tones begged that the matter should end.

These frequent interventions of the Prince of Hesse rendered his intercourse with the King less agreeable than formerly. Meanwhile things were going more smoothly, his Majesty realizing that the Prince at least had his interest at heart. Soon, however, religious disputes began: the Prince's love of women and his religious principles were in constant opposition. In spite of his firm convictions his Majesty could see no way out of the difficulty but to drop religion. His gaiety changed to melancholy, his merriment to bitterness. Seeing his almost insurmountable desire to yield to his passions Prince Charles endeavoured to persuade him to hasten his marriage with the Princess to whom he was engaged.

Frederick V, when feeling his end approach, had been anxious to marry his son and heir, and, in 1765, negotiations had already begun with the court of St. James. The beautiful, graceful, and intelligent thirteen-year-old Princess Carolina-Matilda, daughter of the Prince of Wales and sister of George III, had been chosen as the consort of the future King of Denmark. She was thus a first cousin of Christian. Little did the charming child dream what a sad fate was in store for her at the Danish court.

But although Christian as Crown Prince had seemed quite pleased and even anxious to marry his cousin, and when her portrait was received in Copenhagen is said to have placed it on his writing-desk, he now, as King, showed no great eagerness for the marriage. But his friends and ministers, seeing what a libertine he was becoming, thought it would be well to hasten the ceremony. It was therefore finally celebrated in November, 1766.

The following incidents in connection with the marriage are related by Prince Charles of Hesse in his *Memoirs*. It was necessary to appoint a head lady-in-waiting, and Madame de Plessen was fixed upon, Queen Sophie-Madeleine and the Counts Bernstorff and Reventlow being persuaded that no choice could be better. Prince Charles of Hesse was despatched to sound his Majesty on this point, and although the King was not altogether pleased, he knew her fairly well, and suddenly burst into laughter and accepted the proposal. Madame de Plessen therefore set out to meet the Queen at Altona. All

preparations had been made for her arrival at Copenhagen and for the wedding when, to the great surprise of Count Bernstorff, a courier arrived from Madame de Plessen saying that she considered the Queen would be too fatigued, and had therefore prolonged the voyage a day. The surprise of the ministers, on seeing the calm manner in which Madame de Plessen changed the King's precise orders, was amusing. It was promptly decided that, all relays and other necessary preparations being arranged, it was impossible to make any alterations in the King's orders. The Queen ultimately arrived safely at Rothschild, where she was met by the King and his brother, Prince Frederick. The Queen had a very pleasant face, white skin, and was well developed for sixteen; with a different husband she would have been an ornament to any throne. She had been provided with apartments at Frederiksborg until her entry into the town. Three balls were given; the King was in great good spirits. On one occasion, while dancing with the Queen, he stopped Prince Charles of Hesse, who was dancing with his wife, and said: "Fuehren Sie den Kehraus (a dance) durch alle Zimmer." Upon reaching the antechamber of the Queen's apartments the King told the Prince to pass through, but Madame de Plessen like a dragon guarded the way. In the excitement of the dance the King exclaimed: "Don't listen to the nonsense of an old woman." The Prince continued the dance, passed through the Queen's apartments and out by the other door. Madame de Plessen was infuriated, at which the King was highly displeased. The entry into the town

was a magnificent spectacle. The family dinner included the King, the three Queens, Prince and Princess Hesse, and others. When the young Queen arrived in Copenhagen she produced—according to the despatches of the English ambassador—a very favourable impression upon the people she had come to rule. All those who came into contact with her were delighted with her grace and manner, and there was every reason to believe that this union was to be a very happy one. Time, however, soon proved that it was not to be thus.

And not many weeks after his marriage the King already began to neglect his young wife. It was not fashionable to be in love with one's own wife in the eighteenth century, when courts and society were under the influence of the fashion set by the court of Versailles, and when the mistresses of kings were the order of the day. Christian VII made no exception to the rule. He was a chip of the old block. His father, Frederick V, had set him an example; and also, or rather because the education of the King had been a very severe one, he made up for lost time as soon as he had become his own master and knew no restraint. He was seventeen—a king—surrounded by flatterers on one side and by enemies, whose interest it was to make him unfit to rule, on the other. Without in the least endeavouring to find an excuse for the conduct of the young King, we must admit that it was natural for Christian to have taken his revenge and led a gay life as soon as he felt himself his own master. Temptations were not lacking, and his boon companions did

their best to corrupt the morals of the seventeen-year-old boy. There is no doubt that, in the interval between the engagement and the marriage of the King, the life he led had been a very disreputable one. The marriage had taken place on the 8th of November, 1766; and already, on the 25th of the same month, the French ambassador wrote to Paris that "the Princess had produced no impression upon the King, in spite of her beauty and amiable character." How could this lovely woman please a Prince who seriously imagined that it was not *du bon air* to love his own wife? This was the result of the prevailing theories of the eighteenth century and the reign of mistresses at the courts of Europe.

With grief did his faithful teacher, Reverdil, who seems to have been genuinely attached to Christian, witness the irregular life of his royal pupil. The Queen's affability and courtesy, writes Reverdil, joined to an attractive simplicity of manner won all hearts. None of her own countrywomen remained with her, and she thus found herself in her youth and inexperience amidst strange faces and surroundings, ignorant of what awaited her. The Grand Mistress, Madame de Plessen, was a good and upright woman, but stern, haughty, and fault-finding. Her rooms were the rendezvous of discontented ministers and courtiers, who met there twice a week, after having dined with the King, to air their complaints and sigh over the corrupt manners of the youth of the day.

Unfortunately, however, the King, who quickly became the victim of ennui, indulged

in expensive recreations, theatrical performances, masked balls, and stag-hunting, Sperling encouraging him in the indulgence of his extravagant tastes. Engaged in the most puerile pursuits, he was first off to one castle and then to another, in spite of the expostulations of his ministers; but his subjects would have condoned his faults, although they were the victims of his expenditure, if he had been able in any way to win their respect. The general feeling was made evident this same winter, when the royal brewery, containing an immense store of wood, was burnt down. Munter, a German divine, seized the occasion to preach against the King and the amusements at court. The disaster that had happened was a warning, and if no heed were taken of it the misfortunes of the nation would soon reach a climax. He was reprimanded, but the devout and austere members of his congregation applauded his words. Madame de Plessen and her immediate friends belonged to the latter class. She was shocked at the indifference with which the King treated his young wife, whom he hardly saw at all. The King felt no inclination to be either a husband or a father, and his wife's conduct was a matter of unconcern to him. He preferred to remain in every respect a fashionable husband of the day.

Prince Charles of Hesse, too, witnessed with great displeasure the King's excesses. "The King," writes the Prince, "was unfortunately plunged in debauchery. He made the acquaintance of the most notorious woman in Copenhagen, nicknamed *Milady*. They ran

about the streets together at night, breaking windows and smashing lamps; in fact, he led a disgraceful life. There was a good deal of unpleasantness between the King and Queen at this time; it was alleged that Madame de Plessen was the chief cause, and that she prevented the Queen from showing any favour to the King. Christian went to Fredensburg without the Queen, and M. de Saldern, his favourite, accompanied him. From there the King wrote to the Queen, that as Madame de Plessen was displeasing to him, she must instantly dismiss her. The Queen, greatly angered, replied that she did not like Madame de Berkentin, governess to the Prince Royal, and insisted on her dismissal if Madame de Plessen was to leave. The King was quite willing, and the services of both ladies were dispensed with. Meanwhile M. de Saldern, Count Bernstorff, and the other ministers were making plans to save the King from the life he was leading, and it was decided to propose to him a voyage to Germany, Holland, France, and England. At first the King fell in with their plans and returned suddenly to Hanau. As he arrived the Prince of Hesse and his mother and the two Princesses were returning from a drive. The King left his carriage and tenderly embraced the whole family, and taking the Prince's place, they all returned to Philipsruhe, where he remained eight days in the best of humours, balls, fêtes, and all kinds of rejoicings being held in his honour.

The influence of the Queen upon her young husband was, as will be gathered, almost nil.

The promising Prince had gradually turned out to be a *blasé* and an imbecile king. The hereditary taint of insanity lurking in the blood made itself gradually felt. It was stimulated and quickened by the sense of power and the life of debauchery. A sad metamorphosis was taking place and manifested itself, in the first instance, in an irreligious tendency and in a flippant and frivolous attitude towards religious affairs, which was followed by a disgust for all state affairs and everything of a serious nature. Denmark was governed in the name of the King by a few ministers. Some of them were honest and had their country's welfare at heart, but the majority were actuated by selfish and ambitious plans. The young Queen, who, as an English princess, had had a better education than the majority of royal ladies of that period, saw herself obliged to take up the reins of government which her royal spouse had let slip from his feeble hands.

Reverdil had done his best to instil moral ideas into his pupil, but by degrees he saw all the better impulses of the King losing their power over his apathy. He no longer cared for the welfare of his people and was indifferent to the feelings of those about him; even the wish to be liked and admired and the longing for glory had ceased to move him. Indeed, he often did things simply because his tutor told him they would give pain and make people leave off caring for him. He had made up his mind to be rough, obstinate, and absolute in his power; and this idea led him into endless deeds of folly. Reverdil could no longer control him, but he had

the acuteness to see that what he had at first taken as the results of a reaction from the cruel restraints that had been put upon him was in reality due to his derangement of mind. The King still carefully concealed from him the secret workings of his diseased brain, and Reverdil had no choice left but to look upon him as entirely out of his senses, or as extremely vicious.

Milady led him into excesses which aggravated the abnormal condition of his mind. He was seen returning from her house one morning, disguised, as he thought, in a grey suit without decorations, but the people recognized him and followed him to the palace gates with hootings and insults. He went about the streets with her at night, attended by one or two servants, and disguised courtiers, insulting the passers-by and being often beaten himself. Certain ladies having spoken ill of their rival, the King, with *Milady* dressed as an officer, and others, went down to their disreputable quarters one night and demolished their apartments, throwing the furniture out of the window, and chasing the inmates into the street with the flat of the sword. *Milady's* career, however, soon came to an end; for having persuaded her royal lover to buy her a mansion and to give her the title of baroness, the ministers sent to Schimmelmänn and Saldern imploring them to come to their assistance. The latter thereupon accompanied them to the King and forced him to sign an order to carry her away. She was sent to Hamburg and there put into confinement; later on, Struensee allowed her to be liberated.

Within his own apartments, the King's orgies took another form. One of his pleasures was to let himself be beaten by Holck, and it is reported that the latter carried the correction to severe extremes, in order thereby to obtain favours for himself or his friends. At other times his Majesty, stretched on the floor, would pretend he was a criminal being broken on the wheel; one of his friends was the executioner, who acted his part with a roll of paper. A shocking execution that had taken place, of which Moerl, the murderer, was the victim, seems to have suggested this hideous game to the King. Reverdil, who understood the harmful influence on the King of having to sign such a barbarous death-warrant, begged M. de Saint-Germain not to present it to his Majesty without an additional clause recommending a more merciful death. He consented, but carried out his promise very imperfectly. The King signed without hesitation; the horror of the sentence, however, took such hold of his imagination that he desired to be present at the execution and see how far suffering could be borne with courage. Reverdil did his best to dissuade him, but he went notwithstanding, accompanied by Sperling, in an old carriage, which prevented them from being recognized. The effect produced on the King was what Reverdil had anticipated. He became a prey to a fresh mania, declaring at times that he was Moerl, and that only a lay figure had been executed; his mind was filled with all sorts of terrible ideas, augmented by his repetition of the game of execution, and everything con-

tributed to encourage the cruelty and melancholy of his disposition.

The idea of travelling was associated with his other manias. He had always had a secret longing to lose his personality, believing that if he could go about in another shape he would be delivered from the haunting thoughts that pursued him. And all the while he was trying by various adventures, or tests, to attain to the invulnerability that was to be the prelude to the grand transformation to which he had looked forward since his childhood.

Sperling was after some years replaced by the Count of Holck, who was gay, lively, of good family, and famous both for dancing and lying. He detected the King's peculiarities and was the first to make use of them in order to increase his power over his young master, and was the better able to achieve his purpose on account of the blindness of everybody else about the court to the King's malady. Whether intentionally or not, he seems to have aggravated the bad relations between the King and Queen. He is accused of trying to exclude her from the King's amusements—in doing so he may only, however, have been carrying out the royal wishes. The dissensions between the royal pair became generally known; matters went from bad to worse and reached their climax on the occasion of the journey to Holstein which took place during the summer of 1767.

CHAPTER X

CHRISTIAN'S TRAVELS

HOPES, however, were still entertained of saving the physically and mentally feeble King by a journey through Europe ; a visit to the various courts of Europe, it was hoped, would rouse the ruler of Denmark from his lethargy and awaken in him the taste for serious occupation and the sense of the responsibility which his exalted position demanded. King Christian was to travel—and travel he did.

He undertook an expensive tour through Holland, Great Britain, France, and Germany. Crowned heads, unlike private people, do not easily go on a trip. The expenses, or the laws of the country, or the safety of the sovereign, make royal journeys very complicated. Christian had only made a tour to Holstein in the second year of his reign, and his desire to travel was very great. Officially the motive for his tour was that of seeing the world, of gathering knowledge, and learning the art of government. Secretly the court and the Queen hoped that his travels would better the corrupted morals of the imbecile worn-out boy-king and lessen his aversion for his wife. The latter had hoped that she would be allowed to accompany her royal spouse on his tour ; but the request was

refused, and so on the 6th of May, 1768, Christian VII left his capital, accompanied by a suite consisting of not less than fifty-six persons, among whom the most important were the Cabinet Minister Count Bernstorff, Court Marshal Count Moltke, and Court Marshal Count Holck. The King travelled via Kiel to Ahrensburg. In Hamburg he appointed John Frederick Struensee—who was destined to play an important rôle in Danish politics—his travelling physician. After having passed through his own dominions he left Danish soil on the 6th of June and proceeded incognito under the title of Count of Travendahl.

He paid a visit to his brother-in-law, Prince Charles of Hesse, who was residing at Nassau with his Consort, Princess Louise, the favourite sister of Christian. From Nassau the Danish King travelled over Frankfort to Mayence, went down the Rhine to Cologne, and thence to Amsterdam. From Amsterdam, where he remained eight days, he went to the Hague, to Brussels, and thence to Calais. At the latter place the royal yacht *Mary*, sent by George III, the brother-in-law of Christian, came to fetch the King of Denmark. He reached Dover on the 10th of August.

As soon as he had set foot on British territory Christian again assumed his royal title, and appeared as King of Denmark. He was welcomed in the name of his British Majesty by Lord Hertford and Lord Falmouth and taken in royal coaches to London. When Christian was told by Lord Hertford that the clergy of Canterbury and Rochester intended to

receive him in great pomp he plainly expressed his feeling of annoyance. He had a dislike and a contempt for the clergy. "The last King of Denmark," he said to Bernstorff, "who entered Canterbury laid the city in ashes. I wish the citizens had remembered this, and they would perhaps have allowed me to proceed unnoticed." The following day the Danish King was visited by King George III and Queen Charlotte Sophie, who had come from Richmond to welcome their brother-in-law. Christian now also made the personal acquaintance of his mother-in-law the Dowager Princess Augusta of Wales, who was so anxious in her enquiries after her daughter that she fairly wearied her royal son-in-law, who afterwards confided to his favourite Holck that *cette chère maman m'embête terriblement*.

When the Dowager Princess at last begged him to restore Madame de Plessen to the post of Grande Maîtresse, Christian replied that he would not refuse her request, but would be obliged to leave his own court, as he was determined never to dwell with Madame de Plessen under the same roof.

The next day the King of Denmark returned the visit of his royal relatives, and soon afterwards the Duke of Gloucester and the diplomatic corps paid their respects to his Danish Majesty. He was lodged in St. James's Palace, which, as compared to the elegant and luxurious palace of Christiansburg, appeared very mean. It was natural that Count Holck, that dissipated young nobleman who was the King's constant attendant, when he first per-

ceived the exterior of the palace, exclaimed, "By God! this will never do; this is not fit to lodge a Christian in!"

During his stay in London, Christian, instead of studying the habits, customs, and institutions of the country, as the Danish court had hoped he would, led the life he was wont to lead at his own capital. He visited low and vulgar haunts, amused himself with courtesans and dissolute women; no matter whether the female who took his fancy was a duchess or a barmaid, a lady of quality or a common lass, if she attracted the royal attention the King made love to her. From the scenes of royal grandeur, from the great receptions full of splendour, given in his honour at St. James's Palace or Sion House, he often would hasten to the cellars of St. Giles, where in disguise, and accompanied by his own boon companion, Count Holck, he danced with pretty girls of the labouring class.

The author of the secret history of the courts of Sweden and Denmark relates the following anecdotes:—

One evening the King was dancing with a very fine girl in St. Giles. The lady had been occupied during the day in selling cherries, but she nevertheless attracted his Danish Majesty, who was not slow in demonstrating his admiration for her substantial charms. Suddenly her lover, a big, burly Irishman, giving the King a slight blow, told him to keep his hands off the bosom of the girl whom an Irishman honoured with his love. The blow was promptly returned by the King, who declared himself ready to

give satisfaction to the offended lover—in other words, to fight him. Count Holck, quickly stepping between the two combatants, told the Irishman to leave his brother alone—Count Holck was passing as the King's brother—and fight it out with him. But the irate Irishman admired the pluck of the puny foreigner. "Your brother," he replied to Count Holck, "is a hero, and I like him. I am sorry for the blow, and here is my hand." King and commoner shook hands heartily: the quarrel was drowned in a couple of glasses of gin, and the magnanimous lover allowed the King to seal peace with a kiss on the lips of the lady. The royal gallant accompanied this act with the donation of his purse, which he slipped into the *décolleté* bosom of the cherry-vendor.

But if Christian had an eye and a taste for English beauty, his appreciation was not without rewards. The English ladies greatly admired the young Danish monarch—a fact which greatly amused the royal profligate. They assembled to see him dine at St. James's, and whilst some, especially the men, maintained that he resembled a girl dressed in man's attire, the women doted on him.

One day, when the Danish King was stepping out of his coach at the entrance to St. James's Palace, a fine, well-built girl burst through the rows of the attendants and, catching the King in her arms, kissed him heartily, saying, "Now, your Majesty, you may kill me, but I shall die with the satisfaction of having kissed the prettiest fellow in the world." Well, kings are only human after all, and the most austere

monarch would be showing very bad grace indeed if he resented such an act of admiration. One can scarcely imagine any king, occupying at this moment one of the thrones of Europe, who would have felt equal to ordering the execution, or even the chastisement, of the impudent hussy. Christian laughed and, disengaging himself gently, hurried upstairs, evidently pleased at the compliment paid to his charms. The number of attendants was, however, increased, so as to prevent other impetuous English maidens from attempting to satisfy their craving for the lips of a king. Of his transgressions the Queen, who had remained in Copenhagen, was kept informed; Queen Juliana-Maria, who was sulking in her seclusion, took care of that. "The King's evening amusements," the Queen wrote to her aunt, the Princess Amelia, "are disgraceful, since delicacy and sentiment cannot be supposed to dignify such transient gratifications. Had I not already experienced his fickleness and levity at home, I could not have heard without emotion and disquietude of his divers infidelities abroad. But as it is the monarch and not the man whom I received injunctions to marry, the consciousness of having strictly adhered to my duty to His Majesty and the respect I owe to myself form a secret satisfaction which neither malice nor envy can deprive me of."

Although Christian officially appeared in his real identity as king of Denmark, he still indulged in the mania of walking about London incognito, and many were the adventures into which this habit led him. The following is told

by the author of the *Northern Courts*. Under the name of Frederickson, Christian had opened a credit with a rich but penurious merchant in the city. Dressed as a private gentleman, and accompanied by Count Holck, the King called at the counting-house of the merchant and withdrew the sum of £4000. The greedy merchant, anxious to know more about his customers, sent one of his employés to follow and watch them. The lad saw them enter St. James's Palace by a private door, and on making enquiries of a sentry he learned that these gentlemen must belong to the suite of the King of Denmark, as none but the King's attendants and companions were allowed to pass through that door. The lad duly informed his master of what he had learned. The merchant was delighted at this intimation, as he now hoped to be able to make a handsome profit from this nobleman, who was evidently taking these sums for his profligate and spendthrift King Christian. The merchant's wife, who, on the other hand, was very anxious to obtain an interview with the King of Denmark through Mr. Frederickson, suggested to her husband the propriety of inviting the latter and his friend to tea. This the merchant did the next day, and whilst the wife was entertaining Count Holck, the husband took Mr. Frederickson outside and asked him if the money was not for King Christian. The King at first thought his identity had been discovered, but finding that such was not the case he answered in the affirmative, greatly amused at the turn the conversation had taken.

“I am told,” the merchant continued, “that

Christian is a most extravagant and thoughtless young dog, caring no more for money than if it could be raked out of the kennel. You naturally make him pay well?"

The King laughed, answering that the merchant had drawn a very correct picture of his Majesty.

"And what is the nature of your employment?" asked the merchant.

"My chief employment," replied Christian, "consists in dressing the King and in looking out for amusements."

"Then you are sure to have great influence with the King?"

"No man has more influence with the King of Denmark than I have," was the reply.

"And you make a handsome profit out of these transactions?" again queried the merchant.

"I have never made a profit on any pecuniary transaction in my life," replied the monarch, with candour.

The merchant looked disappointed, but still did not give up all hope.

"And how does the King dispose of these sums?" he asked after a short pause.

"He gives them away," replied Mr. Frederickson, "either in coin, banknotes, or presents."

"Good!" said the man of business; "then if you will allow me to instruct you, I can help you to make fifty per cent. on the capital. Let me buy the presents and jewels!"

Just at this moment the King's page arrived and asked for the merchant.

"Is the King of Denmark here?" asked the messenger.

"The King of Denmark," exclaimed the merchant. "No! there is only a Mr. Frederickson here."

"That is the King," replied the messenger, laughing, "the son of Frederick V, and the other gentleman is Count Holck."

The merchant's confusion was great and so was that of his ambitious wife. The husband disappeared, but Count Holck introduced the lady to his Majesty and the latter good-naturedly took a ring from his finger, and presenting it to the abashed lady desired her to tell her husband that the King would never feel offended at what had been said to Mr. Frederickson in confidence. He then left the house greatly amused at the adventure.

That Christian was spending money recklessly is evidenced by many contemporary authors, but he manifested his mania by simply flinging the money away instead of bestowing it on deserving people, giving without discrimination and acting purely on the impulse of the moment.

To do him justice, however, it must be admitted that whenever he came across real misery he alleviated it to the best of his ability at the moment, and if he was short of ready cash, he gave his rings, his watch, and his jewels. One day he saw a poor tradesman led to a debtor's prison and followed by his weeping wife and children. He ordered Count Moltke to follow the coach in which the prisoner was being conveyed to the Marshalsea. The debts of the poor tradesman were paid, and five hundred dollars were handed to him, so as to enable him to start business afresh. Christian also dis-

tributed considerable sums among the poor debtors confined in the prisons of the English metropolis) cf. Wraxall, Sir C. F. L., *Life and Times of Caroline-Matilda*, p. 153. London, 1864. *Memoirs, etc., of Sir R. Murray Keith*, Vol. I).

The King's escapades and excesses, his voluptuous pursuits and mad pranks greatly displeased his brother-in-law, George III. The latter had officially received the sovereign of Denmark, but he disliked the man. George was a man of domestic virtues, and the life of debauchery led by the dissipated husband of his sister disgusted him. The latter had written to England complaining of her unhappy marriage. The Dowager Princess, who was anxious for the happiness of her daughter, also grew to dislike her son-in-law the more she saw of him.

Horace Walpole informs us that at the King of Denmark's arrival in England George purposely went to Richmond. In spite, however, of the dislike manifested at court, the nation, with characteristic English admiration for royalty, loved the northern King. Even his very vices were benevolently looked upon by the puritan subjects of George III. *Il faut que jeunesse se passe*. And especially if this *jeunesse* is a royal *jeunesse*! The "Northern Scamp" was a great favourite in Society and with the nation, and court and common beauties vied with each other in manifesting their admiration for the Don Juan of Denmark. In his honour a head-dress was invented, known as the "Denmark Fly."



CHRISTIAN VII., OF DENMARK.

After a painting by Dance.

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On the 13th of October Christian sailed on the warship *Victoria* to Chatham and Rochester in order to keep the English fleet in sight. As chance would have it, the young naval officer who commanded the ship was Gambier, who, in 1807, as admiral of the blue flag, was to command the English fleet which landed thirty thousand men in Iceland, lead away the Danish fleet, plunder all the naval arsenals, and lay a seventh part of Copenhagen in dust and ashes.

On the 14th of October the sailing-ship *Mary* finally brought the King and his suite to Calais, after all possible honour and attention had been shown him in London. Artists and portrait-painters sought to perpetuate his memory; his portrait, painted in oils, was engraved on copper, his bust modelled in marble. The "Northern Reprobate," as the fair Countess Talbot had christened the youthful King Christian of Denmark, was especially the rage among the ladies of the aristocracy.

On the 14th of October he landed in Calais, and although he resumed his incognito and now travelled as Count of Gottorf, he was everywhere received as a king. By St. Omer, Lille, Douai, Valenciennes, and Cambrai he came to Paris on the 21st and entered York Palace, which he had hired during his stay in the French capital, and where he was received by the Duc de Choiseul in the name of the absent King, Louis XV, and invited to Fontainebleau.

Now in the country whose language he best loved and could speak best, Christian VII, on the day after his arrival in Paris, accompanied by the Duc de Duras, visited the Théâtre Fran-

çais and the Grand Opera, and journeyed on the 23rd, with his whole suite, to Fontainebleau to pay his first visit to King Louis.

On his arrival here he was received at the foot of the marble staircase by the Duc d'Orléans, and at the top by the Dauphin, and led to the door of the chamber, where the King met him, and the two rulers embraced one another. The King of France expressed his sorrow to his important guest that his deep grief over the death of his wife, Maria Louisa, had prevented him from celebrating in a fitting way the visit of his brother, which so much rejoiced him, but he had taken care that the visit of his Danish Majesty to Paris should be made as agreeable as possible. He knew that his beloved visitor enjoyed the theatre, and therefore he had ordered the Comédie Française and the Opera to play during the stay of the King of Denmark only such pieces as his honoured guest wished to see.

Louis XV talked throughout with the politeness of a French courtier. "In 1717," he said, "my predecessor on the throne of France had the good fortune to see Peter the Great here, and I have the great pleasure to embrace Christian the Amiable."

"How young you still are! I might be your grandfather."

"I should esteem myself most happy if I were your grandson," replied Christian.

When the French King presented the ladies of the court to the King he noticed that Christian paid special attention to Madame de Flavescourt. He took him aside and asked him—

"How old do you think that lady is?"

"Thirty at the outside," replied Christian.

"She is over forty," said Louis.

"A proof, your Majesty, that no one grows old in your court," was Christian's flattering reply.

During the four days' visit to Fontainebleau, Struensee asked to be shown the *Galérie des Cerfs*, where the degenerate daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, after her abdication in favour of Charles X on November 10th, 1657, had ordered the execution of her lover Monaldeschi, whom she believed to be unfaithful. The physician, who was at this time in high favour with the King, was impelled to make this inspection by a dream, in which a lady of high rank appeared to him, whose name he hardly dared to state. Long after he had returned from his journey he narrated this dream to his brother, and told him how it had led him, on the following day, full of terrified expectation, into the *Galérie des Cerfs*. "Everything is possible," was the comforting reply that he received.

On the 3rd of November the court kept the feast of St. Hubert, in which King Christian and his suite took part, when the guests filled fifteen hundred vehicles, and there were over three thousand sportsmen and lackeys. Madame de Flavescourt, of course, was amongst the court ladies.

The court of Monaco gave a ball to the King on the 13th of November, at which the distinguished guest made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Nevers, the former actress Marie Anne Quinault, in the dance.

Whenever the King could spare time from other festivities, he visited the *Théâtre Fran-*

cais, and at every representation left a present of 1000 dollars for the players, so that this pleasure alone cost him 20,000 dollars. At the Grand Opera, it was especially the famous *prima donna* of that time, Mlle. Sophie Arnould, whom he requested to see three times as Thélair in Rameau's *Castor and Pollux*. In return for the pleasure that her singing and playing had given him, he presented her, through Count Holck, with an ivory fan, for which he had paid the painter, Boucher, 2000 francs.

When the King visited the famous china factory at Sèvres, he was presented with a whole table service by Louis XV, and every piece was marked with the Danish royal arms.

On the 20th of November Christian VII attended a meeting of the French Academy, when he was presented with verses in his honour by the academician Boisenon, and the decision was formed to have a life-sized portrait of the King placed in the Hall of Assembly.

On the 21st the King visited the Academy of Painting, where the Marquis de Marigny, brother of Madame de Pompadour, made him a speech; and on the same day went to the Sorbonne, where he was received with the same ceremony as had been Peter the Great fifty years earlier.

A few days later there appeared in the *Mercur* a rhymed panegyric on the King by a member of the French Academy, M. de Bernis, once a drawing-master, and afterwards Archbishop and favourite of the Pompadour. His verses recalled the visits of other rulers to the banks of the Seine: the unlucky James Stuart

was deplored, the worthy Casimir forgotten, Peter I admired, "*mais vous, Chrétien, vous êtes adoré !*"

After so many attentions shown him by Parisian scholars, King Christian wished to make the personal acquaintance of the most famous academicians, and therefore invited twenty of them to a dinner. Among these were D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Marmontel, La Condamine, Boisenon, and others. The King sat between Diderot and Helvetius, and praised the *Bijoux Indiscrets* of the one and the *Œuvres Philosophiques* of the other, and enchanted all his learned guests by his graciousness. Struensee also was present and, by his able conversation on French literature and the Empress of Russia, roused the admiration of his neighbours at table, the Ambassador of Saxe-Coburg and chronicler of the Empress Catherine II, the Baron von Grim, and of the private secretary of the Duke of Orléans and the playwright Sawin.

On the 24th the King visited Parliament, where he was greeted by a Latin address from the famous Avocat-Général Ségnier, of which the young Christian understood very little.

Then he paid a visit to the Prince of Condé at Chantilly, where a three days' feast was given in his honour, to which about eight thousand people were invited. Louis XV paid the cost of this entertainment. A detailed description of all that took place was sent over to the Empress of Russia.

Accompanied by the Comte de Noailles and the Prince de Pois, Christian on the 6th of

December visited the King's castles of Marly, Trianon, and Versailles, and at the last was splendidly regaled by Louis XV.

Before his departure from Paris, Christian VII offered, after his return to his kingdom, to establish a new cavalry regiment for the service of France and bestow the command of it on the Duc de Duras and his successors for ever. Was this offer refused? Nothing more is heard of it, and no such cavalry regiment was ever formed in the Danish army.

All the poets who sang "the adored Christian," all the painters who drew his portrait, the sculptors who modelled him, the dramatists and singers who had amused him, were royally rewarded. Even *les Dames des Halles*, who, by an old custom, had the right of presenting a bouquet to crowned rulers, had done so to Christian, and their leader, who had asked for permission to bestow a kiss on the King, was graciously received by him. When the beautiful speaker preferred her request, Christian laughingly offered first one cheek and then the other, saying, "*Eh! bien, Madame, choisissez!*" The cunning Parisienne, however, made so bold as to kiss both the cheeks presented to her, and received in reward twenty louis d'or. He gave to the poor a gift of six thousand francs.

On the last day of his stay in the capital he presented the Duc de Duras with his miniature, painted by the Danish court painter, J^{eus} Juel, in a frame set with diamonds, and also with a gold sword of honour, studded with pearls and precious stones, worth twenty thousand francs. The Duc's wife received a diamond

necklace, and Madame de Flavescourt, whose beauty had made such an impression on the young King at the first presentation, costly pearls.

In all shop windows the King's portrait was placed with verses written beneath in his praise.

After a stay of seven weeks, the King left Paris on the 9th of December to return home.

In Mayence he was entertained by the Maréchal d'Armatières with numerous festivities for three days, and went on from there to Strasburg, which he entered on the 16th, and accepted an invitation from the Count Palatine, Karl Theodor, to visit Mannheim. On the 18th he arrived there, and was received with all conceivable ostentation. On the following day, after he had been to the Count's library, the Academy of Sciences, the Treasury, the Picture Gallery and the collection of coins, and had received from the Count Palatine a series of coins of all the Counts Palatine, struck in Rhine gold, he continued his journey on the 20th to Hanau, to see his two sisters and their husbands. After a four days' stay he travelled by Kassel and Brunswick, and entered Hamburg on New Year's Day, 1769, where he was received with cannonades. On the 2nd of January he went to Altona, and thence to Ahrensburg to spend two days on the estate of the Freiherr von Schimmelmänn.

After this respite the journey was so hastened that by the 14th of January the King, accompanied by Queen Carolina-Matilda, who went to Roskilde to meet him, after seven months' absence, again made a joyous entry into his own palace.

CHAPTER XI

HIS MAD MAJESTY

CHRISTIAN returned to Denmark in 1769, and it seemed as if the travels had had some effect upon him and really improved his mind and conduct. He and the Queen drove into Copenhagen in an open carriage, and were received with acclamations by the people that thronged the streets. In the evening the town was illuminated. Everybody was sanguine about the King, feeling sure that a happy change in him would soon take place; and the hope continued, though the happy change that his subjects expected never became a fact. At first Christian really manifested more dignity, and seemed to turn his attention to the affairs of State. Was he going to turn a new leaf? Was he now going to give up his favourite pursuits, his sensual pleasures and dissipations, and occupy himself with the serious affairs of government? For a moment it seemed as if such was going to be the case. It was true Christian had acquired a certain elegance of manners during his travels abroad, and seemed to have learned a good deal, and his subjects would have forgiven him the fact that Count Holck was still the Sovereign's intimate friend. The Queen too had noticed with great pleasure

the favourable change which had taken place in her husband's attitude towards her. The King paid her more respect than he was wont to do before his departure.

The hopes, however, of the Queen and the nation were soon to be dispelled, for the King's change of conduct was of very short duration. On the one hand, Count Holck still possessed a very preponderating influence upon the mind of Christian, and the latter not only honoured his friend on every occasion, but also compelled the Queen to show respect to the dissolute nobleman. Thus, she had to attend the wedding of Holck to a daughter of Count Laurvig, "an honour," writes Gunning in his despatches, "never before conferred in this kingdom upon any subject, when the ceremony was performed outside the palace."

Moreover, it soon became evident what kind of pleasure the King had indulged in during his tour abroad. Bodily and mentally he had been ruining himself. His mind was so fickle that he could not concentrate his attention on any subject of a serious interest, and whilst he himself studied nothing but his own private pleasures and amusements, this absolute monarch threw all the State business on the shoulders of his ministers. A swarm of young libertines surrounded his Majesty and endeavoured to beguile his time with such dissipations as his state of health could still allow him.

Christian gradually began to show a most fixed abhorrence of public business, and never took the trouble of reading, or even so much as casting a glance at, the papers put before him

for signature. His physical and mental decline and degeneration now followed rapidly; the consequence of the excesses of his youth and those in which he had indulged during his stay abroad made themselves felt. His Majesty the King of Denmark had become an idiot!

Christian's insanity had become apparent in the course of his travels through Germany, Holland, Flanders, and England. Even during his stay at Travendahl, before leaving his own domains, suspicion of it was confirmed by his amusements. The report of his madness began to be bruited abroad. In France, in spite of flattering accounts and the prejudice in his favour, no one who came into daily contact with him could help becoming aware of his want of balance. His thoughts wandered and his speeches were wild; he had fits of absence of mind, and it was noticed that at such times a look from Holck recalled him to himself.

His case was different from that of Paul I of Russia; whilst the latter was a raving lunatic, eager to command and to rule, Christian was a dull, lethargic idiot, but nevertheless he, too, grew furious when irritated. There was no necessity to watch the King, as in the case of many other sovereigns, but the absolute ruler of Denmark was incapable of ruling. The reins of government were taken from the hands of Count Bernstorff and Holck by Queen Matilda and by the King's physician, the famous Struensee, who had not only ingratiated himself with the King, but had further become the lover of the Queen. The love affairs of Queen Carolina-Matilda and the able and

ambitious Struensee, who rose to high honour, was created a Count, and ruled the kingdom, do not concern us at the present moment. Suffice it to say that whilst the wife and her lover ruled in his name, the King was kept a prisoner in his palace.

The King soon returned to his former life and amusements, passing his time in the company of his friends in all sorts of excesses and orgies, in which he lost the last glimmer of his mental powers. His Majesty was not in a fit state to be seen by his loving subjects; steps had to be taken to place the *névrose* and now mad monarch under tutelage, and to keep him almost a prisoner in his own palace, whilst his wife and Struensee, and afterwards his stepmother, Queen Juliana, ruled the kingdom. "The madness of Christian VII," writes a contemporary, "was of such a nature that there was no necessity to remove him from the court, or to make him abdicate. The Crown Prince ascended the throne during the lifetime of his father; he ruled, but the King signed every document. Sometimes Christian showed obstinacy and refused to sign, but it was sufficient to whisper the word 'abdication' into his ear and he at once began to tremble and did whatever he was told. Precautions, however, had to be taken to prevent his outbreaks, and his mania would assert itself at awkward moments. Thus, the pages-in-waiting were ordered to hold the King fast on his chair during meals, as he often would jump up and prevent the others from eating. No one at court was allowed either to speak to him or answer his questions. Nominally

Christian was still ruler, and his word law; his mad pranks and insane commands could therefore lead to complications. Nevertheless, sometimes the precautions proved futile, and the results of the monarch's assertion of his sovereign authority were both unpleasant and ridiculous. Thus, a clever page once forced his royal master into a corner and shouted: "Mad Monarch, appoint me a chamberlain!" On another occasion, Christian—this was, perhaps, one of his lucid moments, for the incident does not lack in ingenious malice—raised a low servant of the court to the dignity of chamberlain. The incident is related by Oehlenschlaeger in his reminiscences. Christian VII had been compelled to countersign the appointment as chamberlain of a man whom he disliked, and he took his revenge in his own eccentric fashion. Just at that moment, one of the servants of the court, in his yellow vest and the cap with the King's name on it on his head, entered the royal cabinet with a load of wood in his arms to lay the fire. "I say," exclaimed the King, "would you like to be a chamberlain?" "Not a bad idea," replied the servant, "if it could only be done." "Nothing is easier," chuckled the King; "follow me." He took the astonished servant by the hand, led him into the next apartment, where the entire court had just assembled. "I nominate this man chamberlain of the court," exclaimed his Majesty in a loud voice, in the midst of the silent and astonished courtiers. The fiction of the King's normal state of mind and of his sovereign power had to be kept up, and his command was apparently obeyed. The

Court Marshal, however, took the newly created chamberlain—who felt somewhat uncomfortable and out of place in his new dignity—aside, and persuaded him to resign his position, in compensation for which he was rewarded with a good estate (Oehlenschlaeger, *Reminiscences*, IV, p. 82).

Count Holck, a brainless courtier fond of amusement, was the mad King's constant companion, and when he was too weary to humour the monarch, he left his Majesty to the company of a negro boy and a negro girl with whom his Danish Majesty loved to play. Together they broke window-panes and valuable china, or decapitated the marble statues in the royal gardens.

In his lucid moments the King would do something which would show his resentment at the treatment he experienced and his sense of malice. In one of such moments he suddenly appeared at a court Gala Soirée, and making a sign with his hand commanded silence. The astonished court obeyed. The King then recited, with a great deal of feeling and dramatic talent, Klopstock's ode "To the Princes," clapped his hands in great glee, laughed aloud, turned on his heel and left the assembly (cf. Jenssen-Tusch, *Zur Regierung*, etc., p. 255 note).

In contradistinction to the madness of his contemporary Paul I, that of Christian was practically harmless, and only seldom did it take a brutal and dangerous shape. Thus, he once forgot himself so far as to beat the princesses. His chamberlain, Ries, rebuked him for this. "Your Majesty has grieved me to-day," he said. "Fancy, to beat princesses; that is very

ugly, to beat princesses!" "Won't do it again! Won't do it again, my dear Chamberlain," replied his mad Majesty. Christian at some moments seems to have had an idea of his state of mind, and when Ries addressed him as "Majesty" he turned to the window, muttering to himself, "Stupid fellow, stupid fellow; imagines that I am King" (Jenssen-Tusch, *l.c.*, p. 256, note).

The intimacy between the Queen and Struensee, which had begun in 1770, gradually increased in the meantime, and she now took not the slightest care to hide it. What finally enlightened the court was the Queen's behaviour: it was noticed that she never took her eyes off him, that he was invited to all the court entertainments, that he was allowed access and familiarities which would have damaged the reputation of any ordinary woman. He drove with her when she went into the country, and they took solitary walks together in the gardens and in the woods. If he had been a man of position it might have passed better, but Struensee, physician and lecturer, was not even an officer of the court, and only took second rank as a counsellor. So public a scandal was soon the property of the whole realm, and the removal of the court to Holstein favoured its circulation. Holck, aware that the King was tired of him, hoped by suggesting some new distraction to retain some of the old favour shown him. He accordingly arranged a journey into the southern provinces. This time the Queen would not submit to being excluded. The provinces were impatiently longing to see



CAROLINA MATILDA, WIFE OF CHRISTIAN VII.
After a painting by Cotes.

1871

her, expecting to behold someone superior to any ordinary mortal. What must have been their feelings when she appeared in man's clothes! This told against her even more than the loose behaviour of her suite and the want of dignity in her whole surroundings, even more than the presence of her favourite. Carolina-Matilda had resisted for a whole year the assiduities of Struensee, and it was only in the spring of 1770, at a court ball, that she confessed her love for him. The next morning, Struensee, whilst reading to the Queen, and after a particularly exciting chapter, took his courage in both hands—and, like Francesca di Rimini, Queen Carolina-Matilda committed her first fault (cf. A. de Flaux, *Du Danemark*, Paris, 1862, p. 235). During the first days of his success Struensee had followed the policy of his predecessors, and in order to retain the favour of his sovereign decided to choose a mistress for the King, one whose lover he could also be. His choice fell upon Madame de Gabell, a charming, distinguished, and spiritual lady, who had refused to listen to the declarations of the King. Struensee, however, exercised an enormous influence over her, and she yielded at last to his advice to put ambition before honour. Madame de Gabell became the mistress of the King; but she was a superior woman, a woman who could only forgive herself if her fault were committed for *love* alone. She was ashamed of herself and of her conduct, fell into a state of deep melancholia, became ill, and died shortly afterwards. It was Carolina-Matilda herself who took her place as mistress of Struensee (*ibid.*, p. 235). The King hated etiquette and was de-

lighted to see the Queen in her unconventional attire. Her little faction got the upper hand; she and her lover decided that Holck was to be dismissed; and in order to carry out their plans, Struensee's supporters, Rantzau and M. de Brandt, were sent for to join them. The whole party repaired to Travendahl, where it had been arranged that they should give themselves up to the enjoyment of unlicensed amusement, unhindered by any of the usual conventionalities. Anxious to get rid of inconvenient members of the suite, it was given out that so large a following was undesirable and Holck and many others were given their *cong  *. Holck's sister, the superintendent of the Queen's household, was among them, and her place was supplied by two ladies of questionable notoriety. Holck was replaced by M. de Brandt, whilst Madame de Gaehler took the place of Madame de Luhe, former mistress of the Queen's household. Carolina-Matilda hated etiquette; in her veins flowed the blood of the Guelphs; she was not only vivacious, haughty, imprudent, but also a slave to her passions and fancies. Blinded by her love, instead of hiding her fault she evidently took delight in glorying in it before the nation. She wore the portrait of her lover round her neck and constantly looked at it. In spite of her dislike for affairs of State, she now took pleasure in studying them, in order to be able to discuss them with Struensee. She appeared in public in company of her lover and seemed to laugh at the public scandal she thus created. The Princess of Wales was informed of her daughter's behaviour by Keith Murray, the

English ambassador. The Princess hoped to save her daughter yet. At Luneborg mother and daughter had an interview, but the Queen was accompanied by Struensee and she avoided being left alone with her mother. The Princess tried to speak English to her daughter in the presence of Struensee, who could not understand them, but the Queen pretended that she had forgotten this language. The Princess of Wales could only express her astonishment, and greatly grieved, left for England the next day (cf. Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 239).

“The conduct of the court,” writes the Prince of Hesse in his *Mémoires de mon Temps*, “was beyond words. The King’s unfortunate condition became daily aggravated; every effort was naturally made to conceal it. Whether it was due to his debauched life or to some drug given him by Struensee it is impossible to say; probably strengthening drugs had been given him, which had affected his mind without depriving him entirely of his faculties. Speaking metaphysically, it was as though another spirit took possession of him, one might almost imagine in him a dual personality. From a gentle, amiable disposition he would become suddenly like a man possessed, grinding his teeth and grimacing horribly” (cf. *Mémoires de mon Temps*, p. 56).

He had no will power and showed an absolute horror for serious business. But curiously enough, in the night of his insanity he had retained the pleasure of causing evil. At the sole thought of doing harm to someone the darkness which enveloped his brain seemed to

dissipate itself as if by magic. He found the energy which he lacked in doing good when it was a question of exercising his power to the detriment of others. Like all madmen, he hated all those who were in his immediate vicinity. Now the royal law of Denmark was such that all, the Queen and the highest dignitaries of the court, were in the hands of the crowned maniac. All felt the danger of such a situation. In order, therefore, not to allow any foreign influence to gain sway over the mad monarch, it was necessary to isolate him. He spent his days alone in his room, with two young men, one of whom was a negro. Brandt had orders to attend to him, but he acquitted himself of the duty with the greatest carelessness and irritated the King beyond measure, so that he once fell on him and beat him. It was decided that the only thing to do was for Brandt to punish him with a whip which he had taken the precaution to hide in the room, Struensee's idea being that it was only by fear that he could be managed. The King's hatred for Brandt became consequently so intense that when Struensee's death warrant was afterwards presented for his signature, he refused to sign it unless Brandt was also to be beheaded.

Various plans were set on foot to rescue the King and Queen from Struensee's hands. One attempt was made by the Countess of Holstein; she persuaded Brandt, who drove out every day with the King, to consent to accompany him as far as Rudersdal, where Count d'Osten would meet the carriage, change places with Brandt, and drive the King to Copenhagen. Order was

to be sent from thence to Brandt and Struensee to quit the country upon receiving the sum of forty thousand crowns. Everything was arranged, the King was to write to the Queen, and all would have been settled quietly without scandal, but Osten was afraid to render this eminent service to the King and the State. In spite of this he was afterwards appointed minister, while Brandt was beheaded. The English ambassador offered Struensee various bribes to induce him to quit the country; he was ready to do so, but the Queen would not hear of it. General Wegener also proposed to Osten a change which might easily have been effected; Osten eagerly accepted, but after his interview with Struensee he sought General Wegener and informed him of his refusal.

The report was spread and believed that the King was ill-treated. Having tired everybody out with his manias, he was often left alone for many hours a day with the two children of whom I have already spoken. These were at times accompanied by a third person, a young girl named Phœbe, who had been carried off from a harem, and been presented to the Queen. One of the King's games was to have a fight with them, and as he really tried to hurt and even to kill them, they generally joined their forces against him; he only allowed himself to be beaten by his own orders. He had often given command to his favourites to beat him; but he was never ill-treated save once, and as this odious scene gave rise to a criminal trial it is necessary to report it.

One day, when at breakfast with the Queen,

eight or ten other persons being present, the King, who seldom joined in the conversation, suddenly raised his voice, and imitating one of the actors of his company, exclaimed, "I will give you a good dressing. I am speaking to you, Monsieur le Comte, do you hear?" There had been no cause for this insult, and Brandt, to whom the words had been addressed, politely concealed his feelings at the moment, while everyone else held their tongues. Shortly after the Queen and Struensee drew the King aside, and said something angrily to him, but what no one else heard. The King did not refer to the affair when he and his tutor were alone together that afternoon, and so the latter abstained from remonstrating with him, as he would have done before his insanity became so pronounced. Struensee, however, blamed the tutor for not punishing, or at least reprimanding the King, and as it had not been done he and the Queen and Brandt took it into their hands. When the King was again alone, Struensee went in to him and told him that Brandt was a gentleman, and would not fail to require satisfaction for the insult; the King replied that Brandt was a rogue and would not feel an insult. "Your Majesty will, however, see what kind of satisfaction he demands," answered Struensee. After dinner Brandt went into the King's room, and sending out the two attendants on some pretext, bolted the door and asked the King what weapons he would choose, and the King having refused sword and pistol, they fell on one another with their fists. As they continued to fight Brandt lost all control over himself; he

forgot what might be the consequences of his brutality and all respect for the young King, a respect doubly due to the poor youth who was feeble in mind and body. He hurled insults at him as he bit and belaboured him with blows, till at last the King pleaded for mercy, and was left lying half dead, and still more frightened than hurt. These violent scenes between the King and Brandt caused so much scandal that Struensee at last saw himself compelled to recall the King's former teacher, Reverdil, a man of an amiable disposition, exempt from ambition, and an enemy of every kind of intrigue. The King was kept a close prisoner—Struensee and the Queen ruling in his name—and yet Christian often appeared before his courtiers, dined in public, rode on horseback, and sat in the theatre between the Queen and her lover. When his Majesty began to show signs of lunacy, a look of the terrible Brandt would exercise a Medusa-like influence over him and stop him short.

Reverdil gives a painful picture of the King at this time. The latter would mistake him first for one person and then another; he had moments of wild talk and would then relapse into silence; then begin again on the subject which so incessantly occupied him, the metamorphosis that was going to take place finally in his person, or else it was only a few muttered words between his teeth. At one moment he was full of exultation, he had been received like a god by the English, and it was his great powers of mind that turned his head; and then again, he would be plunged in despondency. He would

ask Reverdil if he thought he might with impunity commit a murder, or if he would be for ever after irreclaimably miserable, and at other times talked of committing suicide. Much of this kind of conversation was only carried on in hopes of frightening Reverdil. At the same time he often appeared genuinely to long for death, and would cry out how he longed to throw himself out of the window. There were three distinct shades of madness in him, which he himself used to express by various exclamations. According to the degree of trouble he felt, he used to say to Reverdil, "My head feels muddled," or "My head is full of noise," or again, "I am quite out of my wits," and his incoherent speeches would finish up oftentimes with the muttered words, "I can't hold out any longer."

The poor young King was very unhappy, and Reverdil remained with him in the hope of lessening his sufferings. His malady grew rapidly worse in the course of a twelvemonth, and yet there were still those in attendance on him who refused to see that his mind was utterly deranged. His old tutor was with him during his walks and for some hours a day. As if from a certain connection of ideas, the King, when he saw him, would put a book in his hand without, however, listening to what he read, for he only sat lost in wandering thoughts and murmuring to himself. He showed no sign of jealousy about the Queen, and would talk of her and Struensee, calling the latter the King of Prussia.

When the King was not out hunting, he and the Queen, with Struensee and Brandt and other

favoured ladies and gentlemen, all met together at luncheon between eleven and twelve. At the close of the meal they went out walking, the Queen arm in arm with Struensee and the King with the one maid of honour who was allowed this familiarity. Now and again the same company met at dinner at some house of pleasure in the neighbourhood. Here etiquette was banished, the pages serving, but only coming into the room when rung for, the Queen always taking her place between the King and Struensee. There was something bourgeois and undignified about the whole atmosphere of this society, and those present gave the impression of being the servants of some good house sitting down to table in their master's absence.

It is easy for a Queen to take any good-looking man as her lover; it is easy for her, if her husband is an idiot or a lunatic, to make her royal bed a kind of pedestal from which her lover may rule over the nation, but even a queen is unable to endow the object of her affections with those qualities which make a good ruler. Carolina-Matilda had given Struensee her love, but it was beyond her power to endow him with tact, wisdom, and moderation. Struensee possessed considerable ambition, but had few principles and scruples. He was a dreamer and a Utopian. In spite of his evident desire to do good, his reforms led to his ruin. He lacked all those qualities which constitute the great statesman, for he possessed neither the necessary experience nor the knowledge of humanity required for his position. He destroyed the old edifice, but lacked courage and perseverance to erect a

new and better building on the ruins of the old. His reforms had called forth a number of enemies, who, like the soldiers of Cadmus, rose from the ground armed and booted, ready to fight Struensee. And whilst the latter was surrounded with royal luxury and honours and played the king; whilst Carolina-Matilda in the ardour of her temperament gave herself up to her lover; a conspiracy was being gradually formed against the Queen and her favourite. The head of this conspiracy was Queen Juliana-Maria, who in sulking silence had been abiding her time and awaiting the opportune moment. Her chief supporter was Ove Hoegh Guldberg, who had been destined for the clergy and had become the tutor of Prince Frederick. Guldberg, who had been Juliana-Maria's faithful servant during the lifetime of King Frederick V, followed her into her retreat of Fredensborg, where in all probability he became her lover. Guldberg was ambitious, and he stimulated the Dowager Queen to carry out the conspiracy against the Queen and Struensee. The success of the conspiracy was to a great extent due to the stupidity and the malice of the King. On the 16th of January, 1772, a masked ball was given in the palace of Christiansborg. The King regained his apartments at midnight, the Queen danced until three in the morning. This very night the conspirators carried out their plans. Hardly had Struensee and the Queen retired to their apartments when they were arrested by order of Juliana-Maria, whilst the Dowager Queen herself penetrated into the apartments of Christian. The imbecile King

was frightened when he saw his stepmother and her followers assembled round his bed. But he felt reassured when he saw Juliana-Maria kneel down before him, assuring him that they were all his friends and had come to save his Majesty. A conspiracy, she continued, had been formed against him and the conspirators had planned his assassination ; not a moment was to be lost, the arrest of the ringleader was paramount, and she presented a list of their names, headed by those of his wife, Struensee, and Brandt. Did Christian believe the story ? or was he only too glad of an opportunity to humiliate his wife, to crush Struensee, and to get rid of Brandt ? Was he unconscious of what he was doing ? or did Juliana-Maria find him in one of his lucid moments ? Who can tell ? Some historians maintain that Christian had all along known of the conspiracy against his wife and Struensee, and that he was neither frightened nor surprised when his stepmother penetrated into his apartments on the memorable night. On the other hand, Reverdil relates that the King often used to ask him whether he could kill a man without being caught and punished. In any case, Christian dressed quickly, wrote himself the warrant to arrest the Queen, and signed the others prepared for him by Guldberg. The trial of the prisoners does not enter within the framework of this book. Brandt and Struensee were beheaded ; whilst the unfortunate Queen Carolina-Matilda was declared guilty of the crime of adultery, her marriage annulled, and she became a stranger in the country over which she had come to rule a short time previously.

The ex-Queen was exiled to the castle of Aalborg in Jutland, but her royal brother, King George III, intervened. The Queen consequently left Denmark for Celle in Hanover, where she died at the age of twenty-three on May 11th, 1775.

But if the poor King had for a moment hoped to be delivered from his jailers and be his own master, he was mistaken. In the place of Struensee, the Dowager Queen Juliana-Maria ruled, whilst the King was a puppet in her hands. Christian's state of mind grew worse, his madness increased, and the last rays of his lucidity were swallowed up by the night of darkness which now permanently gathered round his feeble brain. But at certain times he seemed to be aware of the part he was made to play. Thus one day he was signing a paper with the following words: "We, Christian VII, by the grace of God King of Denmark, etc., assisted by the grace of the devil, by Juliana and company" (Bascle de Lagrèze, *La Reine Caroline-Mathilde*, p. 353, Paris, 1887).

But disappointment also awaited the Dowager Queen. Juliana-Maria had hoped to see the Crown Prince inherit the mental weakness of his father, and that she would thus continue to reign in his name, as she had done in that of his father. To her great grief, however, the child developed mentally and physically. Like a second Hamlet, he lived self-centred, knowing and deploring the fate and misfortunes of his mother and mistrusting all those who were surrounding him. Count Bernstorff had had a glimpse of the intelligence of the Crown Prince

and knew that the future was reserved for the royal child. From his exile the Count corresponded with the Prince, and when the latter had taken his seat in the Council of State in 1784, Count Bernstorff urged him to take into his hands the power which the Dowager Queen had usurped.

On the 14th of April the Crown Prince decided to carry out his plans and to take the power into his own hands. On the morning of this day, after having ordered the soldiers who were on guard in the castle not to quit their posts without permission from himself, he entered the council chamber. Here he approached his father and firmly requested the feeble-minded sovereign to sign a paper in virtue of which the Crown Prince would become Regent. The King, the Dowager Queen, and the ministers were so surprised at this temerity on the part of the young Prince that they only looked at each other in silence and dismay. Christian was frightened at his son's energetic attitude and quickly gave the required signature. Thus the Crown Prince began to rule during the lifetime of his lunatic father.

Four chamberlains were appointed to take care of the imbecile King and to provide his amusements. Thus Christian VII passed his life. His state of insanity increased, and an eye-witness says that it sufficed only to look at him to perceive at once that his Danish Majesty was mad. He died in 1808, and was succeeded by his son under the name of Frederick VI.

CHAPTER XII

ERIC XIV OF SWEDEN

ERIC was born on the 13th of December, 1533; his mother was the first wife of Gustavus, Princess Catherine of Sachsen-Lauenburg. As Gustavus wished to establish firmly the fame of the House of Wasa through this son, he had entrusted his education to many skilled tutors, whose industry was well rewarded by Eric's talents. Eric was, for that time, well grounded in mechanics, science, and strategics, and was a fluent speaker—a gift that was enhanced by his appearance and deportment, and he was acknowledged to be one of the cleverest princes in Europe.

According to the testimony of contemporaries, Eric was of elegant stature and imposing appearance. He was careful and even particular in his attire, amiable in his conduct, courageous, well bred, and *spirituel*. But, alas! from his cradle, this Prince, upon whom fortune had smiled at his birth, and who seemed to have been destined for a brilliant career, bore within him the germs of insanity which, developing in the course of time, clouded his brain, made him cruel and sanguinary, and led to his tragic end. Eric was the son of an insane, hypochondriacal



GUSTAVUS WASA, KING OF SWEDEN.



mother, and the curse of heredity weighed heavily upon his shoulders.

Gustavus himself soon showed only too clearly a preference for the two other brothers, for his indifference to Catherine in time extended to her son Eric. The Prince was consequently always suppressed and neglected, and jealousy, distrust, and suspicion very early became ruling traits in his character, which, appearing first in trifles, were soon evident in weightier matters.

In the year 1558 Gustavus had, under certain conditions, entrusted Eric with the provinces of Småland and Oeland. Insensible, however, to the kindness shown him by his father, he never ceased to attack and to undermine in secret the paternal authority and power. Had he found supporters ready to follow him he would undoubtedly have provoked an open conflict with Gustavus Wasa, his powerful father (cf. Flaux, A. de, *Histoire de la Suède*, 1868, p. 3). And, indeed, scarcely had he commenced his rule than, in spite of his promise, he enforced a special oath from the inhabitants. Gustavus, who had a very hasty temper, on being informed of this, burst into a frightful rage, and but for the entreaties of the youngest brother the Prince would have been disinherited. This affair, however, only increased Eric's suspicious tendencies, for he considered his brother's noble act simple hypocrisy.

Just at this time his maternal grandmother, the Dowager Princess of Sachsen-Lauenburg, paid him a visit, and by her conversation and counsel extinguished in him the last sparks of trust. He, the son of a foreign princess, his

grandmother urged him, could not be too much on his guard; nothing seemed more certain than that both his brothers were striving after the crown, as they, the children of a Swedish mother, Margaret of Leyonhafvud, Gustavus Wasa's second wife, were related to the most powerful families in the kingdom. To counterbalance such an advantage, therefore, Eric must think of forming an alliance with some great royal house.

These representations found only too ready an acceptance. The Crown Prince commenced marriage negotiations in England, and hired several spies at his father's court to keep him informed of all that went on. Chance brought this correspondence into the hands of Gustavus, and Eric was now even more convinced than before that everybody must hate him.

It was in this unhappy frame of mind that Eric ascended the throne, while his brothers, in accordance with their father's will, came into possession of important dukedoms. John received Finland, Magnus the greater part of Ostgothland, Charles the whole of Südermannland. Eric, who could not think of them but as enemies, found their privileges of too wide scope and eventually too dangerous. Gustavus, when dictating his will, had in view his younger children, whom he wished to shield and protect against the ill-will and cupidity of their eldest brother. Eric knew it and felt offended. In the privileges accorded to John and Charles he saw an infringement of the royal dignity and he expressed his discontent (Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 4).

Eric, therefore, determined to set bounds to his brothers' rights and privileges and drew up



MARGARET OF LEYONHAFVUD, WIFE OF GUSTAVUS WASA.
After an engraving of the 16th Century.

1871

forty-three articles for this purpose. He summoned a Diet at Arboga, which he himself opened on April 19th, 1561. His brothers appeared, the affair was introduced and caused a heated argument; but although they opposed it as much as they could they were compelled in the end to submit. It was an important part in Eric's scheme to let his brothers clearly perceive that in spite of their rank they were only his subjects, the first and highest in the realm, but subjects after all. For these reasons he determined to raise the status of the hereditary counts and barons; for, when the old noble families were raised to higher honours, they came nearer to the dukes, and the latter appeared mere nobles with the titles of princes. This determination Eric carried out at the time of his coronation at Upsala on June 29th.

He received the crown from the hands of the venerable Laurentius Petri. Eric was dominated by a desire to shine, and found pleasure in details. Ever since he had ascended the throne he had been preoccupied with the ceremony of his coronation, for he wished to dazzle his people by the brilliancy of the scene and the riches which he intended to display. Thus he had commissioned Bourræus to buy for him in London and in Antwerp the most magnificent robes, arms, and jewels. Bourræus also sent the King lions, camels, and hares, animals which were unknown in Sweden, and consequently received with great joy by the populace. It was also on the occasion of his coronation that Eric established the *hereditary* nobility of Sweden. Formerly the title of nobility was

personal only, and ceased with the death of the person upon whom it had been conferred.

He created three counts, nine barons, and twenty-seven knights. The three counts—whose number corresponding to that of the dukes, was intended to diminish the authority and prestige of the latter—were Svaute Sture, Pehr Brahe, and Gustavus Johansson Roos, all three descendants of a Wasa and related to the royal family. Among the knights were John Andelins, recorder of the city of Lübeck, and John Prant, burgrave of Dantzic. They both sought to decline the honour, though Eric announced that “service and talent are sufficient qualifications for nobility”; and their obstinate pride only gave way when they were forcibly compelled to accept their honours.

Whilst the King, the dukes, the counts, and the barons were all standing, the herald-of-arms exclaimed in a loud voice: “There is only one King of Sweden, it is the very powerful Prince, our lord and master, Eric XIV. Although you see several crowns before you, you should be convinced that there is only *one* royal crown” (cf. Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 17). These words clearly explain the cause of the pompous and brilliant ceremony. Eric’s intention was to diminish the gulf which Gustavus had put between his sons and the Swedish nobility.

The knights were created in the following manner:—The recipient of the new dignity knelt before the King, who, touching him with his sword, said, “You were a pagan once, you have become a Christian afterwards, and now you are a knight.”

On the 12th of July Eric held his solemn entry into Stockholm. The troops in gala uniform lined the route—and the royal cortège was preceded by the foreign ministers. The King was followed by his brothers, the Dukes of Finland, Ostgothland and Südermannland, and his cousin the Duke Magnus of Saxe-Lauenburg. The King wore a magnificent suit of blue velvet richly embroidered with gold and ornamented with pearls and diamonds. It was a splendid beginning of a reign which was destined to end in tears and bloodshed.

After his coronation Eric turned his attention to his marriage, negotiated with the English Queen. The Diet of Arboga had voted the funds for these negotiations, and Eric was too impetuous and too vain to abandon this plan, which he had conceived against the wish of his father, and from which his prudent friends dissuaded him. The King of Sweden had been duped, like many others, by the young, beautiful, clever, but dissimulating Queen. Elizabeth, in addition to all the qualities of a brilliant and clever ruler, possessed all the faults of a ridiculous coquette. Her amour-propre as a woman always had the better of her pride as a queen. She was much more flattered to see the sovereigns of Europe fascinated by her charms than trembling before her royal power. Apart from various reasons, which are usually given as primary causes for Elizabeth's celibacy, she was too cold and hard-hearted, too false, and of too domineering a nature not to be instinctively disinclined to marriage. The hardships and sufferings which she had had to endure in her childhood from

her father and stepmothers; the dangers to which she had been exposed during the reign of her cruel sister, had raised in her breast the love of independence. She required no protector, and, like Christine of Sweden, did not wish to take a husband for fear of finding a master. Sometimes, however, her dynastic interests and her hatred of the Stuarts, the natural heirs to the throne of England, prompted her to listen to the advice of her councillors and to endeavour to conquer her repugnance. In such moments she felt inclined to prefer the King of Sweden to all other suitors. Eric was renowned for his physical beauty and his amiable qualities; he had given to his wooing a semblance of romance, of passion, and disinterestedness which pleased and flattered Elizabeth, cold and interested woman though she was. Calvin too was endeavouring to use his influence to bring about a union between the son of Wasa and the last daughter of the Tudors. The eyes of Protestant Europe were fixed upon Elizabeth. The great Swiss reformer had despaired of the Valois, and he now wished to raise a vast and powerful Protestant monarchy, round which the smaller Protestant states would rally, and thus counterbalance the prepondering influence exercised by Catholic France and Spain. Calvin had therefore written to both Elizabeth and Eric, assuring them that not only would their union bring about their own domestic happiness, but would also tend to increase the prosperity of the respective countries, over whose destinies they presided. Since 1558 Bourræus had been in London, and

had succeeded in gaining many supporters among the nobility, who were in favour of the Swedish King. Elizabeth herself wrote a letter to Eric, dated May 4th, 1561, in which she confessed her esteem, admiration, and even attachment for the King of Sweden. This letter Bourræus brought in triumph to the King, who was presiding over the Diet of Arboga. Elizabeth also added that she preferred Eric to all her other suitors, and if she still hesitated to give her ultimate consent, it was because she wished to see first the man of her choice, and to have the personal acquaintance of the Prince upon whom she was to bestow her royal hand (cf. Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 23). Eric was delighted. Like Cæsar—so he thought—he had only to come, to be seen, and to conquer. Eric therefore decided to travel to England, and the Diet voted the necessary funds. The latter, however, when acquiescing in the King's journey, had perhaps another hope in view. In spite of the King's love for the Queen of England, he was still addicted to those excesses and impure pleasures to which he had given way during the lifetime of his father, and which had embittered Gustavus Wasa's last moments. The ministers and members of the Diet hoped thus to save the King from the pernicious influence of those loose females by whom he was surrounded (Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 24).

About this time there came to Stockholm a certain John Demock, one of the many English adventurers who availed themselves of the circumstances of this time to make their fortune in Sweden. Elizabeth had at that period chosen

the famous Earl of Leicester as her intimate adviser—intimate in the widest sense of the word—and this preference excited Eric's jealousy in no small degree. He ordered his ambassador, Gyllenstierna, to send him information as full as possible, and every Englishman who could give him any news of Elizabeth was sure of a graceful reception at Eric's court. Of this class was John Demock. He possessed a few jewels and waited for a suitable opportunity to dispose of them. He gave out that he was sent by the Queen to assure Eric of her friendship; he spoke of the general wish of his fellow-countrymen to see this union consummated; and thus he won the complete confidence of the easily deluded King. Eric paid him not only an immense price for his jewels, but also sent him back to England with these jewels to take them to the Queen with his portrait and a letter in which he informed her of his journey to London. Hardly however had Demock landed than he was put in chains. Elizabeth informed the King of Sweden that he had been deceived, reproached him in a friendly manner for his credulity, and bade him give up his journey. The unhappy Eric, however, was and remained fascinated.

He had sent the Order of St. Michael, which his father had worn, back to France, where the widowed Mary of Scotland was then staying. He knew how very little friendship Elizabeth bore her; he believed that Elizabeth suspected treachery, and he sent one of his own ambassadors to assure her that it was not true. Indeed, to leave no stone unturned, he challenged the Earl of

Leicester to a duel, a measure that could only injure rather than assist him. Meanwhile, he was too firmly determined on his journey to be able to give it up. In fact, he finally took sail at Elfsborg on the 3rd of September, 1561, with a fleet of fourteen men-of-war, but three days later was driven back by storms. Eric then composed a letter to Elizabeth, dated the 12th of November, 1561, of which the original is in Latin, as follows :—

“Alas ! No man obtains what he hopes for. For when we had journeyed as far as the Danish Cape Skage, the wind suddenly turned from east to west and the storm drove us on the shore. The pilots thereupon shouted out that it was impossible to round the Cape ; if we wished to save the fleet we must return. I, who would not listen to a single opinion, asked others what to do, but no one wished to continue the journey, with one exception in whom no one placed any confidence. We therefore gave the signal to the others, turned the ship, and again regained the harbour after a sail of one night and another half day.”

Notwithstanding this misfortune, Eric clung to his intention. He determined to make the journey by land, and sent Gustavus Stenbrock and Ture Bjelke to request a safe-conduct from the Danish court and the German princes. As the last-named delayed, the journey was put off, and Eric began with new energy the business of ruling his kingdom. In fact, all his arrangements bear the mark of an intelligent mind and of a clear-sighted ruler.

He improved the condition of schools,

abolished many superstitious ceremonies that remained over from the days of Catholicism, sought to attract scholars, artists, and artificers to his realm, and moreover received the wandering Huguenots with open arms. He took especial care for the organization of trade, and made, among others, a plan for a direct route to the North Sea without passing the Sound. He wished to unite several seas by canals, a matter that had become very important in the Danish wars. His judicial improvements were exemplary, and if his court was lacking in many things, it was superior in brilliance and size to any hitherto seen in the north. Meanwhile he did not forget his marriage, and it appears from their statements that most of the English ministers, and even the nation, were anything but opposed to it. Indeed some of the foremost English nobles, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Arundel, and others, even sent their own envoys to Sweden to assure the King of their friendship. Eric fed his hopes on these assurances and believed that nobody but the Earl of Leicester stood in his way. His hatred and jealousy on this account rose to such a pitch that he once wrote in a rage to Gyllenstierna requesting him to cause Leicester to be secretly murdered, for the latter had himself hired murderers in Stockholm.

But Eric required a wife and a queen, and he therefore sent the Count Brahe, who was accompanied by Charles de Mornay and Martin Helsingius, to Scotland to ask the hand of the beautiful Queen of Scots. At Holyrood the Count Brahe acted the gallant by proxy while

Gyllenstierna played the same part at Hampton Court. Was Eric really anxious to win Mary Stuart, or was it only an ingenious means to stimulate the jealousy of Elizabeth? In any case, this manœuvre failed, for whilst Mary Stuart refused to accept what her cousin had rejected, Elizabeth felt offended at Eric's attitude. A woman may jilt a man and give an energetic "No" to his advances, but she still expects him to hope against hope, and takes it as a personal insult if he seems to abide by her decision. Gyllenstierna now left London (1562), and the negotiations with Mary Stuart were continued with more energy than before. Eric wrote to Charles IX, to Catherine de Medici, and to the Cardinal of Lorraine to intercede in his behalf, but all in vain. The Queen of Scots remained firm. Eric had written again a passionate letter to Elizabeth, and although the answer which he received from the Queen gave him new hope, he nevertheless—almost suddenly—made up his mind to break off his marriage negotiation with the heartless royal coquette.

John, Duke of Finland, had in the meantime (October 4th, 1562) married Catherine, the younger daughter of Sigismundus I of Poland and of Bona Sforza, and sister of Sigismundus II, Augustus, famous for her beauty, her distinction, and her accomplishments. Eric, who was at war with the King of Poland, sought to oppose this marriage, but finally, feeble as he was, gave his consent. From the very moment of his union with a princess of the house of Jagello, John had secretly conceived the plan of making Finland independent of Sweden, to add Es-

thonia, and thus form a separate Catholic Kingdom. His brother-in-law was to help him in his enterprises. Sigismundus was jealous of the success of Swedish arms, and, in spite of the marriage of his sister with Wasa, placed himself at the head of a formidable coalition against Sweden. Eric was furious against his brother John, whom he—perhaps rightly—accused of inciting his brother-in-law in his hostile machinations. He summoned the Duke of Finland to appear at once in Stockholm, in order to justify himself against the accusations raised against him. The haughty tone of Eric's message and the insolence of the envoys displeased John, who refused to obey the summons. He thrust the envoys in prison, convened the Estates of Finland, enumerated his griefs against Eric, demanded the help of his subjects and received their oath of allegiance (cf. Celsius, O., *Erik XIV's Historie*, 1774, I, 212), invoked the help of the King of Poland, the Duke of Prussia, and the King of Denmark, recruited an army, and openly rebelled against his royal brother. A Swedish army under Anders Siffrey invaded Finland in the spring; John was taken captive and brought, together with wife and suite, to Stockholm. He was formally accused of high treason before the Diet by Jonan Pehrsson, and sentenced to the loss of his dukedom, his honour, and his life. The death sentence, however, was mitigated to that of imprisonment for life. The Duchess Catherine was offered a castle for her residence and a royal income if she consented to be separated from her husband. But the daughter of the Jagellos scorned such a proposal, as contrary to her sense

of honour and duty. In reply to Jonan Pehrsson, who made this offer in the name of the King, she simply pointed to her wedding-ring, on which were engraved the words: "Nothing but death," and took her husband by the hand. She was taken with the Duke to share his fate in the dungeon of Gripsholm, situated on an island in the lake Mëlar. Gripsholm has now been turned into an historical museum, where the visitor may contemplate the portraits of many Swedish and European illustrious and famous personages (Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 75). John was treated in his prison with all the courtesy and respect due to his rank, but his life was nevertheless in constant danger; for he was dependent upon a maniac whose acts no one could foresee. Eric, who was studying astrology, had read—or thought that he read—in the stars that his brother would succeed him on the throne during his lifetime, and that he himself would take his place in prison. Such a conviction brought the King to a paroxysm of rage. Often would he rush to Gripsholm with the firm intention of committing fratricide, but every time his courage failed him; and then the raving King would kneel before his prisoner, imploring his pardon for the suffering he was obliged to inflict upon him, and begging him to treat him with kindness when he in his turn would take his place in this prison, and not to let him die a violent or ignominious death.

Eric's faults—which, it must be admitted, were the result of his clouded brain rather than of his cruel heart—began to manifest themselves more and more. His marriage failures had

excited rather than abated his matrimonial ardour, and he demanded and obtained from the assembled Estates permission to marry a Swedish lady instead of a foreign princess.

In requesting the Estates to give their authorization to such a marriage, Eric had in view the execution of a plan which he had formed long ago, namely, to raise to the throne of St. Eric one of his many concubines, the best beloved, Catherine Mänsdotter. We have seen princes in the twentieth century marry and crown their mistresses, but such an act could not but shock the minds of the sixteenth century. This mistress had gained such an influence over the weak-minded King and inspired him with such a passion, that he remained faithful to her during all the vicissitudes of his life. She had charmed the King in the days of his prosperity, and knew how to console the prisoner in the hours of his adversity. Catherine Mänsdotter was born in 1549, the daughter of a captain in the Castle garrison, and used to sell nuts in the streets of Stockholm. The King had formerly regarded her with favour, and was so taken by her beauty that he caused her to be made one of his sister's ladies-in-waiting. She was educated by the best master, and soon the little nut-vendor became a graceful and accomplished lady. After all his unhappy courtships he had bestowed his whole love on her, had had a son by her, and it was believed that he had contracted a disease from her.

This attachment now made him jealous to the last degree, as was natural, considering his ruling passion. He saw a rival in every well-

dressed man; he dismissed the youngest and best-looking of his pages, or at least those that he thought so; he forbade Catherine all intercourse, and always kept her shut up in her room.

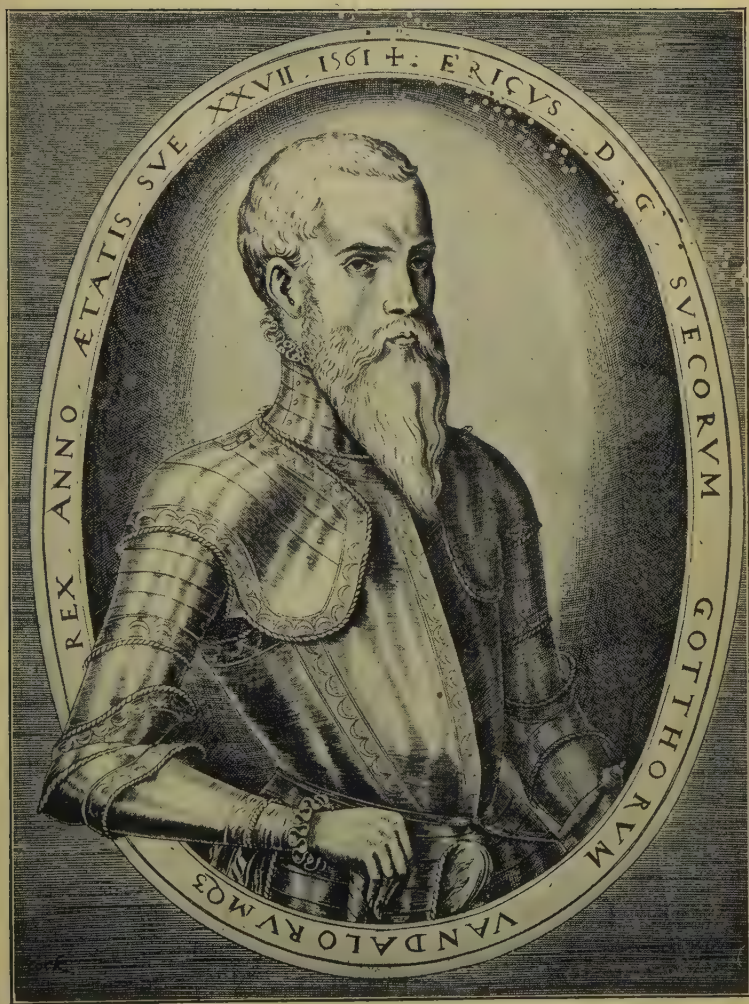
Before Catherine's preferment at court she had been engaged to a corporal, who, out of sorrow at losing her, determined to leave Sweden. The forsaken lover, however, wished to see his former fiancée for the last time, and one morning, when Eric was out riding, he went to the Castle; but he had just got to Catherine's room when Eric's groom-of-the-chamber surprised him and had him arrested. He was thereupon tortured and made confess to a deed that he had not committed and had not even thought of; and on the following morning he was found in the Norrström river with his hands tied, although no proof against him had been discovered.

CHAPTER XIII

ERIC'S TRAGIC FATE

WE come now to the tragic part of Eric's life. The brilliant period of his reign, the brightest half of his life is flown; and now a period of mistakes and misfortunes begins.

Eric had inherited from his mother a tendency to melancholia that was only too much developed in his after life. The preference for his brothers that Gustavus had shown, their ambiguous behaviour afterwards, their party among the discontented nobility, their alliance with foreign enemies, all these circumstances together had gradually fostered in Eric that tragic disposition which ever foreboded ill-fortune, and which at last became bound up with his proud, ardent character and turned into a savage, bitter distrust. His unhappy marriage expeditions to England, Scotland, Hesse, Lorraine, and the Emperor's court still more embittered him. Such a series of disappointments would have wounded any nature; Eric suffered doubly from them. The influence of his enemies, general hate, general persecution seemed to him now unmistakable; full of bitterness, full of wounded pride, full of despair, he drew back into himself, only busied with these thoughts. As this constant strain affected his physical



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health, these ideas became finally dominant and he completely lost his reason.

The first signs of madness were unfortunately only too evident. Eric thought he saw nothing around him but enemies, traitors, and murderers; every step, every look, every word, every gesture made him tremble. He ordered his doctor only to allow two servants at most in the kitchen, and himself to taste everything; and yet he always ate and drank in fear of death. If any one spoke in a low voice in his presence, it was about him and the signal for his death; if any one moved an arm, it was to shoot him; if any one laughed, he thought he was being ridiculed. He had spies in every house, and he himself was often found listening at doors in the castle. This distrust, this suspicious enmity towards all men, showed itself especially in his behaviour towards his mistress, Catherine, the single being to whom he still seemed to cling with affection.

Another cruelty to which Eric was led by his terrible suspiciousness was the hanging of a servant of the Sture family, who had the misfortune to meet the mad monarch with a gun. Eric took him immediately for a hired assassin, had him tortured and hanged, without any proof.

Shortly afterwards events happened that only too well confirmed his long-nourished suspicions of the Sture family. For how should these descendants of a long line of Swedish statesmen love a prince who was the son of a foreign princess and who wished to reign by himself? A secret understanding was therefore established between the Stures and Eric's brothers, whose

mother was descended from this famous family, and Eric's downfall was determined upon. Eric was informed of the conspiracy. He had sent a Pomeranian nobleman, Joshua von Gennewitz, on business to Germany, and when the report spread there of a conspiracy against him, Gennewitz informed his countryman, Zastrow, in Stockholm, and the letter which contained the names of most of the conspirators fell into Eric's hands. This happened also to another letter which Nils Sture, the head of the conspiracy, had himself written to Gennewitz. Sture referred in it to plate and to a golden chain that would serve to maintain and pay a popular army. And when the King's doctor, Lemmius, and the court organist, Alexander, confirmed the accusations by oath, the old Count Sture, with his only son and several other nobles, were arrested and taken to Upsala, whither Eric followed. Nils Sture, who until then had remained in Lorraine, returned at the moment that the assembled Estates, by the King's command, pronounced the death-sentence on him, and he was immediately thrown into prison. These events greatly increased Eric's mania of persecution, and the unhappy day came when his madness, which had till now worked in silence, burst forth in a terrible way.

It was on May 24, 1567, the King and his advisers were sitting in judgment as to whether the prisoner's sentence should be executed, when a messenger burst in with the news that Duke John had escaped from prison. At these words the King was beside himself; his limbs trembled, his face became pale, his lips quivered; he rushed

out of the room and into the street, where the court preacher and a few of his attendants met him. They tried to retain him, to lead him back to the palace, but he tore himself away from them, hastened to the citadel, and entered the room where Nils Sture sat reading.

"Traitor!" he cried, as the captive threw himself at his feet, and struck a dagger through his arm. Sture pulled it out, washed the blood off it, kissed it, and gave it back to the King; but the latter, too enraged to be pacified, dealt him another blow, and then left him to be despatched by his guards.

Almost immediately afterwards his anger seemed to have abated. Sorrowfully he betook himself to the room of the old Count and threw himself down before him. "Cousin!" he cried, "can you forgive me a wrong?" "All," answered the Count; "but if any evil has befallen my son, I summon you before God's judgment seat!" "I thought so," shrieked the King. "You will never forgive me." He left the room in agitation, and ordered the keeper of the castle to close the entrance; he tore his clothes off, threw on a peasant's coat, and hastened, accompanied by only a few guards through ditch and brushwood into the open field.

Meanwhile his old tutor, Bourræus, had followed him on foot. He overtook the King at last, threw himself down before him, and begged for the life of the remaining prisoners. But the King signed to a guard to thrust him away, and ordered another to hasten back to the castle to superintend the hanging of the remaining prisoners. The King continued on his way

in the same fury; and all hastened after him, even Catherine, although she was enceinte. They met him at last at the house of the parson at Odensala. He was surrounded by a crowd of peasants, who all showed concern and sympathy, and among whom he distributed gold presumably to pacify them, for he believed that everybody was embittered against him. Catherine finally persuaded him to return, and he was taken to the castle of Svartsjo.

The King of Sweden was mad, there was no doubt about it; but still the royal statesmen, who could easily have got rid of the Wasas and established an elective kingdom, remained loyal. The Counts Brahe and Sten Lejonhufvud had meanwhile taken up the government, for Eric was unable to do anything. After his great outburst of fury had abated, he fell into a state of silent melancholy. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded that he was still King; but he refused to take up the reins of government again when he was begged to do so.

In this way several months passed by, and gradually he seemed to recover. When he saw that none of his terrible forebodings had been fulfilled, and that the whole kingdom had not risen in revolt, he again took up the business of government.

Eric immediately increased the privileges of the nobility, reconciled himself with the relations of the Stures, and caused all the victims of his madness to be declared guiltless.

Meanwhile, however, the magnates sought to avail themselves of these circumstances and to turn them to their own ends. But to make

themselves necessary to the King and be able to share the government with him, they had first to get rid of his advisers.

Eric's madness had strange phases. The King was perfectly aware of all the crimes which he had committed, and in order to appease his enemies his diseased brain imagined all sorts of acts of humility and contrition by which he manifested his repentance. And in order to regain the favour of his enemies, who were ready to forgive him his crimes, he sacrificed his old advisers, whilst at the very moment he was already plotting how to avenge himself on those who for the moment held his fate in their hands.

According to ancient Scandinavian custom, he offered to wipe out with gold the blood he had shed. The Countess Merette Sture, however, scorned to accept the blood money, for no treasures in the world could compensate her for the lives of those who were dear to her.

Among the men whom Eric had raised from low stations so as to connect their interests with his own, was Jonan Pehrsson, the most hated of all; he was considered the inspirer of all the evil that had happened. As Eric gave him up to the nobility, he was brought to trial together with his brother Christian and condemned to death, but the sentence was delayed. Thereupon the rest fell into such anxiety that they retired of their own free will, leaving the field open to their opponents.

So Eric was now surrounded by those very people whom he had always suspected. His distrust rose again; he was afraid of being dethroned, and sought to conclude a secret

alliance with Russia for the overthrow of his brother, whom he determined to supersede. John still remained in Gripsholm, but his friends worked until Eric came to an agreement. Eric wished the death of his brother John. He had lost all will power, and evidently allowed himself to be influenced by the Dukes of Saxonia and Südermannland and by Catherine Mänsdotter, to restore his liberty to the Duke of Finland. John was finally persuaded to set out by water. The two brothers met at Wantholm; as the Duke stepped out of the boat, Eric ran to meet him. John threw himself down on his knee, thanking his brother for his generosity, and both complimented one another with so much emotion that the bystanders were moved to tears; finally they ended their embraces and Eric hastened away.

It seems, however, that shortly before the prison gates were opened for John and his wife, Eric again remembered the prophecy he had read in the stars, and in his fright decided to assassinate his brother in his prison. The assassins were sent to Gripsholm to kill John and to seize the Duchess and hand her over to the Grand Duke of Moscow, the famous Ivan the Terrible, who wished to marry her against her will. But the project was frustrated, and the assassins were stopped in time by the King's councillors.

It is noteworthy that the points of agreement were entirely settled by Eric, although he was in the hands of the Duke's party. John had not only to recognize Eric as his lawful king, but to acknowledge Catherine as Eric's legitimate

wife, and the child to whom she was about to give birth as his lawful successor. He had to promise to mediate an advantageous peace with his brother-in-law the King of Poland, to attack none of the previous advisers of the King, and to make a formal apology. John's party submitted to all this, and John agreed to everything. The Jesuits, who surrounded him, had presumably long ago acquainted him with "spiritual reservations."

A few days after the interview at Wantholm, the Duke returned his visit to Eric at Svartsjö. Eric met his brother at the river, and hardly had the latter set foot on the bank when Eric threw himself on his knees and greeted John as King of Sweden. It was the malicious act of a madman; John declined the honour and in his turn prostrated himself before his brother. But after the departure of his brother Eric's fears and mania of persecution suddenly left him. He again retracted his promises and surrounded himself with his former advisers. He liberated Jonan Pehrsson from prison and invested him with his former dignity, thus leading him from the Tarpeian rock to the Capitol. Jonan Pehrsson's first act of administration was to acquaint the Senate with the King's plan to marry Catherine Mänsdotter.

Shortly after Eric's departure to join the army against the Danish troops, Catherine had given birth (28 February) to a son, who received the name of Gustavus. Eric, who had already given Catherine a noble escutcheon, now decided formally to marry her. He appointed the 4th of July for the ceremony, had splendid prepara-

tions made, and invited his brothers, together with all the magnates of the kingdom, to be present.

The Archbishop Laurentius Petri gave the nuptial benediction, and the children, Sigrid and Gustavus, which Catherine had borne him before the marriage, were carried by senators. Eric wished to include them in the ceremony so as to make manifest their legitimacy and assure their right to the succession. Two peasants, uncles of the bride, were knighted; and, was it purpose or accident, but Gyllenstierna, who was carrying the crown which was to be placed on the head of Catherine, the former nut-vendor and now Queen of Sweden, dropped it at the feet of the royal bride. Some saw in this occurrence a bad omen, presaging a revolution and a change of rule (Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 155).

To the two Dukes, John and Charles, who were then staying at Eskilstuna, this information was a thunderbolt. Their pride, their hopes, their pretensions, all suffered by it. They now saw clearly that it was to Eric's advantage to secure their overthrow, and they did not appear at the ceremony, although they had promised to do so. Their great plan now ripened, and while the marriage was being celebrated with the greatest splendour, Eric's brothers were planning his overthrow. On July 10th, Charles seized the castle of Wadstena and collected the neighbouring nobles and united the peasantry. John, a handsome, enterprising man of great eloquence, rode into the centre of the gathering and made a speech, in which he reviewed his brother's entire reign, re-

presenting him as the worst, unworthiest, and cruellest of kings. "And therefore," he concluded, "I have determined to cast this tyrant down from the throne. Then will you again in peace enjoy a quiet rule and heal the wounds which his seven years' reign have inflicted on you."

Thereupon the whole assembly with raised hands gave a threefold cheer, and Eric's fate was sealed. He was not blameless, but hate exaggerated his faults and forgot his virtues. John had long cast an eye on the throne, and all his actions were directed to this end, as his whole behaviour shows. The magnates who were striving to enter the aristocracy, and by whom Eric had long been hated, took his side, for they might hope under a king of their own creation to gain more influence. They all, therefore, united for Eric's destruction.

The two brothers now concluded a formal alliance at Wadstena. They swore to it under an oak tree, and they and their followers henceforth bore an oak leaf on their hats. They also had a coin struck, on which in a garland of oak leaves stood the letters "J.C.," and which was called "blood-money," because the Countess Sture sent the one thousand silver marks for it that Eric had paid as reconciliation money for her murdered kinsman. They sent messengers and letters throughout the country, summoned all towns and castles to surrender, and brought about a general insurrection in the southern part of the kingdom. Duke Charles went himself down to Ostgothland.

Meanwhile Eric on his part made all prepara-

tions that were now possible. He ordered his commandants to hold out to the last, increased the garrisons, formed new regiments, and sent proposals to his brothers; these, however, were refused, as were his challenges to single combat, and the rest of his letters remained unanswered (Celsius, *l.c.*, II, 177).

On August 19th, the two Princes with five German companies, five Scottish and eight Swiss contingents, left Wadstena. The excitement in Stockholm was general. A thousand reports as to the King's intentions were spread: some said that he would secretly leave the kingdom; others that he was willing to deliver the Princess to the Russian ambassadors in order to obtain protection from the Tsar, who had asked for her hand; others that he had made peace with Denmark and would call the Danes in to help. There was no truth in any of these reports. Eric was determined to face the danger. He was advised to fly, but he swore to protect his throne with his sword. He summoned the Estates together, took a new oath of allegiance from them, and received firm assurances of their good faith and devotion. He then packed with his own hand all state documents into a coffer, in order to use them for his defence, and set out with a part of his troops for Nyköping.

Hardly had his ambassadors ended their fruitless negotiations with the Duke than he arrived and established himself before Svinbro, but soon his anxiety drove him back to Stockholm. Here he had a great rope cast across the market-place and all the written assurances from his brothers strung thereon; and he questioned

everyone who met him whether his behaviour towards such traitors was not justified. He stuck to his determination, begged Queen Elizabeth for help and promised large rewards to his troops. But meanwhile the Dukes, through Polish mediation, had made a truce with Denmark, and on September 17th took up their position nearer to Stockholm.

From the top of the tower of the castle, Eric is said to have perceived the oak branches which the insurgents had cut in a neighbouring forest and were carrying in their hands to protect themselves against the rays of the sun. Like a second Macbeth, haunted by the spectres of his victims and troubled by repentance, Eric thought that the woods had in some mysterious way joined his enemies and were marching against him. He was pale and haggard. "Sire," said his Vice-Chamberlain, Jonan Pehrsson, "had you listened to my advice and decapitated the Duke, you would not have had to witness this rebellion to-day." "You are right," replied the dejected King.

Eric again sought to come to terms, but his brothers would hear of no arrangement until Pehrsson was given up. As the burghers of Stockholm now feared a siege, Pehrsson's enemies brought pressure to bear on the King not to raise the city in revolt. He was compelled, therefore, much against his will, to consent in the end to abandon Pehrsson. The unhappy man was almost immediately put to torture to compel him to make an incriminating confession; and although these efforts were fruitless, Pehrsson was despatched in the most horrible way on

September 28th. First his ears were cut off and nailed with his patent of nobility to the gallows, then he was hanged, but taken down when half dead, slowly broken on a wheel, and then beheaded. His wife, who was to undergo the same fate, threw herself from her horse and broke her neck. The assistants of the public executioner, who followed her, took up her body with pitchforks and threw it into a neighbouring swamp (cf. Celsius, *l.c.*, II, 199).

Meanwhile negotiations were again suspended on account of the hard terms which the brothers demanded, and Eric now considered the best method of defending his position. He sought to compel his brothers' troops to move farther off, as they were far too near. But the Dukes' party in the city grew stronger, and the King was openly requested to agree to the conditions put by his brothers, and there was a general movement towards a complete surrender, which only too soon followed.

It was a Sunday, September 19th, 1568, the day of St. Michael and the anniversary of the death of Gustavus, that Eric received information that the Dukes' troops were in the town. They had come by water as far as the Süder Malm, where the Governor opened the gates to them. Eric had just left the church of St. Nicholas to hasten to the castle, when Lejonhufvud (brother of the ambassador who had lately been hanged), one of the conspirators, tried to take him captive; but he and a few of his abettors were wounded by some of the guards who hastened up, whereupon the King regained the castle.

The ducal soldiers had now commenced to plunder, but were stopped by Duke John, who proceeded to the castle. The gates were closed, but the King immediately appeared on the walls and a parley began. He asked for reasonable conditions and declared himself ready to surrender the castle.

Embittered though the Duke was, he finally allowed himself to be propitiated, especially by the representations of the King's physician, Olaus. He promised the King mild terms and fair treatment, and the castle was thereupon opened to him. The King was now compelled to proceed to the Church and completely renounce the government before a numerous assembly.

Eric abdicated without making any conditions with regard to either his wife or children. Haunted by the thought that his life was in danger, he only implored his brother to spare him and to grant him an honourable prison.

Thus the principle of hereditary monarchy, upon which Gustavus Wasa had established the power of his house, proved radically wrong. Eric was Gustavus' eldest son, but he was not fit to rule. True, the father had known it before and had almost decided to send the son to that very prison in which he was now being thrown by the younger brothers. Peter the Great and Philip II did not hesitate to take such steps in the case of their respective brain-diseased heirs, but Gustavus, great as he was, shunned the criticism of posterity.

Eric was then brought as a captive into the King's chamber, but a few hours later was put

into an evil, filthy room with barred windows, and attended not only by guards but by a member of the Council. He wrote thereupon the most moving letters to his brothers, which remained unanswered, while hired scribes wrote heated accusations against him.

More than ever Eric was now persuaded that his conduct towards the Duke and Nils Sture had been right. He brought these ideas into orderly syllogisms, passing his time in writing them down. Here are a few as they were entered in the State archives. They show his learning and, for that time, excellent education, and what is more, his logical reasoning, in spite of his madness.

“1. Duke John is my vassal by all rightful laws and also by his own oath. Therefore, he may not judge his king, although I transgress the Swedish law.

“2. One and the same person may not receive a judgment that contradicts another judgment.

“The Estates once gave me judgment against Duke John.

“The Estates cannot now justly reverse this judgment.

“3. He who is lawfully cited and does not come, if he has no just hindrance, loses his case.

“Duke John was lawfully cited, would not come, had no just hindrance ; therefore he loses his case.

“4. He who supports my enemy shows me enmity.

“Duke John, by supplying money, has supported my enemies :

"Therefore, he has shown me enmity.

"5. No man can serve two masters, he must hate the one and love the other.

"Duke John has said he cannot desert the King of Poland and must keep faith with him ;

"Therefore, he must hate me.

"6. What is calculated to bring harm to the State must not be suffered by the King.

"Duke John desired that the Finns should take an oath to separate themselves from the State, to the destruction of the State ;

"I was then the ruler of Sweden and I could not suffer this.

"7. He who helps the enemies of the State is an enemy of the State.

"Nils Svautessohn has helped the enemies of the State ;

"Therefore, he is an enemy of the State" (cf. Celsius, *l.c.*, II, 210-12).

But all these compositions could not soften the fate of the unhappy King, which indeed became harder from day to day. John forgot how mild his captivity had been and delivered his brother over to the cruelty and rage of his personal enemies. Olaf Stenbak was one of the bitterest—he had his brother's death to avenge ; it is a rare magnanimity that respects the unfortunate. One day he took hold of Eric fiercely, pressed him into a corner, and when he tried to defend himself, broke his arm with the stock of his gun and left him without assistance, lying in his own blood. John refused to take any notice of this deed, but when Charles came to rule he punished it with death.

John had obtained the throne, as quickly as

quietly, but did not forget to give his usurpation the colour of right and firmly to establish it. Highly coloured reports of Eric's misdoings were spread abroad; all who had taken part in the murder of Sture were punished with death; all commanders of fortresses changed; all the most devoted servants of the unhappy Eric dismissed; all the former partisans of the Duke richly rewarded. Stockholm received considerable liberties and great concessions were made to the peasants. John, however, was so little master of his emotions that in all proclamations he used the expression, "Our brother and most hated enemy."

The truce with Denmark was now at an end, and a peace conference was held. Scarcely, however, had the Swedish ambassador signed the dishonourable conditions, than John withdrew from all. He had taken over his brother's system with his crown and was fully determined to continue the war with Denmark and Poland until better terms were obtained, as the strength of his kingdom was still far from being exhausted.

The new year (1569) was opened with Eric's trial. The Estates were assembled in the church of St. Nicholas, and the captive had to appear.

It must be borne in mind that this was happening in the sixteenth century, when it was recognized as a principle of law that a noble could only be judged by his equals; a king, therefore, could only appear before a tribunal composed of kings. Even in the twentieth century millions of people attach the stigma of rebel to the nation which accuses, tries, judges, condemns,

and deposes its monarch, who, on account of assassinations and crimes of all sorts, has proved unworthy of the crown entrusted to him. Much more so was it three centuries ago. It was indeed the first time that history witnessed such an event, a monarch brought as prisoner before the tribunal of his subjects.

We shall soon see Charles I and Louis XVI sharing the fate of Eric, but in 1569 European courts uttered a cry of indignation.

Eric defended himself with much eloquence, excused some of his actions, and justified nearly all. In the heat of argument John called out once, "You are not in your senses." "I have always been," Eric replied, "except when I gave you your liberty" (cf. Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 191; Celsius, *l.c.*, II, 224).

But this defence was of little service to him, since his sentence had long been passed. Eric and his successors were declared to have forfeited the throne, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Not one voice was raised on behalf of the unfortunate King; hate and fear ruled over the whole assembly.

From this time Eric's fate was harder than ever. His books and writing materials were taken away and he was entirely neglected. His food, his drink, his clothing, his bed—all were most miserable. He was not supplied with light and heat, was allowed no doctor for his frequent ailments, and received ill-usage in return for his complaints.

When these facts came to be known, however, a general pity for him woke immediately. The nation, quite a distinct thing from the

nobility, still loved and honoured Eric as their rightful king; the true reasons of his deposition had, in spite of all manifestos, remained no secret; the foreign mercenary troops that still remained in the country and were daily increased caused great uneasiness—in a word, general discontent threatened a revolt. There was, moreover, the discontent of Duke Charles to be considered. By the treaty of Wadstena both brothers were to rule jointly, but this was no further spoken of. Charles only signed the decision of the parliament by which his brother received the crown after repeated requests, and his whole behaviour showed that he was anything but on John's side.

Soon after this a conspiracy was formed in which he seems to have taken part. It was with the aim of putting the unhappy Eric on the throne again. The friends of the latter had already informed him of their schemes, but he only received the letter on August 15th. His reply began with the full royal title and commanded haste to be made. The undertaking, however, was not the work of a few, but of a party scattered throughout the whole kingdom. The 29th of August, 1569, was fixed for the rising, for on this day John would return to the army. As soon as he departed the castle at Stockholm was to be seized, Eric set at liberty and restored to the throne, whereupon the Danes, for further support, would advance on the border.

The day came; John was just starting, when he received a letter informing him of all. Immediately his journey was put off and a thorough

enquiry instituted. The ringleader, Thomas Jacobson, was discovered. Duke Charles, who was sheltering him, was forced to give him up, and the unlucky Eric was taken from the castle of Stockholm over the sea to Abo.

After he had been there for two years, his prison was changed to the castle of Castleholm, on the island of Oeland, where his narrow dark little room is still pointed out as "King Eric's Chamber." As war with Russia had meanwhile broken out, and Tsar Ivan, who was a personal enemy of John's, might easily have entered Finland and rescued Eric, John found it therefore expedient to have the prisoner brought to Grips-holm in Südermannland.

Meanwhile the general discontent with John's rule grew. His conversion to Catholicism, which could no longer be doubted, the open influence of the Jesuits, who thronged about the throne, the ill success of the Russian War, which was generally considered as a judgment from heaven, the oppressive subsidies which were converted to religious ends—all these things angered the people. Eric's release was openly talked of and reports spread with the idea of frightening John into flight. Upsala, Enköping, Gefle, Westerås, Nyköping were disaffected and a revolution was imminent. In short, John saw himself surrounded on every side by enemies, and every day revealed new conspiracies in which Charles had clearly taken part; he therefore gave a secret order that at the first show of an insurrection Eric was to be murdered (cf. Flaux, *l.c.*, p. 277 note).

With this idea, probably, he had him conveyed

in the following year to Örby in Upland, where his room is still pointed out and the wooden floor is deeply marked where he paced to and fro. John more than once discussed with the Council his execution, but its accomplishment was always put off. But to prevent Eric's escape the castle was surrounded by a high wooden palisade.

The unhappy Prince was now treated somewhat more mildly than formerly because he had finally agreed to give John the royal title. He was allowed books and musical instruments, as he was a great musician for those times. He composed several songs, translated the historical works of Johannes Magnus, and wrote several psalms of repentance, which show that his long imprisonment had broken his spirit. Occasionally, though seldom, he received permission to see his wife and children, and manifested great affection for them. But an unsuccessful attempt of his friends to rescue him brought about his death.

John chose for this wicked deed his secretary, one John Hinricksson, who had already slain one man, and with the permission of the Jesuits married his wife. He received a poison, prepared by John's groom of the chamber, Philip Kerv, and a letter to Maurice Jöransson, the commandant of Örby, in which the act was authorized (cf. Celsius, *l.c.*, II, 258). The poison was to be administered to Eric, or his veins were to be opened, or he was to be stifled.

Hinricksson went. The captive was informed of his coming fate (Celsius is doubtful with re-

gard to this point, cf. *l.c.*, II, 259), which he heard with indifference, and two priests were appointed to prepare him for death. He received the communion, took the poison on the fourth day following in some peaspoup, and died a few hours later on the 26th of February, 1577, at the age of forty-four. The mortal remains of the unhappy King were buried in the cathedral of Westerås, and over the grave were placed the crown and royal insignia, and an inscription containing the following biblical verse:—

“And he said, Thou knowest that the kingdom was mine, and that all Israel set their faces on me, that I should reign: howbeit the kingdom is turned about, and is become my brother's: for it was his from the Lord” (1 Kings II. 15).

The name of the unhappy King has remained popular in spite of his many faults and even crimes and atrocities. His wife, Catherine Mänsdotter, who submitted to John and recognized him as king, enjoyed peace and even wealth until her death. Her daughter Sigrid was married twice and was the ancestor of Count Tott, the favourite of Queen Christine of Sweden. Eric's son, Gustavus Ericsson, met, however, with a tragic fate. John had condemned him to death, but he was saved by a nobleman of the house of Sparre. The young Prince left Sweden and was educated by the Jesuits. After a life full of vicissitudes and suffering he at last came to the court of Boris Godunov, Tsar of Russia. The latter offered him the hand of his daughter, if he consented

to change his religion. But the grandson of Gustavus Wasa refused. The Tsar then sent the Swedish Prince to prison, from which he was delivered only after the death of Godunov. But Gustavus Ericsson's health had been undermined within the walls of a Russian prison of the sixteenth century. He died in 1607.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MADMAN OF THE KREMLIN

(IVAN THE TERRIBLE)

IVAN IV, the Terrible, was undoubtedly one of the most interesting rulers in Russian history. He was at once intelligent and cruel, enlightened and superstitious, a tyrant and a Mæcenas. A glance at his ancestry will at once show us that heredity played a great part in the development of his complex nature.

Ivan's great-grandfather was Vassily Vassil-evitsch, a weak-minded, weak-willed Prince, capable of every mean and cruel action and breach of faith. He met his doom at the hands of his rival Dimitry Shemyaka, who put his eyes out. Vassily's son and Ivan the Terrible's grandfather was a cold, cautious, deliberate man, with a hard insensible heart. All his actions bore the stamp of slowness; never did he allow himself to act impulsively, but when he judged the time ripe for action he proceeded with determination and decision (cf. Kostomarov, *Russian History*, pp. 248-55). In his early youth Ivan III had shown signs of cruelty and severity in his attitude towards his subjects and servants. Prisons filled with unfortunate victims, the knout and humiliating punishments were the order of the day. Terrible torture was employed in lieu of judgment.

This Prince married Zoe, or Sophia, Palæologus, daughter of Thomas Palæologus, and niece of the last Byzantine Emperor. Tsaregrad had fallen into the hands of the conquering Turks, and Thomas Palæologus, with his children, found a refuge in Rome. The Princess, owing to her aversion to Latinism, had refused two European princes, the King of France and the Prince of Milan, and the Pope at the advice of Cardinal Bessarion, offered the hand of the Greek Princess to Ivan III. The marriage took place, in spite of the opposition of some boyarins and priests; Zoe became Sophia, and the blood of the Viking Rurik mixed with that of the Palæologi. Russian chroniclers praise the beauty of the Princess, whilst an Italian author, Benedetto, admired "her little mouth and her manner of spitting" (cf. Le P. Pierling, *La Russie et l'Orient*, Paris, 1891, p. 51). Luigi Pulci, however, author of *Morgante Maggiore*, whose æsthetic taste had grown fastidious by his friendship with the graceful and cultured women of the Italian Renaissance, sneered at the ungainly figure of Zoe, "that mountain of fat" (*ibid.*, p. 50). Whatever her physical appearance, however, the daughter of the Palæologi, the grandmother of Ivan the Terrible, was a strong-minded, clever, cunning, and energetic Princess, and exercised an immense influence over Ivan III.

Ivan III's son, Vassily Ivanovitsh, was a proud and cruel Prince; he brooked no contradiction, and looked upon his subjects as upon so many slaves. He was very changeable in his moods, and had sudden fits of generosity as



VASSILY IV. (BASIL), PRINCE OF MOSCOVY.

THE
NEW
YORK
LIBRARY
OF
THE
MUSEUM
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ART
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well as of cruelty when one least expected them. He had been married twenty-eight years to Solomonida Sabourova; but as this lady had borne him no children, the Prince of Moscow dissolved the marriage bond, imprisoned the rejected wife in a convent, and wedded another, Helena Glinskaya, niece of a Lithuanian Prince, Michael Glinsky (1526). The fruit of this marriage was Ivan the Terrible. Ivan's mother seems to have suffered from partial paralysis. Vassily Ivanovitsh—Ivan the Terrible's father—died from the consequence of a wound in his foot, which caused him acute pain, and at last brought about paralysis and loss of speech.

Such is the genealogy of Ivan the Terrible. His father was fifty-two, his mother not more than twenty when he was born. He was the degenerate offspring of an already degenerate, neuropathic family, whose hereditary influence made itself felt, not only in Ivan the Terrible and his brother George, who was an imbecile, but also in Ivan's descendants. Ivan the Terrible himself had three times as many wives as children. His eldest son died in his infancy; the second, cruel and bloodthirsty like the father, was killed by the latter in a moment of rage; Theodore, who succeeded to the throne, was feeble-minded; whilst Dimitry was epileptic.

Three streams of blood flowed in the veins of Ivan. There was that of his grandfathers—men of very limited intelligence but of great cruelty and hardness of heart; there was the blood of his grandmother Sophia Palæologus, the corrupted Byzantine blood; and there was, lastly, that of his mother, the passionate Lithua-

nian Helena Glinskaya. Great was the joy of the father when the child was born—and the country re-echoed with the princely happiness; nay, tradition would have it that even the Russian soil shook and trembled in token of the universal joy at the birth of the long-expected prince. The father, however, soon died, and the youthful Ivan—he was only three years old—remained under the tutelage of his mother and the Douma of the boyarins. The country was ruled by Prince Ovtshina Telepnev Obolensky, the lover of Princess Helena.

Intrigues and ambitious plots were the result of this state of affairs. The uncles of the Dowager Princess perished, and at last she herself died of poison—and was followed to the grave by her favourite, Obolensky. From his tenderest years Ivan had lived in the midst of these monstrous cruelties, punishments, murders, and tortures. He was only a spectator at first, but soon began to participate in the bloody deeds, until he became the principal and sole actor. He had tasted blood, and the atavistic tendencies awoke and gained sway over him. And who was there to say to him: “What art thou doing?” Who was there to check his mad freaks and cruel pastimes? He had grown up among strangers who knew not his father and who cared very little for the young ruler. Helena Glinskaya was dead; her favourite, Telepnev Obolensky, was no more. Boyarin Andrew Shouysky grasped the reins of power and ruled in the name of little Ivan. The Douma was the arena of stormy scenes, of intrigues, of quarrels and bloodshed. And whilst on all public and solemn

occasions the young Tsar received honours and marks of Oriental submission, he was not only neglected in private life, but had to experience the ill-treatment and rudeness of the boyarins. At that time he must already have thought with secret delight of the moment when he would be his own master and able to take revenge on his tormentors; for his was not a forgiving nature. Already as a child he showed marks of extreme cruelty. He found a savage delight in tormenting animals, which he used to throw down from the windows of his rooms and enjoy their agony. Often, when riding through the streets of Moscow, he would rush through the crowds and trample down under his horse's hoofs men, women, and children, laughing boisterously at the fright and suffering of his subjects. Like Nero, he delighted in the art of inventing torments, an art which he practised and developed in the course of time. And the crowd of courtiers applauded and flattered him.

When Ivan had reached the age of thirteen he suddenly ordered the Regent, Andrew Shouysky to be arrested and put to death. The Terrible dispensed even with the mock mode of justice of a court-martial, prevalent in the cultured twentieth century in autocratic Russia or clerical Spain. In the presence of the boyarins Andrew Shouysky was seized by his servants, by order of the Prince, thrown to the dogs and torn to pieces. In 1547 Ivan was solemnly crowned by the Metropolitan, or Archbishop, Makary. But the simple title of Prince of Moscovy did no longer suffice Ivan; he assumed

the title of Tsar, and Great Prince, Autocrat of Russia. Tsar is an abbreviation of Cæsar, and Ivan pretended—and genealogists were ready to prove it—that he was a direct descendant of the first Cæsars. One almost feels inclined to believe it, for the Cæsarean insanity seems to have taken hold of the ruler of Russia. Augustus, so the genealogists pretended, to please Ivan, had divided the Empire among his relations and friends, and the lands on the banks of the Vistula and the Nyemen had fallen to the lot of his brother Prussus; Rurik, the founder of the Moscovite dynasty, was a direct descendant of this Prussus (cf. Pierling, *Papes et Tsars*, Paris, 1891, p, 29). This fancy of his—being the heir of ancient potentates—became a fixed idea with Ivan, a mania of grandeur, and with an air of imperturbable seriousness did he explain to foreign ambassadors his Roman origin. In 1561 the Tsar obtained from Joseph, Patriarch of Constantinople, a statement confirming his right to the title of Tsar, in virtue of his descent from Anna, the sister of Basil and Constantine, the Cæsars of Byzantium, and wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

As soon as he had declared himself Autocrat, Ivan gave way to his hereditary sanguinary inclinations, to his unchecked cruelty and his unbridled fury. No doubt his entourage was greatly to blame for the development of Ivan's character, but their conduct only aroused and developed the bloodthirsty proclivities of the Tsar; they only awakened the beast that was slumbering in his breast. He had thrown himself upon learning and had acquired a consider-

able amount of knowledge, without any system or coherence, for Ivan was incapable of concentrating his mind on a subject for a long time. In this, as in many other points, we only see a proof of his diseased and degenerate brain and of his hereditary neurosis. It is also quite in accordance with historical facts that imagination and fancy were important factors in Ivan's life and actions. He lived in imagination through historical episodes with which he was acquainted and fancied himself in the place of the personages of whom he had read in history. This tendency to take fiction for reality and to feel oneself a dual personality is a characteristic noticeable in many degenerates. Ivan's imagination, according to Russian historians, was very lively—and having read in sacred Scripture and profane history of the greatness and the power of Babylonian, Assyrian, Roman, and Byzantine emperors, of their dazzling splendour and their mighty deeds, his imagination was fired and he fancied himself one of them. It was thus that he decided—as soon as he had reached his seventeenth year—to adopt the title of Tsar.

His manner of choosing a wife was another result of the influence produced upon his diseased brain by his Biblical reading, for it was an imitation of the procedure of King Ahasuerus.¹

One day the young Tsar summoned the Metropolitan Makary into his royal presence and declared his decision to marry. "I do not wish," added Ivan, "to marry outside my

¹ His father, Vassily, however, had also chosen his first wife in the same manner.

Empire, but will take to wife one of my own realm." At such words of condescension and wisdom, coming from the lips of the youthful Tsar, Metropolitan Makary and the faithful boyarins wept tears of joy in their beards. And at once a message was circulated through the realm of Moscovy to search for a wife for the young Tsar. The heads of the most noble families were ordered, under pain of death, to send their daughters to the capital of the province. "And officers were appointed, in all the provinces of the realm, that 'they may gather together all the fair young Russian maidens and virgins to the city of Moscow and the palace of Kremlin, into the custody of the Tsar's chamberlain.' And wherever the commandment and the decree of the Tsar was heard, many maidens were assembled." Those who stood the first test and found favour in the eyes of the royal officers were sent to Moscow, lodged in a vast edifice, where the Tsar, accompanied by an old boyarin, came to inspect them. The tokens of the election were to be a handkerchief and a ring. And thus it came to pass that the Tsar's choice fell upon Anastasia Romanovna. She obtained grace and favour in the eyes of Ivan, and he set the crown upon her head and made her Tsaritsa. The father of Anastasia, the boyarin Roman Koshkin, was a descendant of Ivan Kobyla, who in the fourteenth century had immigrated to Russia from Prussia. Anastasia Romanovna's election marks the entry of the Romanovs into Russian history. On February 3rd, 1547, the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and solemnity, for Ivan

was very fond of show and of dazzling splendid ceremonies. Some historians maintain that the clever and gentle Anastasia exercised a great influence for good upon her young husband. In reality, however, the marriage had scarcely produced any change in Ivan's character—and if a wise policy marked the next years of his rule, it was due to the Tsar's superstitious fears and to incidental events more than to any good and wise intention on his part. After his marriage Ivan continued his disorderly life, but whilst taking no active interest in affairs of State, leaving the rule to his relatives the Glinskys, the Tsar was wont to maintain repeatedly that he was sole ruler and autocrat of Russia, and could do whatever he pleased. He never allowed his subjects to bother him with complaints of any kind, and woe unto those who ventured to lay their troubles before the Tsar. One day, on June 3rd, a deputation consisting of seventy inhabitants of Pskov appeared in Moscow. They had come to complain against their Governor, Prince Turuntay Pronsky, a favourite of the Glinskys. Great was the wrath of the Terrible, when the deputation was led into his august presence. (Russian tsars never did like to receive peaceful deputations of their subjects and to listen to their complaints. One cannot help thinking of a recent event which took place on Sunday, January 21st, 1905.) The Tsar Ivan was in the village of Ostrov when the deputation appeared, but they had scarcely uttered the first words than an insane rage shook the frame of the mad ruler. The unhappy men from Pskov, who had come to

implore his mercy, were seized, by order of the Tsar, stripped of their clothing, soaked in boiling brandy, their hair and beards burned.

Whilst occupied in torturing the suppliants, the Tsar received bad news which compelled him to proceed at once to Moscow. A great bell had fallen down from one of the churches of the capital. Such an event is considered as the foreboding of a great calamity in Russia. Ivan's superstitious mind was greatly impressed. A more serious disaster was the great fire which broke out in Moscow on June 21st, and which reduced the city to ashes; the wooden structures were soon destroyed, the flames also consumed the few stone edifices. More than seventeen hundred victims perished in the flames, and the Metropolitan Makary only saved himself by escaping through a subterranean passage. Neither the Kremlin and the churches, nor the treasures of the Crown and the holy images, did the merciless flames spare. The inhabitants of Moscow, reduced to misery and starvation, wandering among the ruins, sought in their superstitious minds for some ground for such calamities, which clearly indicated the punishment of Heaven. Popular superstition soon thought it discovered the true cause of the fire in the criminal magical machinations of wicked people who stood in the service of Satan. A rumour was spread that these people had dug out corpses from their graves, torn out their hearts, thrown them into water, with which they then sprinkled the streets of Moscow. Such was, they maintained, the true cause of the fatal fire which had devastated the town and reduced the

inhabitants to penury. The Tsar himself believed the rumour. But the crowd must have victims upon whom to vent its fury. Such victims were soon found in the relatives of the Tsar himself—the Glinskys, who had become very unpopular in the land. The Tsar's grandmother, Anna Glinskaya, was accused of the use of witchcraft and magical manœuvres. The passions of the populace were let loose, and their rage burst forth clamouring for revenge. Ivan, who had considered himself all-powerful, was cowed, and trembled at the approach of the phantom of revolt which threateningly seemed to emerge from the scarcely extinguished flames. Death and destruction were the order of the day. One son of the Princess Anna, Youry, who sought refuge in the Church of the Assumption, was torn to pieces, and the friends and followers of the Glinskys were assassinated. But the populace, having tasted blood, clamoured for more. They wanted the head of Princess Anna, whom the Tsar, they pretended, had sheltered in Vorobyevo—and to Vorobyevo the crowd proceeded. A few shots dispersed the Russian mob of the sixteenth century, but the event, nevertheless, was not without historical importance and useful results.

The new Tsar, the vaunted descendant of the Roman Cæsar, trembled in the face of the popular fury. Ivan was afraid, and in his fear, coward that he was, he became humble; the terroriser was terror-stricken, (as his successors will be centuries later, at the phantom of an approaching revolution.) He was ready to listen to advice, to do penance, and to fall under the

influence of a strong man with a powerful will who would step forward and promise to save him. And such a man really appeared in the person of Sylvester; with the boldness of a prophet he pointed out to the trembling Tsar the real cause of his misfortunes, reproached him for his crimes, urging him to change his mode of life and government. Moved, frightened, superstitious, the Autocrat wept and promised to follow the advice and guidance of Sylvester. The priest now became the principal counsellor of Ivan. Sylvester was supported by Alexis Adashev, a young man of a profound understanding, a strong moral sense, and an unimpeachable character. For thirteen years they ruled for the Tsar and in his name. The municipal administration was reorganized, the Zemsky Sobor convened. A new code of law, the *Sudebnik*, was issued. Another council for the regulation of the Church reforms was also convened, and its decisions laid down in a book known under the title of *Stoglav*, or Book of Hundred Chapters. Externally the expansion of the East was continued. Kazan was annexed to the realm of Moscow (1552), and by the addition four years later of Astrakhan Ivan's realm extended as far as the Caspian Sea.

Some historians are pleased to explain the policy of the Terrible and to praise his intelligence; with as much plausibility one might explain the policy of a Caligula and whitewash the mad actions of a Nero. With all his feeling of independence Ivan was constantly in the power and under the influence of some of his favourites; in spite of all his energy and apparent

intrepidity he was a coward. Moved and cowed by the number of calamities which had visited the realm, and which seemed to indicate the wrath of Heaven, he had allowed himself to be influenced by Sylvester, who appeared at an opportune moment and gained sway over the impressionable Tsar. "Ivan's mind," writes Kovalevski, "was very superficial; and he changed his ideas continually. He had no firm convictions of his own, but acted upon those which others had suggested to him. Narrow-minded and not far-seeing, he never perceived that he was acting under the influence of others; but vain and proud by nature as he was, he readily imagined the ideas of others to be his own. And thus he had remained for many years under the influence of the Glinskys and as readily had yielded to that of Sylvester" (*l.c.*, p. 135). Like his contemporary Eric XIV under that of Pehrsson, Ivan fell under the sway of Sylvester and Adashev, men of iron wills and firm purpose; and both monarchs, who, in spite of their obstinacy, had no will-power, were moulded and shaped by their advisers. The only difference between Ivan and Eric was that luckily the influence of Sylvester was for good, and for a time the realm was at peace.

Discontent, however, with his state of dependence was latent in Ivan's breast, and at certain moments he clearly manifested his desire to shake off the yoke of his advisers. As yet he was not certain of his strength, and he submitted to their guidance, abiding the time when he would be able to give vent to his hatred, revenge, and cruelty. Events,

in the meantime, confirmed his decision in the Tsar's mind. Having recovered from an illness, Ivan undertook a pilgrimage to some monasteries against the advice of Adashev and the famous Maximus Græcus. In one of these monasteries he met a priest, Vassyan, formerly Bishop of Kolomna, who had possessed great influence under Vassily Ivanovitsh, but had been deposed during the rule of the boyarins. Ivan asked Vassyan how he could rule securely, and the cunning, jealous priest gave the Tsar the following advice: "If you wish to be a real autocrat, keep no counsellor who is cleverer and abler than yourself. If you follow this principle you will rule securely, and all will be dependent upon you; but if you allow abler people at your side, you will always be compelled to do their will."

The remark of the priest coincided with Ivan's own intimate wishes, and kissing the hand of Vassyan, he replied: "Had my own father been alive he could not have given me better advice."

The moment soon arrived when Ivan could adopt the policy of Vassyan, and when the golden rule inaugurated by Sylvester and Adashev—who found a supporter in the person of Anastasia—was at an end. In the meantime—under the influence of Sylvester and Adashev—Russia's commercial relations with the West were extended, foreign artisans and engineers were invited to the country. A certain Hans Schlitt was despatched to Germany in order to engage for the Tsar's service artists, scholars, mechanics, and artisans. Schlitt in-

duced a large number of people to follow him to Russia, but in Lubeck he was suddenly arrested and his company scattered. Germany did not care to see Russia opening her doors to modern civilization, and the German Emperor's attention had been called to the danger which would arise to the Empire if Russia emerged from her semi-barbarian state. Poland, too, continually laid obstacles in the way of Russia's communication with the West, and it was by the long sea route that commercial relations were established between Russia and England. In 1527 Sebastian Cabot, having pointed out the possibility of a north-west passage to China and India, a new company under the name of the "Mystery" was founded, and an expedition, headed by Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, was sent out in 1533. Hugh Willoughby and his companions were frozen to death on the northern coast, while Richard Chancellor reached the mouth of the Northern Dwina, where he was welcomed by fishermen, from whom he learned that he was in Russia and Moscovy. The Englishmen were invited to Moscow, well received, and dismissed with letters from Ivan to his royal brother, King Edward VI. The next time Chancellor revisited Russia (1556) Osep Napea, the first Russian Ambassador at the English court, went back with him. Chancellor was wrecked in Pitsligo Bay, off the coast of Scotland (Hakluyt Society, *Voyages and Travels*, edited by E. D. Morgan, p. iv), but Nepea arrived in London, where he was received by Queen

Mary with marks of special favour. Nepea was escorted back to Russia in 1557 by the famous navigator and tourist, Anthony Jenkinson. Endeavouring to gain a firmer footing in the Baltic, Ivan had also plunged into a long war with the Order of the Livonian Knights and with Poland, where Stephen Batory, the Transylvanian Voevoda, had succeeded to the throne. The issue of this war, however, was unfortunate for the Tsar, and whilst Sylvester and Adashev were working for the benefit of Ivan and his realm, their enemies were doing their best to undermine their influence. Chief among the latter were the Zacharins, who had also gained over their sister, the Tsaritsa Anastasia. Sylvester was accused of having employed magic and other satanic means to ensnare the Autocrat and make him submit to his own will. He had the power, his enemies readily admitted, to work wonders, but this power he possessed not from God, but from the devil. In July, 1560, the Tsaritsa Anastasia fell ill, and on August 7th she died, leaving two sons, Ivan and Theodore.

Rumours were at once spread that Sylvester and Adashev had brought about her death. Both demanded a regular trial and the opportunity of defending themselves and of proving their innocence. Their request was, however, refused. The Tsar convened a Council, which naturally declared Sylvester guilty of the accusations raised against him. He was banished to Solowki, whilst Adashev was exiled to Dorpat and put in prison; he died two months after his arrest. Ivan was now alone, and surrounded himself by such helpers and friends as shared

his tastes for debauchery and who excited his cruel and sanguinary proclivities.

Having now convinced himself that he was mightier than his counsellors, and enraged at the thought that he had so long been kept a prisoner, as he expressed himself, Ivan thought of revenge. But the chief feeling which had troubled him before, and which now took hold of him in all its force, was that of fear. The Russian Tsar was afraid—afraid of plots, of conspiracies; he saw enemies everywhere, enemies waiting for the slightest opportunity to deprive him of his power and even of his life. His febrile imagination and diseased fancy created fictitious crimes and condemned to torture and death men who were perfectly innocent. It has been pointed out above that his power of imagination was highly developed, and, as in the case of the majority of degenerates, his actions were the result not of his judgment, the logical conclusions of his reflective reason, but of his imagination. The very knowledge he had acquired served him as material for the structures of his fancy. His judgment was completely swayed by the promptings of his impulses and his passions. Ivan's cruelties have to a certain extent been explained by his lack of will power and the influence of his environment. Ivan was like a reed, obstinate but pliable by the wind. Endowed with considerable energy, he nevertheless lacked constancy of character and possessed no firm convictions. He was therefore accessible to good as well as to evil influences. That his supporters, friends, and servants encouraged him in his terrible inclinations and

sanguinary pursuits I do not deny; that his friend Malyouta Skuratov exercised an influence for evil upon him, as Sylvester had for good, is historically correct, but it can scarcely be doubted that Ivan himself was cruel by nature. I am of opinion that his friends were only rousing the beast that was slumbering in his breast. The madness and insanity which had once come over the Cæsars, over Oriental despots and over modern tyrants, took also hold of the Tsar. He fell a victim to the intoxication of power, and in his mind his own autocracy stood higher even than anything else on earth; it stood even above the moral law. And what once happened in the case of the Cæsars also occurred in that of Ivan. Like Nero, he was an artist in crime. Torture and elaborate executions caused him immense pleasure and served as substitutes for theatrical performances, of which he was fond. He was so bloodthirsty that he voluptuously shed blood until he had grown weary of the monstrous pastime, until gibbets, impalements, and butcheries ceased to divert him. Some historians, apart from the theory that Ivan's cruelties were committed at the instigation of his friends, have pointed out that Ivan the Terrible was only acting in the spirit of the time, that his century witnessed many cruelties and sinister deeds perpetrated by the rulers of Christendom. "His was the century," says Rambaud, "of Henry VIII, of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Philip II, and of Catherine de Medici. It was the age of Bartholomew nights, of the Inquisition and of *Strapados*."

This is no doubt true. Henry VIII in his mad outbreaks ordered his queens, his dukes, and his counts to mount the scaffold, and Philip II witnessed *autos-da-fé* with evident pleasure. But then, whilst these rulers were also not free from insanity, there was in any case a certain policy in their cruelties. Henry was cruel towards the great ones of his realm, but he never offended the masses of ratepayers; Philip burned Protestants, but Catholics enjoyed his favour. Not so Ivan; he was not only sanguinary and cruel as far as his boyarins were concerned, but the princely and royal torments and executions were extended to all his subjects alike. "It would be idle," says Kostomarov, "to attribute his mad persecutions to some political plan with a view to humiliating his boyarins and putting a stop to their disobedience. Equally wrong is the idea of considering Ivan the Terrible as a democratic despot. The upper classes were not all so hostile to the masses as to necessitate a war of destruction against the nobles in the interests of the people" (Kostomarov, *l.c.*, p. 434). Ivan's cruelties were not at all limited to the higher classes, but the people *en masse* suffered; witness his butcheries in Novgorod, where the wholesale slaughter lasted six weeks, and his devastation of whole districts. Ivan spared neither women nor children. He had not only slain the mighty in Israel, as Kurbsky afterwards reproached him, but also the common folk and the merchants. He was inaccessible to either love or pity, and if he often sent alms and gifts to churches and monasteries, such deeds were dictated by his superstition

rather than by generosity. His very fits of repentance were the result of fear, and it was this constant fear of which Sylvester had availed himself to keep in fetters Ivan's cruel instincts.



IVAN IV., THE TERRIBLE.
After an Italian woodcut of the 16th Century.

CHAPTER XV

THE HOOLIGAN TSAR

IVAN was incapable of long attachment, and even if he had loved his wife Anastasia, and manifested deep grief and sorrow at her funeral, he soon consoled himself. A week had scarcely elapsed since the Tsaritsa had been carried to her grave when Ivan looked round for a new wife, casting his eye upon Catherine, the sister of Sigismundus Augustus, who afterwards married John, Duke of Finland, brother of Eric XIV. The King of Poland delayed in according the hand of his sister to the Tsar, and the conditions which he imposed before giving his consent were such that the already existing hostility between Poland and Russia still increased. Ivan gave up the idea of marrying the Polish Princess and took to wife Maria, the daughter of the Circassian Prince Temryouk; Mikhailo, the brother of the new Tsaritsa, became a favourite of the Tsar. In spite of his marriage Ivan continued to lead a life of drunkenness and debauchery. The court witnessed indescribable orgies, and one of the boyarins, Dimitry Ovtshina Obolensky, accused Theodore Basmanov of serving the Tsar as an accomplice in his unnatural vices (Kostomarov, *l.c.*, p. 436). Obolensky was invited by the Tsar to empty an

enormous bumper to his health, and as he was unable to perform this feat, the Tsar told him to go down to the cellar where he would find some more wine to drink to his health. The unfortunate boyarin was led to the cellar and assassinated. The older boyarins, who had been accustomed to temperance, abstinence, and decency, were either obliged to submit to the new order of things or to suffer punishments. Prince Ryepnin, present at one of Ivan's orgies, burst out in tears, and the Tsar put a fool'scap on his head, which the boyarin, however, tore off and trampled under foot. For such an impertinence Prince Ryepnin was slain in church during prayer. The courtiers, in connection with such unscrupulous priests as the Archimandrite Levky, encouraged the Tsar's evil propensities, crushed every germ of his conscience, and thus gained his favour and friendship. All the relatives, friends, and followers of Sylvester were punished, put to death, or exiled. The family of Sheremetyev shared the same fate, one brother was assassinated, the other imprisoned. It was natural that in the face of such an attitude on the part of the Tsar many availed themselves of his mistrust and constant suspicion to get rid of their enemies and build their own fortunes on the latter's ruin. Denunciations were the order of the day. A simple hint, an insinuation was sufficient to punish the unhappy victim with prison, exile, or death. Prince Youry Kashin was killed, Prince Dimitry Kourlyatev was first forcibly made a monk and then put to death with his family. I said that Ivan was a stranger to the

feeling of gratitude: Prince Michael Vorotynsky, the conqueror of Kazan, was exiled with his wife, son, and daughter, whilst the boyarin Ivan Sheremetyev, the conqueror of the Crimea, was put in chains. Blood was flowing in the prisons, victims were suffering within the walls of monasteries, tyranny was growing, and the present made people think with a shudder of the future. Whilst, however, the blood he had tasted had wiped out Ivan's power of judgment and brought the Tsar to a state of absolute insanity, his superstitious fears had never left him. He was anxious to reconcile his inhuman cruelties with his religious scruples or rather fears. One day he explained his punishments by the fact that the boyarins had conspired not only against himself, but also against the Holy Church and Christ; whilst on another occasion he called himself a murderer of innocent victims, and endeavoured to manifest his repentance by sending money to the Church in memory of the victims. But his repentance was only formal and superficial, for after his fits of piety the cruelty usually began afresh. In the face of such danger many boyarins, especially the Polish and Lithuanian magnates who had fallen under the Moscovite rule, decided to leave Ivan's realm and to flee to Poland. The King of Poland was ready to grant a refuge to the Russian exiles. Thus the Princes Vyshnevitzky and the famous Andrew Kurbsky fled. Ivan fumed with rage. He saw in these flights an arranged and well-planned plot, a conspiracy of the boyarins against his life, and an attempt to exterminate his entire family. He made the

boyarins swear that they would not leave the country, but the exodus continued in spite of the promises. Ivan imagined a new plan which—it is worthy of note—is still being practised by the Russian Government under the rule of Tsar Nicholas II.¹ The relatives of the fugitives were made to pay a heavy fine for the voluntary exiles. These events tended to increase the Tsar's mania for persecution, which by this time had acquired considerable proportions. In his imagination he saw assassins lurking in every corner, and even among the members of his own family. His cousin Vladimir Andreevitsh and the latter's mother, Euphrosia, were accused by one of their servants of conspiring against the Tsar. They were only saved from death through the intervention of the Metropolitan Makary.

In the meantime Russia continued her wars against the Crimea, Livonia, Sweden, and Poland. But even in war the Tsar manifested excessive cruelty. The town of Polozk was taken from Poland, and on this occasion Ivan gave vent to his monstrous bloodthirst. All the Jews were by his order drowned in the Duna. The Tsar's health had been ruined by debauchery and drunkenness, by orgies, sleepless nights, and unnatural vices, whilst his mind was haunted by the phantoms of treachery and conspiracy, by the exodus of the boyarins and the invasion of Poles and Crimeans. His insanity and mania of persecution reached an acute stage of development. All his nobles and

¹ In the case of conscripts.

boyarins were so many conspirators and traitors, secret supporters of Kurbski, who had fled to Poland, and who in a letter, addressed to Ivan, openly accused the Tsar of his monstrosities. Ivan was not only anxious for denunciations but demanded them, so as to find pretexts for new victims. His loyal subjects obeyed, and the most absurd and shameless denunciations were sufficient to condemn to torture and death unsuspecting victims. But Ivan was also a coward, and he thought of a new plan which should give to his executions and torments the appearance of justice. There was something of the actor and the histrion in his nature, and he developed a supreme talent in his *mise-en-scène*. He played a comedy which made the Russian people implore the Tsar to act according to his will and to punish anyone who displeased him.

In 1564 a rumour was suddenly spread that the Tsar had decided to abdicate and to leave the country. Ivan convened to Moscow the sons of the boyarins and other functionaries with their wives and children, announced to them his intention to give up the government, and laid down his sceptre and crown. On the 3rd of December all valuable objects were carried out from the Kremlin and packed in sledges, and all the boyarins who had been convened from the provinces were ordered to be ready to accompany the Tsar on his journey. The comedy strikes one as somewhat ludicrous. Ivan had laid down the insignia of power, and yet he continued to command his subjects, and no one dared to disobey. Accompanied by the Tsaritsa, his children, his favourites, and a numerous suite,

the Terrible left for the Alexandrovskaya Slo-boda. Great was the consternation of the people of Russia and Moscow. The realm remained without a ruler. The boyarins had the blackest forebodings; they felt that the farce was bound to end in grim tragedy, and their worst fears were soon realized.

On January 3rd Constantine Polivanov brought a message from the Tsar. In it Ivan minutely described the conspiracies and plots of the boyarins and nobles, accused them of disloyalty and treachery, and the clergy of abetting the traitors, and constantly pleading for their lives. "In this great grief," concluded the Terrible, "the Tsar has therefore decided to leave his realm and to go to a place to which-ever God will lead him." But that was not all. Another message was addressed to the common folk and to the merchants of Moscow. The Tsar had no grievance against the latter; on the contrary, they were assured of his benevolence and kindness. The effect of these two messages was such as Ivan had expected. The majority was incited against the minority, the masses were roused against the nobles.

"The Tsar has abandoned us," cried the people of Moscow. "Who will protect us against the foreign foe? Like sheep without a shepherd are we now!" The clergy and the nobles, trembling with fear, were compelled to join in the popular lamentations. "May the All-mighty Tsar punish the traitors," they cried. "He is our master, our Lord, by the grace of God, only let him not abandon us and the realm."

“If only the Tsar would name the traitors,” replied the populace, “we would soon deal with them.” And a deputation, consisting of members of the clergy, the nobility, and the people, went to the Terrible to implore him to resume the government and not to abandon his loyal and unhappy subjects. It was a peaceful deputation, but the clergy had to wait some time before Ivan allowed them to appear before his illustrious countenance; with tears in their eyes the bishops implored him to grant permission, also to the nobles, to kiss his feet. Graciously Tsar Ivan yielded. The nobles and boyarins appeared, and Ivan addressed them as follows: “You are aware that from time immemorial there have existed many Russian people who rebelled against our ancestors, from the times of Vladimir Monomach, of illustrious memory, till the present day. Frequently have these rebels shed our blood, decided to exterminate our illustrious and blessed race. After the demise of our father, of blessed memory, these rebels sought to prepare the same lot for me, his rightful successor, and to choose another ruler; and their treachery I perceive even now with my own eyes. These traitors are secretly working not only in conjunction with the King of Poland, but also with the Khan of the Crimea, planning our overthrow and our death. Our humble and pious spouse Anastasia had fallen a victim of their machinations, and had not God protected us, revealing unto us those evil plans, we too and our children would have been exterminated. To escape such treachery we have therefore been compelled reluctantly

to leave Moscow, to choose another place for our abode, and to surround ourselves with new councillors and servants." I wonder what a deputation, sent to Tsar Nicholas II, would reply had the latter taken it into his head to threaten them with abdication! In any case, the Russians of the sixteenth century were dismayed, grieved, and begged the Tsar to reconsider his decision.

Ivan declared that, moved by the prayers of the people of Moscow, and especially by those of the clergy, he would take up the reins of government anew, but only on condition that the clergy should henceforth never try to shield the traitors, and would allow him to punish and exile them and confiscate their goods as he pleased. Clergy and nobles wept tears of joy and gratitude on hearing the Tsar's generous decision, and Ivan returned to Moscow. The raving madman was allowed to give full vent to the fancies of his diseased brain, and the submissive subjects were happy. Ivan now divided the realm into two parts: the *Opritshnina* and the *Semshtshina*. The *Opritshnina* consisted of towns and districts which belonged to the Tsar and whose duty it was to maintain his household, his family, and his suite, the so-called *Opritshniky*. The latter formed his court, his Prætorian bodyguard. The rest of the kingdom was the *Semshtshina*. At the head of the *Opritshnina* stood the Tsar himself, whilst the boyarins Byelsky and Mstislavsky were supposed to rule the *Semshtshina*. The Kremlin was no longer a safe abode for the Tsar, and he ordered the people of Moscow to build him a new palace on the Neglinna and to

surround it with high walls. In this castle in the Alexandrovskaya Sloboda Ivan now lived with his followers, whilst the rest of the country was in disgrace. No one was allowed to leave the castle without Ivan's permission. His favourites, the Basmanovs, Malyouta Skuratov, and Vyazemsky, chose the noblemen who were considered fit to enter the ranks of the Opritshniky, and whose number was raised from 1000 to 6000. The Opritshniky were ordered to have nothing to do with the people of the Semshtshina, neither to eat nor to drink with them, but on the contrary, to injure them, to kill them even, and to appropriate their goods. These Prætorian guards of the royal madman became famous for their cruelties, bloody and scandalous deeds. The Opritshniky were nothing more nor less than a band of hooligans and *apaches*, and the Tsar was their chief. In their saddles they carried a dog's head and a broom, symbols which indicated that they were ready to bite their master's enemies and to sweep aside treason. They swore not only to protect the Tsar, but also to report to him everything; and the more merciless the Opritshnik was, the greater his cruelty against the unfortunate members of the Semshtshina, the surer he was of his master's goodwill and favour. The Opritshnik was the master, the others were the slaves. And now Ivan, whose physical aspect had undergone a visible change, due to his orgies and debaucheries, knew no bounds in his bloodthirsty cravings. The followers of Andrew Kurbsky, the Voevoda Shouysky, and many others were put to death. There seems, how-

ever, to have been a faint desire in the raving madman to silence his conscience, or was it another mania, a fancy of his histrionic nature? He turned his Opritshniky into monks, his house into a monastery, and appointed himself as their abbot. Three hundred Opritshniky were dressed up as monks, wearing black robes over their gorgeous gold-ornamented garments. Hours were passed in genuflexions and fervent prayers, and the Tsar acted the part of the chaplain. But even during his prayers the Tsar would give the most cruel orders, and during the intervals of devotion the actor-monks would occasionally rush out and put some hapless victim to death with their long knives, which they carried under their cowls.

And thus the Tsar of Russia passed his life between the gallows and the altar, and acted at one and the same time the parts of priest and hangman, uniting in his sacred person the two functions of abbot of the monastery and public executioner.

But religious mania and asceticism did not prevent Ivan from continuing his debaucheries. Women and virgins were violated and in a fit of Sadism put to death. Their husbands were poisoned or killed by some other means. Once the Tsar-monk ordered a woman, after she had been dishonoured by himself and his suite, to be hanged over her husband's threshold, where the corpse was to remain for a fortnight. On another occasion the victim was hanged over the table in the husband's dining-room.

Boyarins whom Ivan in his ravings suspected were assassinated, tortured, or impaled. The

Opritschniky were running about in town killing from ten to twenty people daily, their corpses remaining in the streets and public thoroughfares, no one daring to remove them. The wives and daughters of the victims were seized and brought before the Tsar, dishonoured either by himself or his suite. The pen hesitates to write down on paper the disgusting torments invented by Tsar Ivan and his band of hooligans and hangmen.

Another whim of Ivan was to appoint a special Tsar for the Semshtshina. He elected one, Simon Bekboulatovitsh, as Tsar of Russia, whilst he himself took the rank of a simple boyarin. For two years he played with this unfortunate pseudo-Tsar at cat and mouse, and at last deposed and exiled the poor Simon to Tver. Whilst, however, Ivan was treating the Semshtshina like a foreign conquered land, where he saw naught but traitors, he yet convened an assembly from among the citizens in order to deliberate with the delegates of the Douma about important political affairs. This comedy and contradictory attitude does not surprise one on the part of the raving madman, but one cannot help calling attention to similar contradictions in recent Russian history. The Douma expressed the opinion that "God and the Tsar knew best how to act."

At the same time Ivan also showed his hostility to the clergy, although he still hesitated to hand the priests and bishops over to the mercy of Opritschniky. The Metropolitan Philip, who had dared to implore the Tsar to stay the murderous hands of the latter, and to reproach

the Terrible for his evil deeds and the shedding of Christian blood, incurred his wrath. Metropolitan Philip was accused of magic, and an ecclesiastical council, anxious to flatter the Tsar, sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment. He was brought to the monastery of Ostrovsk in Tver, where he was strangled by Malyouta Skuratov.

Having got rid of the meddlesome Metropolitan, Ivan decided to do away with another of his supposed enemies. This was Prince Vladimir Andreevitsh, dangerous to the Tsar as a possible successor to the throne. Ivan invited the Prince to Alexandrovskaya Sloboda and killed him there together with his mother,

A few months had elapsed. The thirst for blood was still great in Ivan. His second wife, Maria Temryoukovna, having died, the Tsar maintained that she too had been poisoned like Anastasia, and this accusation was used as a pretext for new assassinations. The Tsar was almost ready to exterminate the entire Russian nation, and even in his Opritsniki he lost faith. Premeditating his flight from Russia to escape the knife of the assassin lying in wait for him, Ivan wrote to Queen Elizabeth of England, telling her of the conspiracies and plots planned against him and asked her help. Elizabeth expressed her willingness to help the Tsar of Russia in his need.

And still Ivan's bloodthirst was not yet satiated. He had exterminated all the boyarins whom he suspected; he had got rid of independent priests; he had sent to death tens and hundreds of people—but all this was not yet

enough for him. Whole districts and towns were now to experience the wrath of the madman whom the Russian people obeyed and served as their Tsar. Something almost incomprehensible, not so much on the part of the raving ruler, as on that of the submissive subjects, now happened. The Tsar, the ruler of a vast empire, undertook a campaign with the purpose of exterminating his own peaceful, loyal, submissive, and faithful subjects. No pretext is necessary for the execution of such a mad plan; it was the will of the Tsar, of the Sovereign who ruled by the grace of God. This was sufficient. But Ivan wished to give a semblance of justice to his monstrous deed. Novgorod was accused of the intention of going over to Poland, and at the head of his Opritshniky the Tsar of Russia marched against Novgorod.

But before he reached this prosperous city he vented his wrath on all the smaller towns and districts through which he passed. Klin, Tver, Torshok, and other places were razed to the ground, the houses reduced to ashes, the inhabitants, men, women, and children, tortured, killed, cut to pieces, and thrown into the river. The savage hordes who did the bidding of Russia's Tsar carried off such property as they could conveniently carry, and in a fury of Vandalism destroyed, broke, and set on fire all the rest. On the 6th of January, 1569, Ivan appeared in Novgorod. The churches and monasteries were invaded, and the lower clergy and monks put in chains. The abbot and the monks were put to death with

clubs. On the 8th Ivan appeared in the cathedral of St. Sophia for divine service. The Archbishop Pimen, accompanied by the higher clergy, carrying the cross and holy images, had come to meet the Tsar on the Vokhov bridge. Ivan did not kiss the cross, accused the Archbishop of high treason, called him "a wolf, a robber, a traitor to the crown of the Tsar, and a despiser of the people," and after such greetings commanded the Prelate to celebrate Mass. During divine service Ivan prayed fervently and devotedly. At the termination of the Mass the Tsar and his suite proceeded into the dining-room. Scarcely, however, had the dishes been placed before him, when he pushed them aside, uttering a savage shout. This was the preconcerted signal for the attack. Like wild beasts the Opritshniky began their work of destruction. The Archbishop was seized, and the treasury of the cathedral confiscated for the Tsar. The richest and most renowned inhabitants of Novgorod—magistrates, municipal officers, and prosperous merchants—were then taken prisoners, and together with their wives and children brought before Ivan. They were stripped naked, and submitted to unheard of and indescribable tortures. The Tsar himself, who, as I mentioned above, was an artist in crime and torture, had invented a subtle instrument, by means of which his victims were roasted alive. The unfortunate victims were then bound to sledges, dragged through the town, and thrown into the river Volkhov. Women and children were not spared. Infants were attached to their mothers' breasts and thus

drowned. The hangmen of the Russian ruler, his friends, servants, and supporters rowed about on the river in fisher-boats killing those who came to the surface. The Tsar enjoyed this carnival for five weeks, and when he had grown weary of the show he visited the monasteries, where he ordered his servants to set on fire the corn chambers and to kill the horses and cattle. After the monasteries came the turn of the townspeople. Houses were gutted, property destroyed, cattle killed. Having wallowed in the blood of his own subjects, Ivan suddenly had the fancy of acting the generous and benevolent ruler.

On the 13th of February he assembled those inhabitants of Novgorod who had escaped the massacres and addressed them as follows: "Men and inhabitants of Novgorod, pray for our God-fearing Tsarian Majesty, for our children and for our whole Christian army, pray to the merciful, benevolent, and humane God that He may send us victory and that we may be enabled to subdue our visible and invisible foes. May God judge the traitors, Archbishop Pimen and his evil advisers; all blood be on their heads. You, good inhabitants, need not grieve at this; live in your city and praise God. I leave you the Prince Pronsky as governor." The Archbishop was led in fetters to Moscow.

Ivan then proceeded against Pskov, but his mad outbreak and sanguinary fit had suddenly abated, and he limited himself to plundering the church treasury and private property, but took no lives and shed no blood.

On the Tsar's return to Moscow, Archbishop

Pimen—and some other prisoners who had been brought to the capital—were tried, naturally found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death. Ivan who, as has been pointed out above, was devoid of the feeling of gratitude, included among the accused his former favourites, Prince Vyazemsky and Alexis and Theodore Basmanov. The preparations for their execution were on a grandiose scale. Eighteen gibbets were erected in the “Red” or the Beautiful Square. An immense fire was lit and a huge kettle with water placed over it. Consternation came over the crowd who had assembled for the show, and they began to tremble at the aspect of the instruments of torture. One by one they left the Square, and when Ivan arrived, accompanied by the Tsarevitsh and his suite and the prisoners, three hundred of whom were brought to the place of execution, there was no audience; the Square was empty. The royal actor-manager was angry. By force the inhabitants of Moscow were brought to the place of execution, and Ivan, raising his voice, asked them: “Tell me, ye people of Moscow, is my judgment right?” Unanimously the trembling subjects replied: “May the great Tsar be spared many years, and may the traitors perish.” Ivan, out of cowardice or malice, selected a hundred and eighty out of the three hundred, and announced that in his immeasurable mercy he would spare their lives, whilst the rest were to die. The torments and executions began. The Tsar’s imaginative powers were so great and fertile that not one of the victims was submitted to the same tortures. Ivan hated monotony. The Holy Inquisition, says Kovalevski,

would have offered Ivan a price for his inventiveness (*l.c.*, p. 249). Some were cut to pieces; others thrown into boiling water; others impaled, and so on. Ivan himself took part in the massacre. He then proceeded to the houses of some of the accused and outraged their wives and daughters; the fifteen-year old daughter of Fonnikov he handed over to the Tsarevitsh. The Archbishop Pimen was deposed and sent to a monastery, where he lived in constant fear of death. Many of Russia's people perished, Prince Shakhovski was slain by Ivan's own hand.

And whilst his submissive subjects trembled, the raving ruler continued to lead a life of debauchery and drunkenness. In the midst of his banquets he would suddenly raise a cry, and the Opritshnina knew that—like the Pharaoh of the Bible—the Tsar wished to bathe in blood. Sigismundus having died, Ivan conceived the idea of succeeding to the throne of Poland. But he had exterminated his best advisers, statesmen, and generals, and his armies, led by incapable men, suffered defeats. *Tout comme chez nous*, Russians of the twentieth century will say. But Ivan only attributed his failures to treachery, and the guilty ones were punished. He was, however, obliged to humiliate himself before the new Crimean Khan and especially before Stephen Batory. And whilst the Russian armies were being beaten by foreign foes, whilst the country was suffering from famine, the Tsar was sitting in Alexandrovskaya Sloboda, hiding from his enemies and celebrating his seventh marriage with Marya Nogaya.

Maria Nogaya was the seventh spouse of the

abbot-Tsar. After the death of his second wife, the Circassian Princess Maria, he had married Marfa Sabakina, the daughter of a merchant in Novgorod, who died of consumption. Ivan then married Anna Koltovskaya, whom he repudiated; Anna Vassiltshikova, who died soon after her marriage; Vassilissa Melentieva, who shared the same fate; and now he took to wife Maria Nogaya, who bore him a son, Dimitry. He was celebrating his nuptials when he received news that his army was beaten by that of Stephen Batory. The latter addressed a very characteristic missive to the Russian Tsar, in which he called him not the prince, but the hangman and executioner of his own people. "Just and pious princes," wrote Batory, "consult their subjects in critical moments on all important matters; they declare war and make peace with the consent of the nation; we too act in the same manner, but you do not understand such things." Things have scarcely changed in Russia—and King Edward VII could, with equal right, address a similar letter to Tsar Nicholas II. His misfortunes, however, did not alter his nature, and Ivan continued to augment the number of his victims and to shed the blood of the innocent. It was in this period that, in a moment of rage, the Madman of the Kremlin killed his own son and heir-apparent, Ivan. Some chroniclers maintain that the Tsarevitsh reproached his father for his inactivity, whilst the country was suffering severe losses in the wars against the enemy; whilst others are of opinion that Ivan having ill-treated the wife of the Tsarevitsh, the husband took

her part. In any case, the Tsar struck his son on the head with his iron staff, so that the latter lost consciousness and died a few days afterwards. Ivan wept and tore his hair out, prayed, and sent alms to the churches. And in these moments of repentance the shades of his victims haunted his dreams, closely crowding round the bedstead of the Tsar, who tossed about him in impotent despair. Ivan wanted to abdicate, but he soon changed his mind and remained on the throne. After a short time he took a dislike to his seventh wife, and sent a messenger to London to ask for the hand of Mary Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, a relation of Queen Elizabeth. The English lady, however, had heard of the cruelty of the Russian ruler and refused the honour of becoming Tsaritsa.

Ivan, though only a little over fifty, had the appearance of a very old man. Drunkenness, debauchery, indescribable orgies and the insane state of his mind, had all contributed to ruin his constitution. A horrible malady had manifested itself. His limbs were actually rotting, and his flesh was falling off in pieces. He remained speechless for days. Death was approaching; and yet, when his daughter-in-law came to visit him, she had to fly from the obscene embraces of the dying satyr. Astrologers had predicted the day of his death, and the tyrant and oppressor, the terrorizing madman, was now in his turn terror-stricken by mad fears, awaiting his death in tortures and agonies.

In the afternoon of March 17th, 1584, a great commotion suddenly arose in the Kremlin. Ivan, whilst playing draughts with his favourite

Byelsky, had suddenly swooned away. In vain did the physicians employ their skill, trying to revive him—the Terrible had ceased to live. Soon the ringing of the bells announced to the people of Moscow that Russia's Tsar was dead. And what did the Russian people do? The Russian people *bewailed* the death of the Tsar, who had ruled "by the grace of God." The cruelties of Ivan have been equalled in history only by those of a Caligula and a Nero. The horrors of the French Revolution are only child's play in comparison to them; the misdeeds of Oriental despots are kindly acts compared to what happened during the reign of the Terrible; and yet, when the news of his death spread over the capital and the country, the nation burst into tears, lamenting the demise of the Madman of the Kremlin, the hooligan Tsar.

It is strange indeed—that in all ages and at all times these raving rulers find such submissive subjects!

The madness of these Majesties is almost equalled by the insanity of their nations.

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